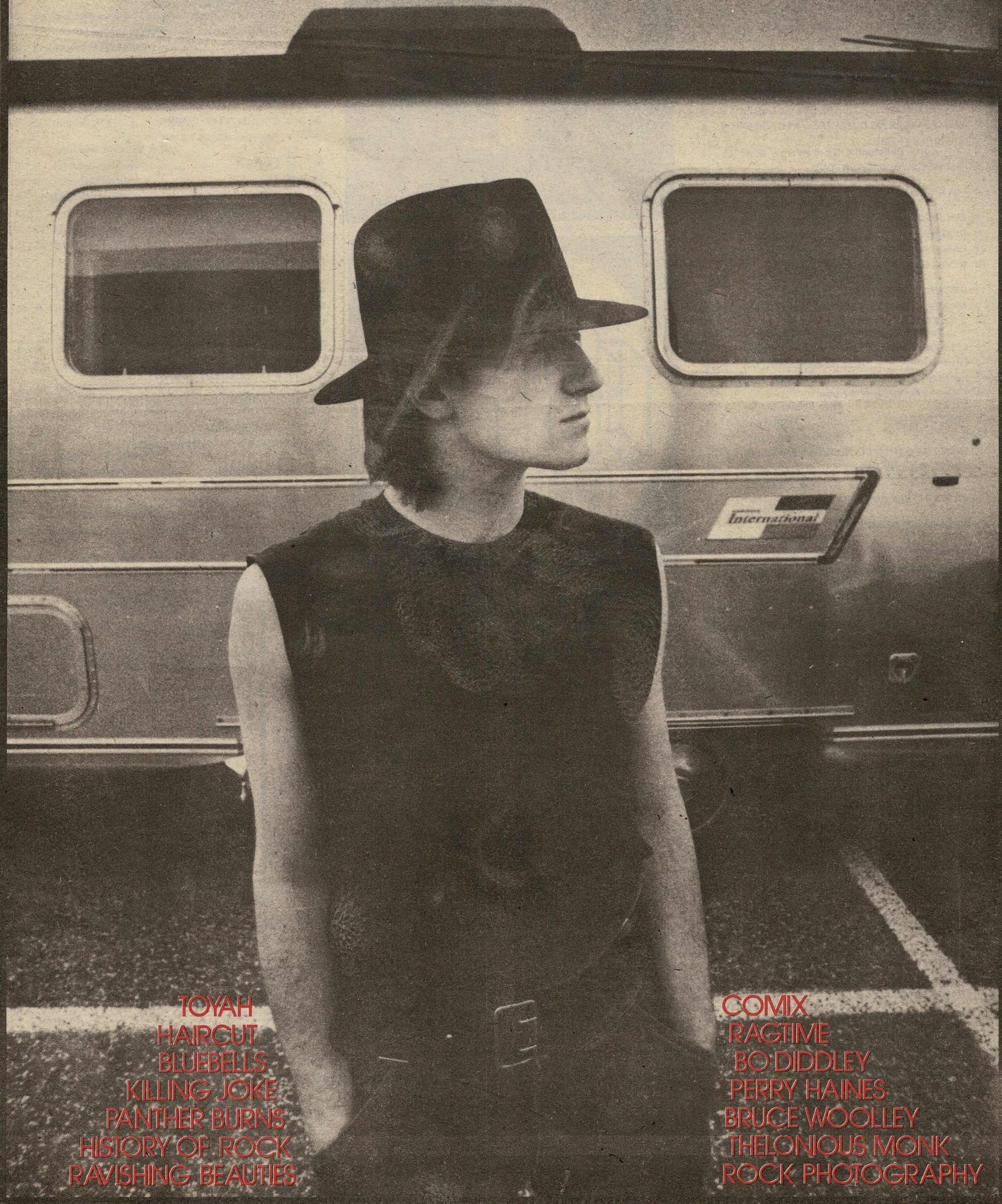


NEW **NME** MUSICAL EXPRESS

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BONO STREET BLUES U2 IN NEW ORLEANS by Richard Cook



TOYAH
HAIRCUT
BLUEBELLS
KILLING JOKE
PANTHER BURNS
HISTORY OF ROCK
RAVISHING BEAUTIES

COMIX
RAGTIME
BO DIDDLEY
PERRY HAINES
BRUCE WOOLLEY
THELONIOUS MONK
ROCK PHOTOGRAPHY

May 1982

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week		Weeks in	Highest
1		A TOWN CALLED MALICE Jam (Polydor)	3	1
2	5	THE LION SLEEPS TONIGHT.....Tight Fit (Jive)	3	2
3	2	GOLDEN BROWN.....Stranglers (Liberty)	6	2
4	12	SAY HELLO, WAVE GOODBYE Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	3	4
5	4	MAID OF ORLEANS Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	6	4
6	13	CENTREFOLD.....J. Geils Band (EMI)	2	6
7	6	LOVE PLUS ONE.....Haircut 100 (Arista)	5	6
8	10	SENSES WORKING OVERTIME....XTC (Virgin)	5	8
9	7	ARTHUR'S THEME Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)	6	4
10	3	THE MODEL/COMPUTER LOVE Kraftwerk (EMI)	7	1
11	11	I CAN'T GO FOR THAT Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)	4	11
12	8	OH! JULIE.....Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	7	2
13	9	DEADRINGER.....Meatloaf (Epic)	7	6
14	21	CARDIAC ARREST.....Madness (Stiff)	2	14
15	20	NEVER GIVE UP ON A GOOD THING George Benson (Warner Bros)	5	15
16	14	DROWNING IN BERLIN.....Mobiles (Rialto)	6	10
17	(—)	MICKEY.....Toni Basil (Radial Choice)	1	17
18	16	T'AIN'T WHAT YOU DO Fun Boy 3 with Bananarama (Chrysalis)	2	16
19	22	LET'S GET IT UP.....AC/DC (Atlantic)	3	14
20	(—)	LANDSLIDE.....Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	1	20
21	(—)	RUN TO THE HILLS.....Iron Maiden (EMI)	1	21
22	30	FOOL IF YOU THINK IT'S OVER Elkie Brooks (A&M)	3	22
23	(—)	HEAD OVER HEELS.....Abba (Epic)	1	23
24	19	SEE YOU.....Depeche Mode (Mute)	2	19
25	15	EASIER SAID THAN DONE..Shakatak (Polydor)	5	9
26	(—)	YOU'RE THE ONE FOR ME.....D. Train (Epic)	1	26
27	25	POISON ARROW.....ABC (Neutron)	2	25
28	(—)	GO WILD IN THE COUNTRY Bow Wow Wow (RCA)	1	28
29	23	WAITING FOR A GIRL LIKE YOU Foreigner (Atlantic)	9	11
30	24	GET DOWN ON IT...Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	8	2



Bow Wow Wow in at No 28

Pic: David Corio



UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week		Weeks in	Highest
2		LOVE SONGS Barbra Streisand (CBS)	6	1
2	3	ARCHITECTURE AND MORALITY Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	15	2
3	1	DARE.....Human League (Virgin)	18	1
4	4	PEARLS.....Elkie Brooks (A&M)	14	4
5	6	THE MAN MACHINE.....Kraftwerk (Capitol)	4	5
6	10	PRIVATE EYES..Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)	3	6
7	5	NON STOP EROTIC CABARET Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	11	5
8	23	ENGLISH SETTLEMENT.....XTC (Virgin)	2	8
9	7	FRIENDS OF MR. CAIRO Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)	4	7
10	14	LA FOLIE.....Stranglers (Liberty)	5	10
11	8	4.....Foreigner (Atlantic)	9	6
12	15	BAT OUT OF HELL.....Meatloaf (Epic)	17	9
13	(—)	DREAMING.....Various (K-Tel)	1	13
14	9	DEADRINGER.....Meatloaf (Epic)	15	1
15	(—)	MECHANIX.....UFO (Chrysalis)	1	15
16	17	CHRISTOPHER CROSS Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)	7	8
17	(—)	PHYSICAL.....Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	1	17
18	(—)	TRAVELOGUE.....Human League (Virgin)	8	15
19	(—)	COMPUTER WORLD.....Kraftwerk (EMI)	8	9
20	12	MODERN DANCE.....Various (K-Tel)	6	6
21	18	ALL FOR A SONG.....Barbara Dickson (Epic)	3	18
22	13	IF I SHOULD LOVE AGAIN Barry Manilow (Arista)	14	3
23	29	GEORGE BENSON COLLECTION George Benson (Warner Bros)	6	23
24	10	THE VISITORS.....Abba (Epic)	10	1
25	25	PENTHOUSE AND PAVEMENT Heaven 17 (Virgin)	9	12
26	19	TIN DRUM.....Japan (Virgin)	11	9
27	(—)	ACTION TRAX.....Various (K-Tel)	1	27
28	24	SOMETHING SPECIAL Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	6	7
29	16	QUEEN GREATEST HITS.....Queen (EMI)	15	1
30	26	PERHAPS LOVE Placido Domingo/John Denver (CBS)	4	24

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	See You.....Depeche Mode (Mute)
2	(2)	Streets Of London Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
3	(6)	Getting Up.....Pigbag (Y)
4	(—)	Never Surrender.....Blitz (No Future)
5	(4)	No Survivors.....GBH (Clay)
6	(3)	I Won't Close My Eyes.....UB40 (Dep Int)
7	(—)	Jet Boy, Jet Girl (EP)...Chron-Gen (Secret)
8	(9)	Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag Pigbag (Y)
9	(—)	Love Song.....Damned (Big Beat)
10	(5)	Drowning In Berlin.....Mobiles (Rialto)
11	(7)	Do You Believe In The Westworld Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
12	(13)	Vicious Circle..Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)
13	(12)	Beat The Beat.....Mari Wilson (Compact)
14	(10)	Everything's Gone Green New Order (Factory / Benelux Import)
15	(—)	Object, Refuse, Reject, Abuse..Dirt (Crass)
16	(24)	In Britain.....Red Alert (No Future)
17	(—)	Don't Let Them Grind You Down Exploited/Anti Pasti (Exploited)
18	(15)	Party Fears Two.....Associates (Situation 2)
19	(—)	Bela Lugosi's Dead 12" Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
20	(7)	Saturday Night Special Fad Gadget (Mute)
21	(16)	Banned From The Pubs Peter & The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
22	(21)	Waterline.....A Certain Ratio (Factory)
23	(18)	Sweetest Girl..Scrutti Politti (Rough Trade)
24	(—)	Spirit In The Sky.....Cheaters (Albion)
25	(—)	Mellow Love.....Marc Bolan (Cherry Red)
26	(11)	Bongo Train.....Revillos (Superville)
27	(—)	No Hope For Anyone Dead Wretched (Infernal)
28	(22)	Atmosphere.....Joy Division (Factory)
29	(14)	This Is Your Capt....Capt. Sensible (Crass)
30	(17)	Yesterday's Heroes EP.....4 Skins (Secret)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(3)	Speak And Spell Depeche Mode (Mute)
2	(1)	Sextet.....A Certain Ratio (Factory)
3	(4)	Two Bad DJ Eastwood and Saint (Greensleeves)
4	(6)	Fourth Drawer Down Associates (Situation 2)
5	(2)	Movement.....New Order (Factory)
6	(5)	Still.....Joy Division (Factory)
7	(7)	Best Of The Damned Damned (Ace)
8	(15)	Contradictions..Thomas Leer (Cherry Red)
9	(12)	Not To.....Colin Newman (4AD)
10	(9)	Present Arms.....UB40 (Dep Int)
11	(8)	Closer.....Joy Division (Factory)
12	(13)	Incontinent.....Fad Gadget (Mute)
13	(14)	Wa Do Dem ..Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
14	(—)	Machine Gun Etiquette Damned (Big Beat)
15	(—)	Punks Not Dead.....Exploited (Secret)
16	(11)	In The Flat Field.....Bauhaus (4AD)
17	(16)	LC.....Durutti Column (Factory)
18	(10)	On Stage.....Exploited (Exploited)
19	(20)	Crumbling The Antiseptic Beauty Felt (Cherry Red)
20	(—)	Seven Songs.....23 Skidoo (Fetish)
21	(18)	Unknown Pleasures Joy Division (Factory)
22	(17)	Anthem.....Toyah (Safari)
23	(23)	Signing Off.....UB40 (Graduate)
24	(26)	Heartbeat.....Chris And Cosey (R.Trade)
25	(24)	Live At The Factory Slaughter And The Dogs (Thrush)
26	(22)	Fresh Fruit...Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
27	(19)	Inflammable Material.....S.L.F. (R. Trade)
28	(21)	Present Arms in Dub.....UB40 (Dep Int)
29	(—)	Rock'n'Groove Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
30	(30)	Das Kabinet.....Bill Nelson (Cocteau)

REGGAE SINGLES

1	Three Wicked Men..Reggae George (Tuff Gong)
2	Bushmaster.....D. J. Jango (African Museum)
3	Boxing.....Cornell Campbell (Joe Gibbs)
4	Sheumoo Bummy.....Barrington Levy (Volcano)
5	Eventide Home.....Yellow Man (Thrillseekers)
6	Three Man Army Dillinger, Wayne Wade Etc (Oak Leaf)
7	Jahovia.....Matic 16 (Music Hive)
8	Baby Love.....Ramllins (Germain)
9	Revolution.....Bim Sherman (On U Sound)
10	Trodding Through The Jungle Carlton Livingstone (G.G.)
11	Unmetered Taxi.....Sly (Taxi)
12	Wife & Sweetheart ..Errol Scorchor (Techniques)
13	Top Of The Pops/Peanut Vendor Sammy Dread (Jah Life)
14	Baldhead Sammy Little Roy & Ian Rock (Selection Exclusive)
15	Just Love.....Ranking Toyon (Germain)

REGGAE LPs

1	Badder Than Them Lone Ranger (Studio 1)
2	Tribute.....Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
3	Reggae Streets.....Mighty Diamonds (Shanakee)
4	Gunman Connection.....Nicodemus (Cha Cha)
5	Look How Me Sexy Linal Thompson (Greensleeves)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

US SINGLES

1	Centrefold.....The J Geils Band (EMI-American)
2	I Can't Go For That Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
3	Harden My Heart.....Quarterflash (Warner Bros)
4	Open Arms.....Journey (Columbia)
5	Shake It Up.....The Cars (Elektra)
6	That Girl.....Stevie Wonder (Motown)
7	The Sweetest Thing.....Juice Newton (Capitol)
8	Sweet Dreams.....Air Supply (Arista)
9	Physical.....Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
10	Leader Of The Band Dan Fogelberg (Full Moon/Epic)

US LPs

1	Freeze-Frame ...The J Geils Band (EMI-America)
2	Escape.....Journey (Columbia)
3	Beauty And The Beat.....The Go Go's (A&M)
4	Hooked On Classics..The RPO/Louis Clark (RCA)
5	Private Eyes.....Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
6	Ghost In The Machine.....Police (A&M)
7	For Those About To Rock.....AC/DC (Atlantic)
8	4.....Foreigner (Atlantic)
9	Quarterflash.....Quarterflash (Warner Bros)
10	Shake It Up.....The Cars (Elektra)

Courtesy 'Billboard'

NORWAY

1	Ruby.....Gary Holton & Casino Steel (Polydor)
2	Ooa Hela Natten.....Attack (Epic)
3	Oh Julie.....Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
4	Birdie Song.....The Tweets (Precision)
5	Cambodia.....Kim Wilde (Rak)
6	The Letter.....Rainbow (Polydor)
7	Under Pressue.....Queen & David Bowie (EMI)
8	Girl 16.....Trond Granlund (CBS)
9	Vill Ha Dej.....Eden Kane (Decca)
10	Crazy Music.....Ottawan (EMI)

Courtesy 'Billboard/Dagbladet'

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	When I Need You.....Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
2	Boogie Nights.....Heatwave (GTO)
3	Chanson D'Amour.....Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)
4	Don't Cry For Me Argentina.....Julie Covington (MCA)
5	Romeo.....Mr. Big (EMI)
6	Jack In The Box.....Moments (All Platinum)
7	Don't Give Up On Us.....David Soul (Private Stock)
8	Don't Leave Me This Way Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes (CBS)
9	This Is Tomorrow.....Bryan Ferry (Polydor)
10	Torn Between Two Lovers.....Mary MacGregor (Ariola)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	American Pie.....Don McLean (United Artists)
2	Son Of My Father.....Chicory Tip (CBS)
3	Without You.....Nilsson (Decca)
4	Got To Be There.....Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
5	Look Wot You Dun.....Slade (Polydor)
6	Storm In A Teacup.....Fortunes (Capitol)
7	Have You Seen Her.....Chi-Lites (MCA)
8	Mother And Child Reunion.....Paul Simon (CBS)
9	Telegram Sam.....T. Rex (T. Rex)
10	Day After Day.....Badfinger (Apple)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	Release Me.....Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
2	This Is My Song.....Petula Clark (Pye)
3	Penny Lane/Strawberry Fields.....Beatles (Parlophone)
4	Here Comes My Baby.....Tremeloes (CBS)
5	Edelweiss.....Vince Hill (Columbia)
6	On A Carousel.....Hollies (Parlophone)
7	I'm A Believer.....Monkees (RCA)
8	Snoopy v. The Red Baron.....Royal Guardsmen (Stateside)
9	Mellow Yellow.....Donovan (Pye)
10	Peek-A-Boo.....New Vaudeville Band (Fontana)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	Let's Twist Again.....Chubby Checker (Columbia)
2	The Young Ones.....Cliff Richard (Columbia)
3	March Of The Siamese Children.....Kenny Ball (Pye)
4	Wimoweh.....Karl Denver (Decca)
5	Can't Help Falling In Love.....Elvis Presley (RCA)
6	Tell Me What He Said.....Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
7	Rock-A-Hula Baby.....Elvis Presley (RCA)
8	Forget Me Not.....Eden Kane (Decca)
9	A Little Bitty Tear.....Burl Ives (Brunswick)
10	Crying In The Rain.....Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)

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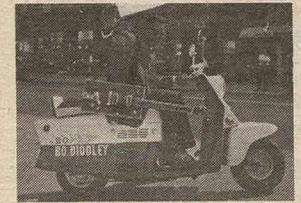
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TOYAH'S FUTURE ANTHEMS

TOYAH hits the road again in early summer, playing 19 major dates around the country, including two nights at the Hammersmith Odeon. And prior to the opening, she'll release a new single and album — the follow-up to her chart-topping 'Anthem'. Although the tour is best part of four months away, tickets go on sale tomorrow (Friday), and the schedule comprises:

Sheffield City Hall (June 19), Bradford St George's Hall (20), Manchester Apollo (21), Birmingham Odeon (23), Leicester De Montfort Hall (24), London Hammersmith Odeon (25 and 26), Coventry Apollo (28), Brighton Centre (29), Portsmouth Guildhall (30), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (July 2), Poole Arts Centre (3), Bristol Colston Hall (4), Preston Guildhall (7), Glasgow Apollo (8), Edinburgh Playhouse (9), Newcastle City Hall (12 and 13) and Liverpool Empire (14).

Ticket prices are £5, £4.50 and £4 (Hammersmith); £4.50 and £4 (Leicester, Portsmouth and Poole); £4 only (Bradford, Brighton, St Austell and Preston); and £4.50, £4 and £3.50 (all other venues).

This Friday, BBC-2 starts screening a new comedy series called *Dear Heart*, in which Toyah stars — she plays a different role in each of the six episodes, which were scripted by some of the *Not The Nine O'Clock News* team.



Wilko and Members in solidarity

THE TWO benefit concerts on behalf of the British Solidarity Campaign of Poland have at last been confirmed officially for South London's new Fair Deal venue in Brixton on Saturday and Sunday, March 13 and 14 — though, ironically, the identity of the headline act for the first show can't be revealed until next week. This is because contracts haven't yet been signed formally, though it's understood that negotiations for a big-name band have been completed. However, the remaining acts for the two days have now been sewn up.

Rest of the March 13 bill comprises *The Members*, *The Mo-dettes*, *Wilko Johnson* (with a backing band, but not the regular Solid Senders line-up), *The Bureau* and local Brixton group *Inspector House*. The March 14 show has a strong R&B flavour, and those taking part are *The Blues Band*, *Jools Holland & His Millionaires*, *Alexis Korner*, *The Cheetahs* and *Pinski Zoo*.

All tickets for both shows are £3.50, available now from the box-office and usual agents. The address for postal bookings can be found on page 37, along with news of other upcoming events at the Fair Deal.



Nick the Pr— sorry, Knife and his new band (L-R): Belmont, Irwin, Lowe, Carrack, Eller.

NICK LOWE is set to play his first live dates here since the demise of Rockpile, and the first headliners in his own right for nearly three years. Under the name of Nick Lowe & Hit Noise To Go, he'll be backed by Paul Carrack (keyboards and vocals), Martin Belmont (guitar), James Eller (bass) and Bobby Irwin (drums).

He'll be featuring material from his new solo album 'Nick The Knife' on the dates, which are: Sheffield Polytechnic (April 30), Aberdeen Fusion (May 2), Edinburgh Coasters (3), Glasgow Tiffany's (4), Nottingham Rock City (5), Coventry Warwick University

(6), Manchester University (7), Loughborough University (8), Cardiff Top Rank (11), Birmingham Locarno (12), Guildford Civic Hall (13),

Uxbridge Brunel University (14), St Albans City Hall (15), Norwich East Anglia University (16) and London Hammersmith Palais (17).

Ramona out

THE MO-DETTES, who've recently played a number of gigs without lead singer Ramona, have now decided to part company with her for good. Reason for the split is said to be a personality clash, coupled with "lack of record company support which has recently brought the band and

its management close to liquidation." But the group are pressing on, and are currently auditioning vocalists — and they hope to have a new member fixed in time to record a new single with producer Ricky Wilde in March, and to make her live debut in the Fair Deal concert. Meanwhile, Ramona is working on new material and will soon be recording a solo single.

Venue bouncer on murder charge

A BOUNCER at Richard Branson's Venue has been charged with the murder of a freelance photographer who died as a result of injuries sustained after a party for art students at the Victoria nightclub.

David Paul Dunn, of Darlton House, Ebury Bridge Estate, London SW1, was remanded in custody by Horseferry Road magistrates on Monday morning, charged with the murder of 25-year-old David Towry-Coker of Tooting, South London.

Coker, who also worked as a freelance disc-jockey, had been found lying outside the Venue in the early hours of Friday February 12. He died from head injuries five days later in the intensive care ward of Middlesex Hospital. Coker, known to friends as TC, had been at a party for St Martins College Of Art students at the Venue, where he had been offering his services as a photographer to the guests.

BPI hit cheap imports

THE BPI — guard-dog to the music business — this week jumped on three importers and wholesalers in its continuing purge against cheap foreign imports.

In the High Court, Stage One (Records) Ltd., Bullet Records and Rose Records each acknowledged dealing in records purchased outside the EEC and as a consequence 'agreed' to damages and costs of £108,000 between them.

The BPI is unable — under Community rules — to thwart imports from Common Market countries, but for more than a year it has been warning through the trade press that it will fight records purchased on the cheap from all other parts of the world. Such non-EEC product, they argued, was 'illegal' even though the law was not yet on their side.

The actions brought and won this week have given the BPI the precedent it needed.



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Beauties L-R: Kate, Virginia, Nicola

The things your beast friend wouldn't tell you about The Ravishing Beauties

THE PYRAMID Club, hidden away in a Liverpool backstreets, is just the sort of place where stars are born.

In the '60s it was the spawning ground for numerous mop-top combos eager to emulate the success of you-know-who at the Cavern down the road. In November of last year it put on the mantle of Club Zoo and for six weeks became home for a newly inspired Teardrop Explodes.

Perhaps more importantly, it showcased several unknowns — some destined to remain so, some shockingly good. Of the latter the names to file in your hearts are Colours Out Of Time, The Frantic Elevators and... The Ravishing Beauties.

On December 15 three girls looking suspiciously like Clare clones crept onto the tiny stage with, God help us, classical instruments. Loads of "dead odd-looking clarinet things." Even in the tolerant environment of The Pyramid, this was something of a culture shock — especially when the music they started to play seemed on the face of it, pretty classical. I mean you can't dance to it, can you?

Gradually though, the sound which had initially been embarrassing and repulsive began to sweep and seduce and like Joy Division, while shrouded in gloom, was ultimately uplifting. The people clapped, The Ravishing Beauties smiled and I lost my heart (again).

Teardrop themselves were equally impressed and invited the Beauties as support on their January tour. A well-meaning gesture but surely a misguided one — after all, a little radical music is all very well in the cosy confines of a small club, but it'll certainly fail in the obscenely intolerant world of the rock circus. Won't it?

I was wrong. "It's been a real success so far," says lead singer Virginia Astley, looking every inch as if she'd never expected anything less.

Virginia has a single out on Why-Fi Records (home of Troy Tate — hence the Teardrop connection) and for live work she has enlisted the help of old music college friends Nicky

Holland (vocoder / piano / backing vocals) and Kate St John (oboe/cor anglais/vocals).

So what are The Ravishing Beauties? Just Virginia's backing group?

Nicky: "Well obviously Virginia's solo work led to the forming of the group, but we like to see The Ravishing Beauties as a separate entity."

They are linked to some extent however in that Nicky plays on the single, and that three of the four songs on it are done by the Beauties live ('Angels Cry', 'Arctic Death' and 'We Will Meet Them Again').

This is by no means Virginia's first venture into the world of popular (sic) music; she used to be in a group she'd rather forget called Victims Of Pleasure, and worked with old warhorse Pete Townshend on his solo LP and more recently with Richard Jobson on the 'Ballad Of Etiquette' and 'Fruits Of The Original Sin' LPs and with The Skids on 'Joy'. A very odd combination of classical sensitivity and rock sensibility.

"People carry on about this classical thing, but when I originally took my tapes to Why-Fi I couldn't play very well. The people I took the tape to were comparing me to 'rock' artists such as Nico."

The beautifully sad and introspective tone of many of the Beauties' songs — and they are songs, not classical 'pieces' — brings to mind not only Nico but also the likes of Vini Reilly and the Durutti Column. Are the Beauties firmly entrenched in the world of pop then?

Kate: "Not entirely, no. We'd like to break down barriers from the other side by taking the sort of music we are playing to an essentially classical audience."

Their stage outfits, Clarefrocks made out of very odd material (described as, amongst other things, "tea bags" and "sacking"), together with their slightly cutesy-cutesy awkward schoolgirl mannerisms between songs, and indeed their very name, might suggest they're degrading themselves in order to be famous.

"No, of course we're not," says Nicky. "It's just how we are, and we're not degrading ourselves. If we were going for the sex symbol market we could dress up in split skirts and stockings; alternatively we could dress up in boiler suits and then be labelled feminists. Why do women in groups always have to be labelled? The name of the group itself is meant to show up the stupidity of labels."

What other plans for the future? Well the Skids link has been maintained with Russell Webb doing the mixing for them on the Teardrop tour, and future work with Webb or Jobson has not been ruled out. Apart from that they are working on building up a reputation away from Teardrop's protective wing. What's their role in the whole scheme of things?

"Well on this tour we come on and play our odd stuff and it doesn't make it so hard for people to accept the more peculiar of Teardrop's songs."

The Ravishing Beauties are not only talented and on the verge of Something Very Big, they're also totally irresistible.

—PAUL MATHUR

Don't call me a Cab!

CABARET VOLTAIRE have finally broken the silence they've maintained since the departure of Chris Watson six months ago.

Their return came in the barely disguised form of The Pressure Company — a one-off group featuring surviving members Stephen Mallinder and Richard Kirk, along with Mancunian mate Eric Random and drummer Norty. They played a benefit concert at Sheffield University in January, which was recorded and subsequently released for broader consumption by Paradox Records (see review page 34).

The temporary name change not only signifies the ephemeral nature of Pressure Company, but also marks Cabaret Voltaire's reluctance to allow their name to be used as an endorsement for specific causes — in this case a civilian (thus non-aligned) hospital in South Poland and the defence fund of a Sheffield man allegedly falsely imprisoned on drugs charge in Gibraltar.

They only committed this record because they were presented with a fait accompli. CV's Mal explains:

"Someone (Sheffield entrepreneur Marcus Featherby) turned up and recorded the concert and said he wanted to bring it out to raise money," he says. "As we had no plans for it, we said yes so long as we had some control over where the money was going. We didn't want it to get absorbed in Solidarity legal fees and we didn't want our name being used as a selling point either. We have always avoided that sort of direct involvement with politics."

In the meantime Cabaret Voltaire have been busier than their public profile has let on. Since Watson's departure they've recorded a double 12" single, and an as yet untitled LP for release in six to eight weeks' time, as well as completing a one and a half hour video ("part abstract, part what you'd expect") and setting up a label for its distribution.

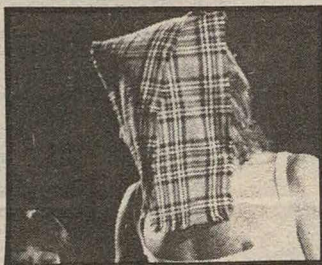
"We've been working three times as hard as before Chris left," enthuses Mal. "The change has done us good. We've really enjoyed the new challenge."

The fruits of their renewed labours won't be heard until they return from a groundbreaking independent visit to Japan in four weeks, after which their first English dates proper will be arranged. See you there.

— HUGO BALL



CV Mal



What a hoot mon

THE ARRIVAL of 'Good Morning Little Schoolgirl', a Decca reissue of a debut solo disc by a now famous rockperson, caused us to peruse the press release that accompanied the disc's first date of issue, back in October '64.

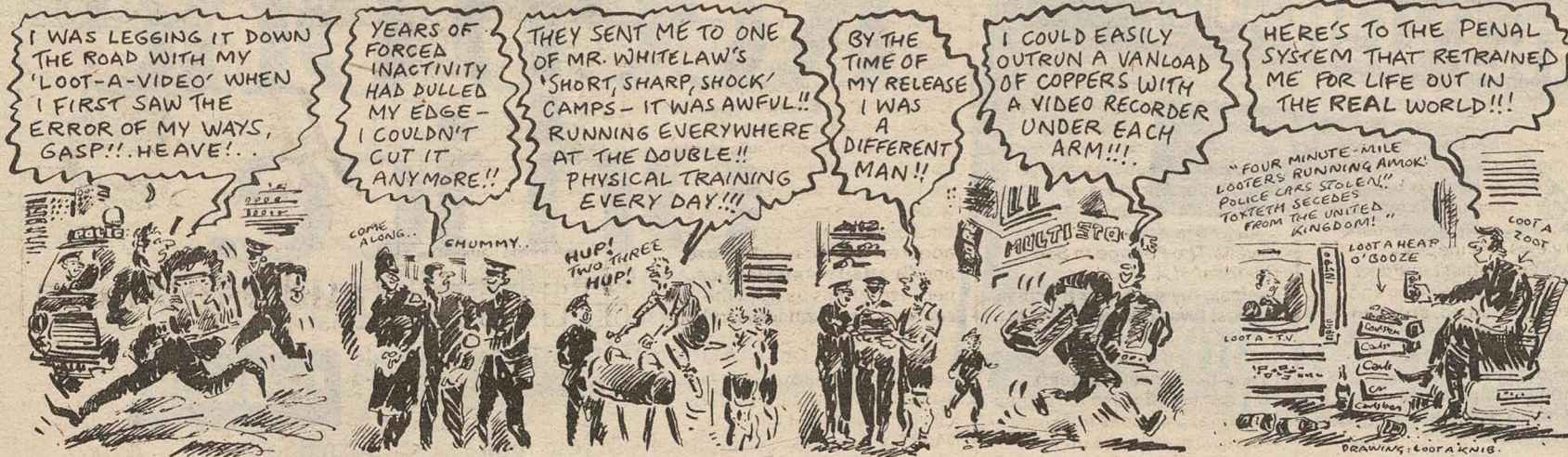
Quotes such as "Beethoven was a good guy", a declared dislike of "plonkers", and even an avowed ambition "to sing with Count Basie" caused mild merriment but were generally adjudged to be hardly worth a line in T-Zers. But the confession: "Not very fond of... Scotland" caused wild hysterics not only in the office but throughout the length of Carnaby Street. For that same mysterious rockperson has since gone all haggis-hearted, tartan-torsoed and Caledonian crazy, singing songs with choirs all named Jimmy and even flying halfway across the world to see Scotland's football team getting beaten by Peru.

Still, we wouldn't dream of embarrassing this particular Pict of the Pops by disclosing his identity. For such a trick would be well below the sporan. Wouldn't it, Roderick?

— JOCK McDELLAR

Not Only Rock And Roll

Lowry



portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

LEMMY

Soap
Fawlty Towers
Not The Nine O'Clock News
M.A.S.H.
Life On Earth
Watch With Mother

If You Want Blood AC/DC
Nightclub Years Woody Allen
No Sleep For Douglas Smith
Motorhead
With The Beatles The Beatles
Nasty Music (Bootleg)
Rolling Stones
Space Ritual Live..... Hawkwind

Tallyman.....Jeff Beck
No Good Without You Baby....Byrds
How Can It Be.....Byrds
Long Tall Sally.....Little Richard
God Save The Queen.....Sex Pistols

The Fan Man..... William Kotzwinkle
(Kelly, can I have it back please?)
The Reign Of Hell Sven Hassel
The Jewel In The Skull
Michael Moorcock
The Mad God's Amulet
Michael Moorcock
The Sword Of The Dawn
Michael Moorcock
The Rune Staff..... Michael Moorcock

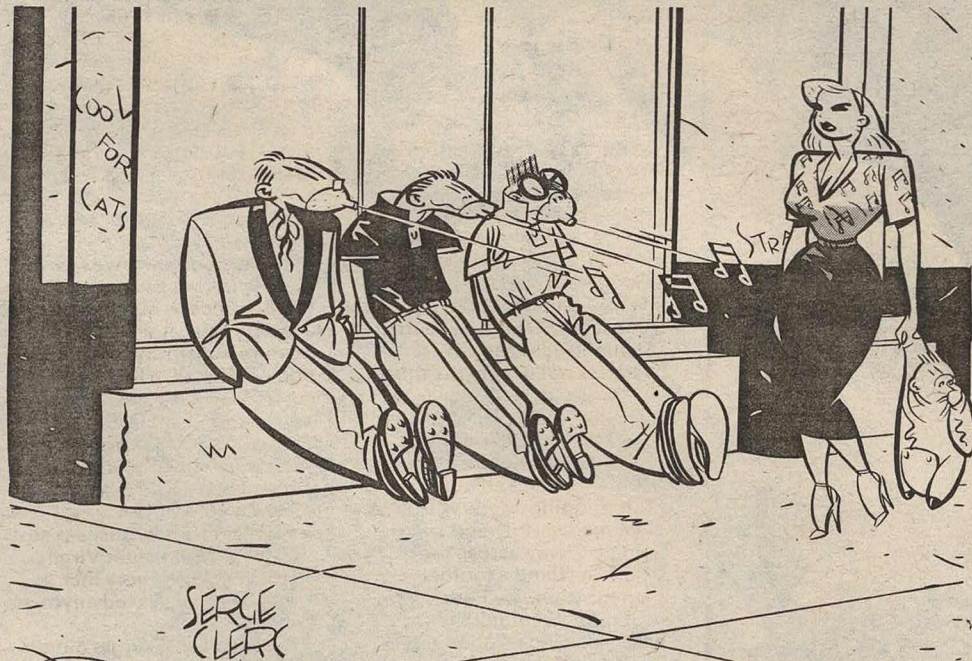
A Night To Remember
The Exorcist
Excalibur
Jaws
Eraserhead
A Shot In The Dark



Lemmy as Sven Hassel in The Reign Of Hell. Pic: Joe Stevens

ERROR

But from there it was uphill all the way. My hairdresser, tailor, and vitular schizo-analyst and the newer television schedules have done me proud. This took my spirits up to Thursday, where they eloped into Perry Haines' incomparable Dial Nine For Dolphin. The drinks are dramatic, the dancing opportune, and the chance meeting . . . well, s-i-g-h, secrete me away in a gondola drifting through the aesthetic seduction of imaginary visual ecstasy! I made contact with a be-ribboned vision previously confined to my dreams. I only hope she wasn't offended by how many dolphins I'd tried to stuff in my mouth. My only regret is that the DJ neglected



Friday was of course Beat Route night — although I was alarmed to see that the whole country's attention is being crudely drawn to this nifty little niche in Sunday supplement overviews and ineptly constructed Leftist London broadsheets. A curious, and curiously ill-timed, article in *Time Out* sulky-satellite *City Limits* this week pretends a safari of our cornucopia of nightlife fleshpots and flagships. I wouldn't mind, but they can't even get their banal

One place these johnny-come-latelays do not visit is the excellent Lazars, which, of a late Saturday night, is the only place to be for *all* varieties of hedonist (and I mean — *everything!*). I popped in there subsequent to a visit to the Mermaid Theatre — in my role as *NME* high cultural attache — to consider **Christopher Hampton's** adaptation of **George Steiner's** exemplary novella *The Portage to San Cristobal of A. H.* I must confess, my dear dear thespian friends, I was disappointed. My companion fell asleep, and I was reduced to mulling over incidental ethical bugbears. One *cannot* afford to fall asleep in Lazars! One does not know where one will wake up, who

Otherwise . . . Man of the Week is **Christopher Lloyd**, for his return in the return of *Taxi* (nice to see the Beeb respecting its worth in a respectable time slot); Woman of the Week is the aesthetically stunning Puerto Rican girl in **Chris Menzies'** sad *West 103th* St documentary — she could have walked out of there and into **Bianca Jagger's** money, at least; Jacket of the Week is still **Martin Fry's** golden lame on *TOTP*, but boy! does that boy need to take dance lessons from me, or someone thereabouts; book of the week, honorary mention, is **Deleuze and Guattari's** *Anti-Oedipus*, because it frees us from the segregations (unnecessary) of political debate and partial desire; and worryline of the week is mine, as it always is when my accountant's phone call gets me out of bed on a Monday morning . . .

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Shuttle service, details as below but with no accommodation.
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Shuttle service to the airport. Price £45.00. See also page 10.

QUEEN

at Groenordhallen, Leiden, Amsterdam
April. Return morning 25th April

at Groenordhallen, Leiden, Amsterdam
Depart morning 23rd April. Return morning, 25th April
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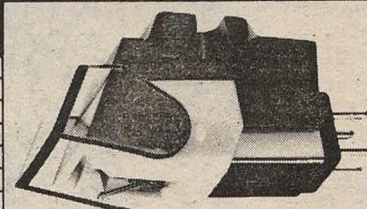
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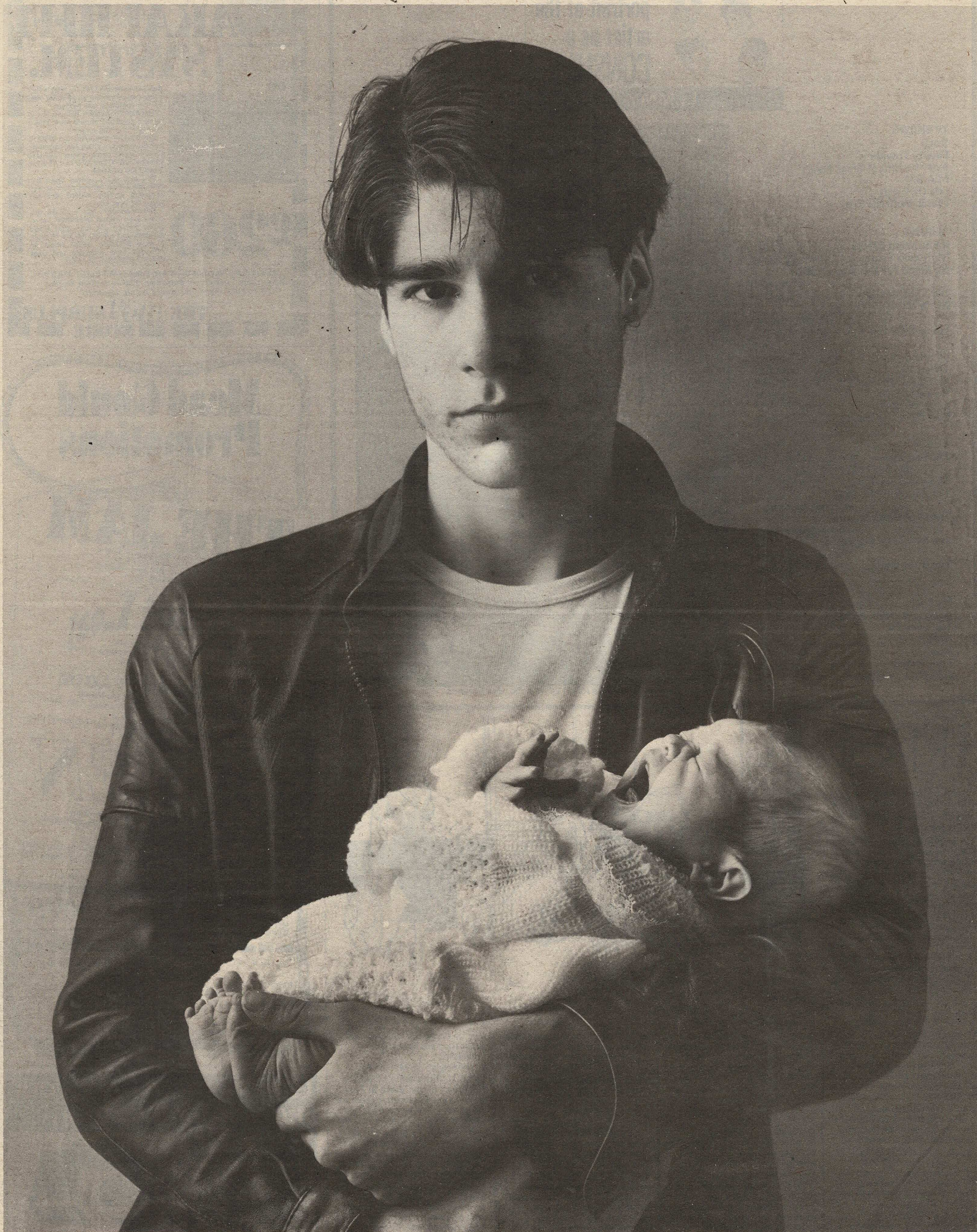




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He thought having sex would be unforgettable. Unfortunately it was.

Despite what you may think the girl isn't the only one who's left holding the baby.

Because if you get a girl pregnant, you could be financially respon-

sible for the baby's maintenance for sixteen years.

From now until 1998. That is a fact of life.

So if you don't want to be a

father, don't behave as if you do.

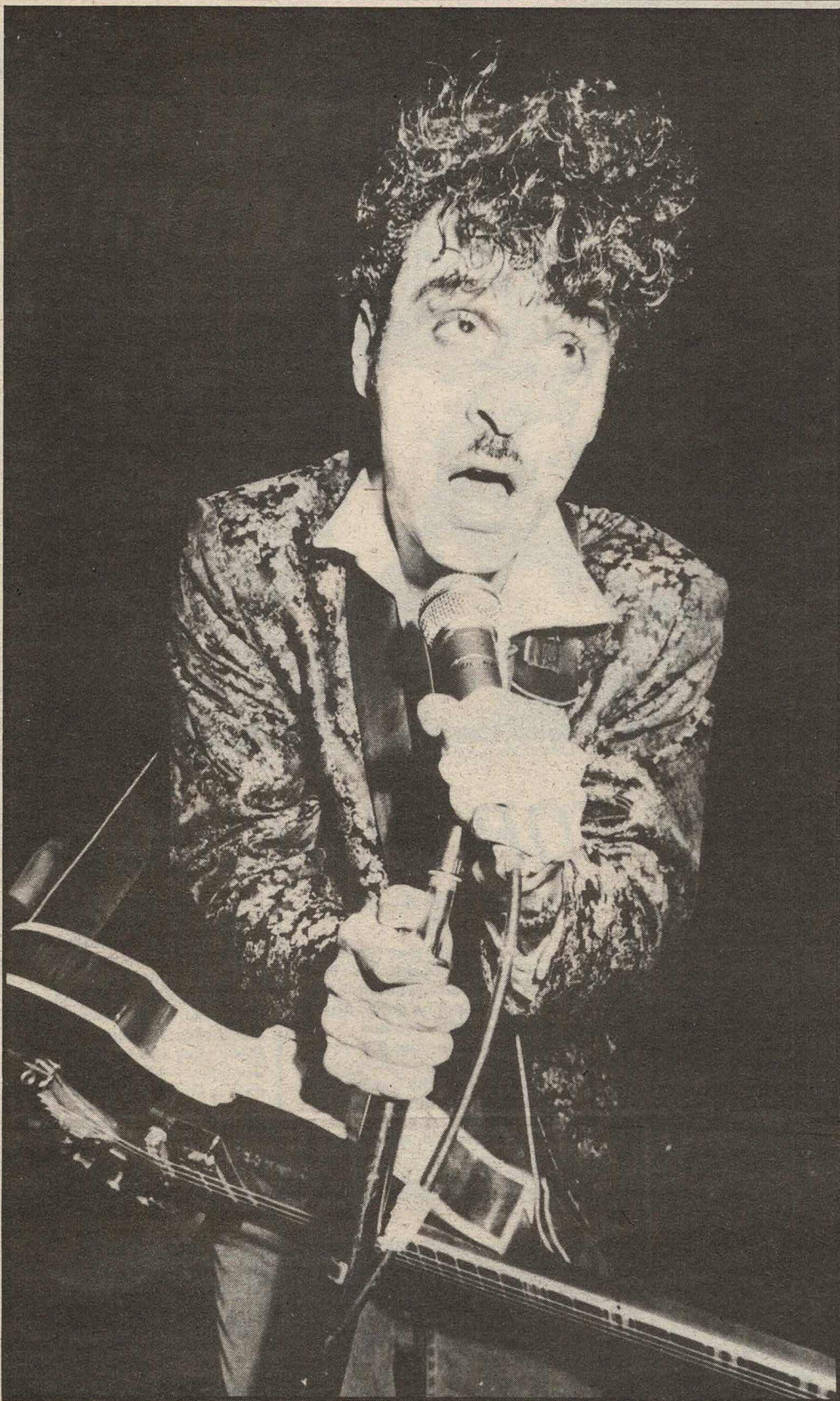
If you have any worries about sex, why not try talking them over with your parents?

And if you are going to make

love, always use a contraceptive. They're very easily available.



The Health Education Council
Helping you to better health.



Tav Falco — haunted by unsavoury spirits and Ron Mael's moustache

NEIL NORMAN hears the crackle of a renegade rockabilly

PANTHER, PANTHER BURNING BRIGHT

ON A MISSISSIPPI plantation at the turn of the century a lone panther who had been indiscriminately dining on chickens and children, cattle and women alike was eventually trapped in a canebreak which was then set alight. The resultant shrieks of the toasted feline could, it is said, be heard for miles and from that moment on the place became known as Panther Burn.

Lying just off Highway 1 in Greenville, the plantation is thriving to this day — though few panthers, pink or otherwise, have been seen in the area since.

Not a million miles away in Memphis, an encounter between video-maker and art anarchist Gustavus Falco and Box Top/Big Star braincase Alex Chilton in the early stages of 1979 was to result in the formation of a mutant rockabilly group. Searching for a name to fit the concept of the music — "A kind of renegade sound, a sound that can't really be wiped out or captured but can be contained under certain incendiary conditions" — they found it off Highway 1. Tav Falco's Panther Burns was born.

Conceived in a libidinous debauch of crossbred rock and roll figures, they are a group for the time, of the times, in no time.

The transatlantic connection crackles with static as Falco begins to answer my question about his initial collaboration with Chilton.

"Alex saw me play 'bourgeois Blues' and demolish a guitar on stage at a gig with Mudboy And The Neutrons. I know that sort of thing has been done before but I'd never done it. Alex was shouting and

clapping in the audience and we started jamming together round his house.

"Early rock and roll and rockabilly is my favourite music, but I'd never thought about the possibility of playing it. I was playing blues and country and Alex taught me rockabilly. We put the two forms together and got an explosive sound. Panther Burns is the result of putting together two forms of indigenous music.

"Jim is the best drummer I've ever heard. He has this polyrhythmic style on one hand and the Kerry Lee Lewis slapback sound on the other — it's really primitive. It tears me up every time I hear it."

Jim Scavunos, formerly of Teenage Jesus And The Jerks and 8 Eyed Spy, is one of the latest recruits to the group, which now includes Ron Miller on bass fiddle and Jim Duckworth on guitar. Falco himself sings and plays Silverton guitar.

The sound they make is best sampled on their killer album debut, 'Behind The Magnolia Curtain', released here by Rough Trade, as well as a single, 'Train Kept A Rolling', and a live EP. Their "pure sick noise" prompted one Memphis reporter to conclude that they were "a bunch of pampered artists" whose "blatant ineptitude" was a "feckless waste of talent".

A cursory listening does indeed give one the impression that they are a bunch of somewhat less than competent enthusiasts playing mutated rockabilly in a manner that threatens to rip the guts out of the original form. Repeated playing, however, reveal an unpremeditated passion behind the arguably contrived stylistic motive. Pushing the form as far as it will go, Panther Burns are plain gone.

A comparison with The Cramps is inevitable, if only to highlight the fundamental differences in their treatment of a music culled from a similar

idiom. Whereas The Cramps' sound is bass-heavy, swampy throb admirably suited to their horror/rockabilly stance, Panther Burns' music is a trebly, trashy uptop noise full of slapped bass and hissing cymbals.

The group write none of their own material, preferring to reinterpret songs like 'Red Headed Woman', 'Bourgeois Blues' and, hilariously, 'Brazil'. So why no originals?

"I don't subscribe to the cult of originality in today's music. What we're doing essentially is drawing on the body of blues music — the corpus delicti; I don't have this arrogance that I should play the stuff I write. It goes back to Jerry Lee Lewis, 'Whole Lotta Shakin' Going On' and 'Great Balls Of Fire' — he didn't write these songs but he understood them."

"It's like telling a well-known story in a new way. We're raconteurs of a kind of tradition. One has to expand the tradition, to work in the form and expand it beyond certain boundaries.

"Purists don't like it. God knows The Panther Burns aren't pure, but there's a certain edge to the music that is considered unsavoury. Panther Burns is concerned with capturing the essence of the music rather than the shell. We came of age in the '80s after all, not in the '50s..."

I'd read that Falco often prefaces a performance with Louis Aragon's statement of the surrealists' purpose — and while claiming no clearly defined alignment with any one artistic movement (he also mentions Dadaist leader Tristan Tzara in the course of our conversation) he freely sprinkles his interviews with phrases like 'anti-environment' and 'art damage'. Taken out of context this may sound like so much hip sloganeering (Oh no, that never occurred to me. — Ed.) but Falco's claim that it

■ Continues over

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

Little white lies that go bright in the night

AT LAST even the 'experts' are having to face the music: American researcher Dr Carl J Johnson has now reported that the discovery of "higher than expected cancer rates" among people living close to three of America's weapons plants "suggests that the same trend may be at work near both the six other American weapons plants and some nuclear power plants."

Dr Johnson's figures (a 24% higher rate of cancer among males and a 10% higher rate among females) were followed by further revelations by ex-US Army medic Van R Brandon, a former member of the top secret team in charge of monitoring radiation absorbed by soldiers during the notorious

site. According to Brandon, the Army routinely kept two sets of records — one phoney and the other accurate.

The Pentagon has declined to comment on the ex-soldier's story, or on the medical problems his own children and grandchild (which needed its blood changed at birth) have incurred.

□ One semi-musical advance which might aid the Army in defending itself against such malignant rumours is the development of 'What's Your Excuse'... the first ambient sounds-to-lie-by telephone system. Developed by one Stan Zelazny (who shares the name of the man that invented 1980's first talking tombstone!),

Nevada-based atomic tests of '56 and '57. Brandon claimed he was 'ordered' to deliberately prepare faked records which hid high levels of radiation exposure to soldiers on the test

'What's Your Excuse' is a whole system — a room into which you enter, place your call, pay and choose an "excuse sound" to speak over. So far there are airport lounges, jungles, auto shops, offices, traffic jams, hospital waiting rooms and nine other aural representations of places you might be while you lie into the phone. And get this — Zelazny already stocks a war, complete with sirens, gunfire and explosions!

□ Great to report that by the time you read this it's 90% likely that the UK will be able to boast the first nuclear-free country in Europe: Wales. Seven out of the eight counties in the country have voted themselves anti-nuclear zones and the

eight, Clwyd, meets tomorrow with the object of also declaring itself nuclear-free. If this goes through, Wales will post signs along its borders announcing that travellers are entering a nuclear-free country.

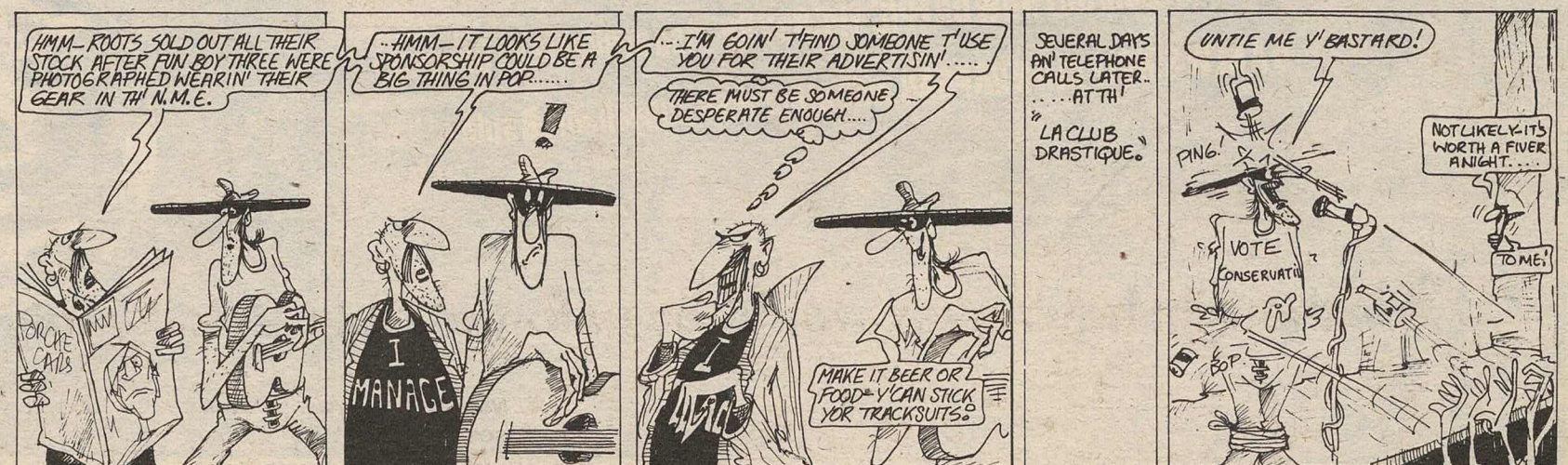
□ The occupiers at Greenham Common's Peace Camp are finalising plans for their big Festival on March 21, during which the six gates to the camp will be occupied by protesters enjoying all sorts of festivities. The festival will run from dawn to dusk and all you need to do is arrive at Newbury by train or National coach; there will be buses to convey everyone to the camp and a shuttle service running between gates. (The Greenham perimeter is about twelve miles).

After dusk, the women who have consistently and successfully occupied the site for so long will be undertaking their own non-violent direct action to mark the occasion. At presstime, this seems most likely to consist of their chaining themselves to each gate.

The women stress that the direct action should deter no one from attending what will be a lighthearted and celebratory festival, and also that any other women who would like to may join them in their protest. The protesters have spoken to the police in detail all along and they do not want to incite ANY form of unplanned protest/direct action, for the good of their aims.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

The Lone Groover

THRILLS DESK:
CYNTHIA ROSE

PANTHER

■ From previous page

takes an anti-environment to make authentic music that's all around us more visible, holds up in the context of Panther Burns.

"We like to quote from sources that inspire Panther Burns music. It's important . . . we don't overlook that. There are no boundaries to art. Putting parameters around say rock and roll here and jazz over here and American literature there and French literature over there — that's bogus. That's the kind of thing they teach you in university . . ."

Ron Miller chimes in with a more concrete application of their ideas:

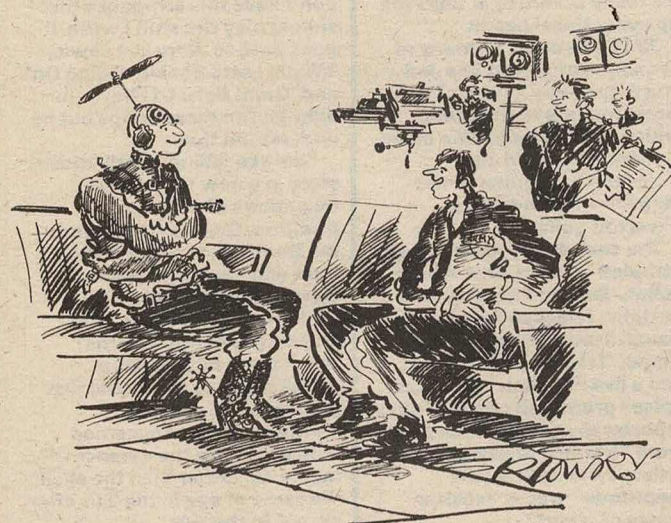
"Our show is going to be different every time we play. No one show will be the same as another."

A tall order for any group, but

as long as that aim doesn't eclipse their other motives Panther Burns will continue to achieve something that only a handful of individuals have managed so far — people like John Cale, Neil Young, August Darnell and the members of 8 Eyed Spy; that is to weld together various extant forms of music and bond the resultant product with an ideological lever from something that has been heard before into something that has never been heard before.

Make no mistake. While The Stray Cats, The Polecats, The Rockats and all the other furry quarupeds are experimenting on the borders of rockabilly, Panther Burns are up to their necks in no-man's land, discharging rock and roll that stinks and stings. And having set their own standard, they might just do what's expected of them. Or not, as the case may be.

Lowry



"Now it's that point in the programme when we welcome some obvious nutter, who's well on the way to being certified, to Riverside."

Bluebells L-R: David McClusky (drums), Lawrence Donegan (bass), Robert Hodgins (vcl/gtr), Russell Irvine (guitar), Kenneth McCluskey (vcl/harmonica). Pic: Robert Sharp.

SPRINGTIME FOR BLUEBELLS

IF THIS is springtime, then these must be The Bluebells. And if this is Glasgow, then these Bluebells must be one of two things — either the true flowers of romance or just another bunch of spotty Scottish wimps trying to disguise their calculated cynicism as naive boyish charm.

For now I'll stick with the former, forgetting

ADRIAN THRILLS
— he can pick 'em

reservations that this crisp Glaswegian quintet are no more than another cloying cup of the same old coy Celtic juice, and state my case on the strength of the excellent four-track demo tape that is already enticing an array of major label

moguls to the alluring Bluebells bait.

The Bluebells play pop. Pure, but not quite as simple as it first appears. One listen to their chiming, jangling guitar attack and those light-headed five-part harmonies and you might label them anachronistic refugees from the Cavern Club or some other dingy haven of the '60s beat boom, so authentic is their rendition of classic guitar pop. A few more plays, however, and the

timeless quality of such lovelorn masterpieces as 'Everybody's Somebody's Fool' and 'Some Sweet Day' becomes apparent.

The Bluebells — Robert Hodgins, Russell Irvine, David McCluskey, Kenneth McCluskey and Lawrence Donegan — played their first date in Glasgow almost a year ago. Since then they have landed, through contacts and

■ Continues page 11

ALIEN ORPHAN JIMMY PURSEY

A NEW ALBUM OUT NOW ON EPIC EPC85235 also available on Cassette
& A NEW SINGLE 'ALIEN ORPHAN' with otherwise Unavailable B side



Primitive Guitars

When I reached the critical stage of learning at which I began to formulate my style of playing the guitar (at about the age of 17), I made what was for me the single most important decision: while listening to a variety of music—Satie, Miles Davis, Rodrigo, Varese, musique concrete—I found inspiration in the work of the players of other instruments: I wanted my guitar to sound like the organ of Charles Mingus or the alto saxophone of Charlie Parker or the double-bass of Mike Ratledge. The idea of absorbing a great amount of technique specifically related to the guitar did not suit my temperament. Instead, I looked for other avenues, and in particular for a way of creating atmospheres in music through means other than conventional guitar techniques. This meant the exploration of various devices (echo feedback and so forth) since never appealed to me. As a pursuit in its own right, it seemed somewhat abstract, dealing in techniques were not particularly angled towards the blues (despite a considerable interest in the pioneering jazz clusters). The results were often somewhat abstract, dealing in unfamiliar sounds and tone clusters. Since I achieved my results through empirical means, and since I went back to sources in the past dozen or so years, and to put them into a personal chronological context, I have tried over the past years, and so on, to help illustrate this chronology the Roxy Music collaborations with other musicians and so on. To help illustrate this chronology the motive at the time) in various working environments. I discovered them recently while going through old tapes, and immediately realised the hidden motive. Perhaps PRIMITIVE GUITARS provides a clearer explanation. It may also answer those who have queried an apparent absence of guitar on some of the records in which I have been involved. PRIMITIVE GUITARS has been the possibility of making a guitar sound as unlike among my abiding interests has been the possibility of making a guitar sound as unlike a guitar as possible. PHIL MANZANERA

Phil Manzanera

Editions
EG

Album and Cassette

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AROUND THE SOUNDS WITH BASF

To white kids raised on Perry Como the fluent, sensual sound of this new black music was both a revelation and a release.

R&B advanced on numerous fronts.

Fats Domino took his rumbling whorehouse piano into the charts with songs like "I'm Ready."

Chuck Berry forged witty story-songs aimed at the feet and affections of the teenage market.

Bo Diddley deliberately distorted his guitar sound and put his name to an insane rhythm which still turns up on hit records in the 80s.

With the 60s the small labels grew more ambitious. Ex-boxer Berry Gordy gathered together the cream of Detroit talent and organised a production line that turned out hit after dazzling hit for The Supremes, Four Tops and many others.

By applying professional polish to the traditional tambourine-driven call-and-response of gospel, he built Tamla Motown into the most successful independent label in history.

Also the best.

Growling out of Memphis came the Stax sound: spitfire horns and a compulsive dance beat allied to the joyous, testifying vocals of singers like Otis Redding, Sam and Dave, and Eddie Floyd. There are few rock musicians around today who didn't cut their musical teeth on Floyd's dazzling "Knock on Wood."

As the charts fell so did many of the racial fences.

Aretha Franklin's string of incendiary late 60s hits ("Think," "Natural Woman" etc.) were recorded with white musicians and producers, all steeped in the lore of R&B.

And The Coasters' epics of jive-talk sprang from the pens of white writers Leiber and Stoller.

The Golden Age of R&B ended with the 60s. Otis Redding was dead, Diana Ross had gone to Hollywood and funk was dictating the dances of the ghetto.

Only artists like Al Green were left to carry the torch of lean, traditional soul music.

And eventually - like Little Richard, Joe Tex and others before him - even he returned to his first love, the Church.

R&B has left its distinctive stamp on every aspect of current rock and pop.

Take away the twelve bar blues with its simple, hypnotic repetition and you remove the foundations of rock songwriting.

Without the stinging solos of the first blues instrumentalists there would be no guitar heroes.

Without that blues back-beat, where would the dance music come from?

NEXT WEEK: ROCKABILLY.

BASF. THE BEST SOUND AROUND.



BLUEBELLS

From page 8

bluff, some plum support slots, heading south with Altered Images and also attracting Haircut Heyward's nose for a good song.

The songs are usually written by singer and guitarist Robert, who resembles an academic vole and was one of the Postcard - praising pens behind Glasgow's fabled fanzine *Ten Commandments* until he decided that he could do better than most of the bands he was writing about and formed The Bluebells, inspired not so much by punk but by a pop legacy stretching from The Monkees to T. Rex.

The chance of a debut single on Postcard last year fell through, partly because The Bluebells failed to match the Postcard "aesthetic", partly because of their reluctance to be branded alongside the likes of Josef K, Orange Juice, Aztec Camera and The Jazzateers.

Now they are on the lookout for a major, though there lurks a suspicion that the band retain some of the cosy little Postcard attitudes, the contrived charm and the wilful amateurism.

In the dressing room of an Oxford college, where The Bluebells had just placated a couple of thousand student types who had initially come to crown Queen Clare, Hodgins protests that any rough edges exist only because the group are bone-fide amateurs.

"The thing is we've only been going ten months, so you can't expect us to be technical wizards. Maybe we've made too many mistakes in public, by playing some big London dates sooner than we should have, but we're not claiming to be completely proficient yet."

Right now, The Bluebells have got about as far as they can get without making a record. Their following is small but growing, their songs strong and their hopes high. Their main chance would seem to be getting something like 'Everybody's Somebody's Fool' out as a single before their unique fire dies.

"In Glasgow, it's the same old story. If you're in the papers or on the radio, everybody likes you. Of course, if you become too famous, then they don't like you any more."

"But we're doing this because it's the sort of thing that comes naturally. We're not doing it because it's in vogue or anything. Too many of the groups in Scotland are too aware of what's in the *NME* this week, or what's on the cover of *The Face*. They just try and copy whatever is hip at the moment and invariably end up a couple of months behind the times anyway."

But The Bluebells have none of these credibility problems. As they say, they're just a pop group...

"... yeah, y'know, just like The Fall or The Good Missionaries."

COMIX: A CROSS-SECTION

Richard Krzyzak surveys the current comix scene

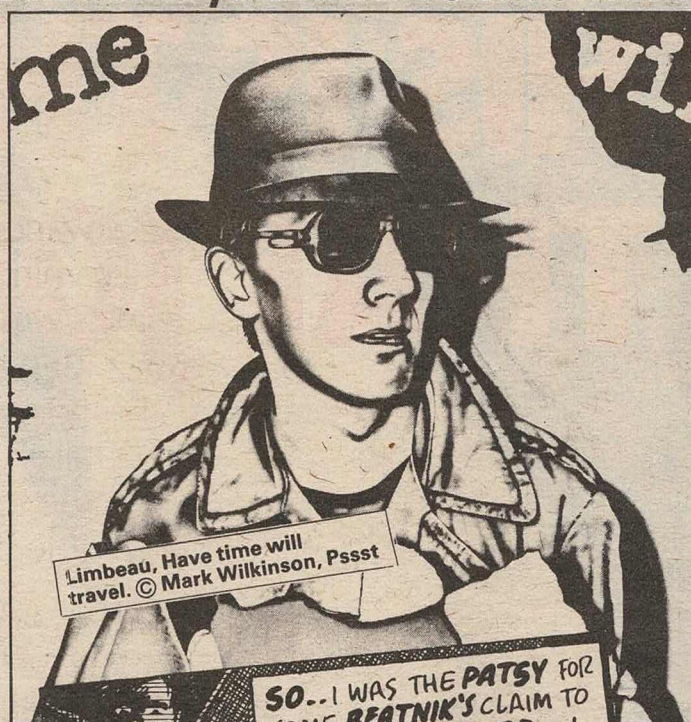
BRITAIN, unlike France or America, does not appear to provide a conducive atmosphere for the comic artist. Artpool and Knockabout Comics, by providing a supportive structure, go a long way to remedy this situation.

Artpool is primarily an artist's agent. The go-between for artist and client, dealing with strips, cartoons and fantasy artwork, it publishes *Pssst* once a month to promote the artists it handles.

Pssst covers the spectrum of comic book styles, from newspaper type strips to photo-realist SciFi stories, yet somehow fails to come across as a coherent comic book.

Ultimately it's an unsatisfactory experience because the publishers seem unable to decide whether to produce a portfolio for prospective clients or to cater to comic book fans. I suspect their heart lies with the former. Nevertheless, it's worth checking the January issue for a story called 'Limbeau: Have Time Will Travel': a piece full of cinematic references with a hero bearing a strong resemblance to Richard Strange.

Despite having a dual

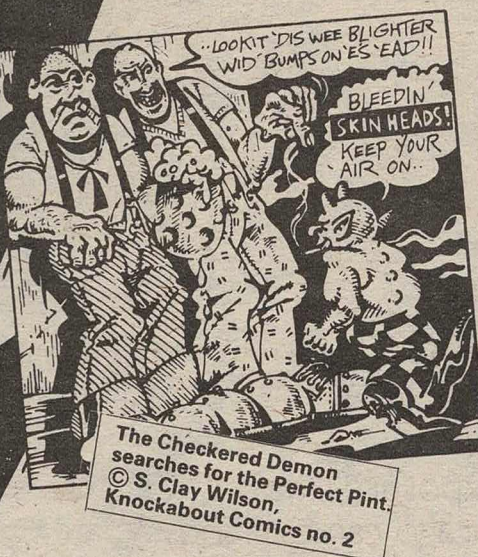


function, Knockabout Comics doesn't suffer a similar identity crisis. On the one hand it distributes classic American underground comics, such as the *Freak Brothers*, *Fat Freddy's Cat* and *Young Lust*, it's other hat is as publisher of *The Adventures of Lazarus Lamb*, *Thunderdogs*, and *Knockabout Comics*.

Lazarus Lamb, by Ralph Edney, is a contemporary Faustian tale of unemployment, insecurity, and untogetherness. Drawn in a sharp, realistic style, it chronicles the losses of a fulltime loser, culminating in Lazarus trading his soul for the power of predication.

Thunderdogs is another self-contained comic, written and drawn by Hunt Emerson, the artist responsible for *The Beat*'s corporate identity. This "epic of Transdimensional tomfoolery" pays homage to the archetypal soldier figure from boys' comics and simultaneously explores the nature of the comic book world itself.

The three issues of *Knockabout Comics* so far



produced continue the tradition of '60s underground comics into the '80s.

Featuring the work of British and American artists, the strips encompass a vast scope of subjects, ranging from comment on last summer's riots, through the 'Checkered Demons' search for the perfect pint, to 'Tapeworm Tales'. Their diversity should guarantee satisfaction for all comic book fans. *Knockabout Comics* deserves to succeed.

Pssst, 95p, is currently undergoing test distribution through W H Smith and John Menzies outside London. It can be obtained direct from Artpool, 3rd Floor, Panther House, 38 Mount Pleasant, London WC1; 01-837 8160. Personal callers are welcome.

Knockabout Comics, 75p, *Thunderdogs*, 95p, and *Lazarus Lamb*, £2.50 are available through about 200 book and record shops throughout the country. They can also be obtained, mail order, from Knockabout Comics, 249-251 Kensal Road, London W10; 01-969 2945. There is catalogue available.



JOHNNY G

An Inventive Delight... The Most Cheerful, Unlikely Mixture of Pop Styles Around

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Musicians Ever to Perform in a London Pub or Recording Studio

If 1982 Has a Scrap of Decency, Then It'll Instantly Proclaim Johnny G Genius

MELODYMAKER

Water Into Wine

Includes Free Bonus Album 'Pure Beaujolais'

BEGA 30

Beggars Barquet

THIS IS THE HOAX THAT JOKE BUILT



MAIN PIC: PETER ANDERSON/INSET: DAVID CORIO

"There was a place that wasn't a place,
There was a race that wasn't a race."
('The Pandys Are Coming')

THE KILLING THING about Killing Joke is they don't joke. It slays you.

They know life is a hideous farce, and they don't even see the humour in it.

It's heavy.

Here they are, for example, at nosh hour, after a long afternoon's knob-twiddling in Conny Plank's studio. At the other end of the huge, boomerang-shaped pine table are D.A.F., who've dropped in with some tapes. The two of them are laughing and enthusing, floating ideas. Their faces are alive.

At this end, Killing Joke are slumped over their food, groaning about money. Youth doesn't see why he should pay for his dope, because it's part of his inspiration. The others express similar discontents.

Fortunately, in Brian Taylor, the masochistic leprechaun who suffers under the supposed aegis of being their "manager", they have a human punchbag on whom they can take out their grievances whenever the mood takes them. Their torture of this patient individual takes the primary form of monotony: an endless stream of swearing intended to convey the similarly endless rippings-off they have endured.

The contrast between D.A.F.'s mirth and Joke's moans is, for an Englishman such as myself, salutary, and not a little embarrassing.

Being with Killing Joke, it's difficult to get the punchline.

Nothing of which, in my eyes, detracts from this group's essential stature. After all, the paradoxical essence of much of music's excitement lies in its monotony.

Killing Joke may affront the cerebral principles of pop's newly-acquired gentility, but even the most delightfully vacant of us knows that what we have here is a human sound machine of prodigious dimensions. How can we resist it? Good lord, what was more wonderful in our pollwinners' polls (apart from Siouxsie's vote for best new act) than the Bunnymen voting Geordie of Killing Joke the year's best guitarist at the same time as voting The Fall the year's best group? Very healthy in the extreme.

KILLING JOKE are our masters of doom, a damning downpour of tribal, elemental violence on an increasingly restrictive and impersonal society, and they have come to Conny Plank's studio, a kind of mountain retreat half an hour outside Cologne, to record their third album.

It was here that 'Vienna', that kitsch but irresistible North European Gothic elegy, was created, and here too that more than a few of Germany's own triumphs, notably D.A.F. and Holgar Czukay, have found their true musical selves.

The key factor is that Conny Plank only works with artists he likes. A great Hemingwayesque bear of a man, greying and sagelike as he sits at the throne of his hand-built palace of sound, he is the kind of visionary — a visionary of sound! — that zealous neophytes trek through jungles to find.

Conny Plank is a professional magician.

Joke once vowed they'd never use an outside producer, claiming that "if a band can't get the sound they want themselves they might as well give up." Conny, they tell me, is merely an engineer. Of course, where you choose to draw the line between engineering and production is up to you.

Killing Joke are a group that for some time has needed new action, new forms, a group whose self-promoted cult has fattened out their muscle and softened their threat. They want both to find themselves at a yet deeper level of life's inferno and to sell more records. Maybe Conny's Studio will work the necessary wonders.

The new songs are, to my mind, the best the group has written, easily surpassing the two highlights of 'What's THIS For ...', namely 'Follow The Leaders' and 'Unspeakable'.

The rhythms on this new album are different, they're more intense than anything", says Jaz. "We were experimenting with fourths, because in conventional music, you're never allowed to use intervals of fourths, it produces an undesirable effect, just like in the litanies in church music, y'know, there was a ninth litany they used to use on All Soul's day, and they cut that out, 'cause it

inspired naughty things — the actual tones of the notes ..."

The songs, in particular 'The Hum', 'We Have Joy', 'Dregs', and the probably next single, 'The Empire Song', not only possess stronger rhythms and melodies than anything they've done before, they sound both rawer and cleaner. Conny Plank has sluiced out the system, extracting the spleen from the guts of the sound and ridding the apocalyptic stomp of its unnecessary military bombast. The drums have real cross-spread surface, as opposed to mere bottomless depth, and Geordie's guitar, rather than sounding simply multi-distorted, takes on incredible range, at times slicing across the beat with a lethal knife edge, at others, eg 'Dregs', approximating a mass volley of trumpets.

Though ostensibly playing no greater role than that of engineer, Plank is actually, as drummer Paul says, "interpreting the sound to the desk as it's recorded, before any actual production starts". And that is a fairly vital stage in the proceedings.

Jaz: "He just wanted to get the rawest sound possible, without any overdubs bar a couple of keyboards. Like, 'Dregs' is totally live, and we're gonna keep it really painfully raw and awful, coz it is the fuckin' dregs, simple as that."

Of course there's a contradiction here. 'Dregs' is one of the most powerful sounds ever attained in a studio, but in no sense is it "painfully raw and awful", because, above all, it is an immaculate control of power. The comment suggests Jaz's limited knowledge of pain and awfulness. If that is theoretically his ideal in sound, he should be listening to 'Kick Out The Jams', 'Metallic KO', 'Sister Ray', 'Totale's Turns', or the Meat Puppets EP. Killing Joke are now a steeled and shining European war machine, they are no rock 'n' roll depravity!

The comment is even exemplary of Killing Joke's position. They have inherited rock's "stands" and turned them against rock itself, building themselves into the ultimate underground supergroup. It is only through the distortions of fame and egotism that their bizarre brand of Messianism has propelled punk's squandered street truths into a "movement". Killing Joke take "rock" for what it is, deluding themselves in all the innocence of their fanaticism that their punk following is somehow the first crusading step towards the salvation of the human race.

They talk about the "killing joke" as though the two words had come to signify some secret deity, both benign and malevolent, and justify this by claiming it is a universal concept when it is really only valid for them — since they somehow discovered it.

"What we stand for," says Jaz, pinning me to my seat with his slightly crazed eyes, "is a thing that I can still only find two words for, and that's Killin' Joke. That's all I can say: KILLIN' JOKE. The music is just a collective point where we come together. We established the phrase 'Killing Joke', and we

established the mentality that goes with it. We don't ever want to preach, and we have no manifesto bar the words 'Killing Joke'. We just wanna get the environment right for us. There are people all over the world who use the phrase in normal conversation: 'It's a fucking killin' joke!' Right?"

Jaz is an unerringly paranoid individual. On the defensive before I have so much as breathed a word of entreaty, he is perpetually in a state of self-interview. He writes and sings all of Killing Joke's lyrics; creates the whirlwind sequencer effects one hears, as it were, spirited like ghosts over the interlocking machinery of guitar, bass, and drums; and, hunched and grinning behind his keyboards like Ron Moody's Fagin, is the only member of the band to actually move on stage.

Yet he's too crazy to, in any sense, lead Killing Joke, one of whose undoubted strengths is their equal distribution of bloody-mindedness.

"We're not just another rock band, 'cause it's a way of life for us. We have principles and beliefs, and if we can sort something out between us, get something right on a small scale, what that implies is fantastic. Killing Joke are four people who were born to hate each other."

"People expected us to split up long ago, but it's become our life. If you look at Killing Joke as a group of animals making their own noise and exposing themselves, that's the way to take Killing Joke."

"The violence that Killin' Joke is about is not violence on the immediate level but the mass violence, the violence bubbling underneath your feet, the violence of nature throwing up ... and we become that violence."

AT LEAST, in Paul Ferguson, Killing Joke have one sane, articulate spokesman, as well as one of the most exciting drummers around. His voice is deeper, more authoritative than the others', and when he takes up from Jaz, the direction of the conversation becomes a little more coherent.

Geordie is too bitter, and Youth is a gone-to-seed Sid Vicious without the death wish. If anyone keeps Killing Joke together, it's Paul.

"This whole environment," says the deep voice calmly, without a trace of throwaway rhetoric, "has got to be destroyed, because it is an environment that caters for money and not soul. We are all four of us striving for that goal."

Isn't the "tribal" aspect of your following an obstruction to putting across that feeling or do you still relish it?

"I like the fact that it happens, that there is that tribal element, but what I would relish more is people realizing what it is that makes them want to do that, and to understand how to use it. To be mindless is nothing that I relish, nothing I want to see in any audience."

What is the much-vaunted "power" of Killing Joke?

"That power is something that is lacking in people's lives, a basic instinct or feeling that people can't release anymore, because of the social structures we've created. And that personally is my release. Why has primitive drumming ever existed? Because it was the first instrument. The difference between us and punk and heavy metal is that we don't resort to age-old archetypes of rock 'n' roll music. Punk didn't have rhythm, it was basically just loud three-chord pop music. This is something far older, because drums were the basis of every civilisation."

"I felt a need to play the drums which went beyond the idea of being a rock band. It may have become our profession, but it's still something deep down in our natures. We're in the situation of a rock band, and we're using the situation of a rock band, as a rock band, but it goes beyond that, beyond the business, ... and it goes beyond this time."

I believe him.

Nevertheless, Killing Joke have come to a watershed in their "career" as a rock band, and they know it. They "do what they want to do", believe they are destined to do more than anyone, and yet have to sell more records than they do. Every time they sit down with their manager, the talk centres on that problem. Can they reconcile the no-compromise attitude with the constant anxiety about the way they're being marketed?

Jaz: "Selling comes down to Killing Joke being visually exposed. And that comes down to the people who put money into us taking a gamble. Now EG, which is filthy rich, only picked us for its credibility, they could see from the beginning we weren't gonna be their Duran Duran."

Paul: "These things are what we've always wanted to keep in control. Obviously at the moment there's friction between what we desire and what everyone else — EG, Polydor, Brian — desires, and obviously the two things have to be reconciled. But we are only going to do what we want. We're not going to go for the Hot Hit Single."

Youth: "At the moment, we're still getting away with what we want to do. It'd just be nice to sell more records, 'cause it would prove we don't need an image."

Killing Joke, the band without an image. Is that still possible?

"Everybody's got an image," agrees Paul, "It's just a question of whether it's an image you create."

But the messianic gaze is coming back into Jaz's eyes.

"If people can't see beyond the way one is presented to the public, well than that's their fuckin' lookout, isn't it? I'm concerned musically with reaching people whose will it is to be part of us. We get all this pressure on us about breaking into a new market, and, y'know, I don't want us to become a stereotype, I don't want to appeal to fuckin' IDIOTS, but look, if people can only see Killing Joke as a band, then they're fools, 'cause it's becoming a statement, a frame of mind in itself, and it doesn't even require explanation. Just those two words, "Killing Joke", sum up that level of emotion. What I think is most important now is for people to find themselves, 'cause I think a lot of the feeling in our audience is that they won't get the chance to reproduce in their late twenties and thirties. What they must now do is locate their true wills, whatever they may be, and say in 'The Hum', 'Bright-eyed virgins, drawn all Treading down upon the fallen ...' they are drawn towards the hum. Plenty more where they come from ... I believe in destiny, you see, I'm sensitive, I smell things ..."

HUMOURLESSNESS can be awesome; lack of irony can still the eddy of one's being. There are those amongst us who see through us, who see only change. Killing Joke are not of their number. Someone once described John Barth's dreadful *Giles Goat-Boy* as "the hoax that joke billed", and the phrase is appropriate to these psychos of subculture. The importance they attach to themselves is a joke they've unwittingly played on themselves, and one they won't ever get.

If Jaz Coleman really knew in his and in our blood of revolution — of the "day after the revolution" — one might meet the idiocy of his gaze with some repetant reflection.

Meanwhile, Killing Joke remain a great rock group, and their third album will prove to be the best thing they've done to date. When it's released, grab a listen before it's too late. Killing Joke think the end of the world is nigh.

Barney Hoskyns attempts to unravel the riddle of Killing Joke, true psychos of subculture.



THELONIOUS MONK 1920-1982

Obituary by
RICHARD COOK

'ROUND MIDNIGHT...

AFTER being in a coma following a stroke Thelonious Monk died last week, and jazz lost one of the most timeless giants, a pianist and composer whose treatment of the basics of rhythm and harmony was so personal and idiosyncratic that it transcended styles and movements. It was just Monk's music, and it has fascinated everyone from the first bop musicians to today's most forward-looking cats.

He was born in or about 1920 and lived nearly all his life in New York City. He assisted Dizzy Gillespie in working out the blueprints for the bebop hothouse at the legendary after-hours sessions at Minton's around 1940, but seldom mingled with the bop milieu and finally received proper acclaim in the early '50s with his records for Blue Note. The Complete Genius' catalogues this unique inspiration and is one of the classic modern jazz records: 'Epistrophy', 'Let's Cool One', 'Hackensack', 'Monk's Mood' and more displayed a contradictory blend of dry lyricism and belly-laugh humour with a depth that allowed an endless freshening of ideas — he

would record the same tunes again and again ('That way somebody will hear 'em').

Monk kept a working quartet until the late 60s but spent the last decade quietly in his beloved New York, seldom playing and with health apparently in decline. His piano could be ominously clunking and beautifully reflective within the course of one song; he had a formidable collection of hats; he would record tunes like 'Lulu's Back In Town' or 'I'm Getting Sentimental' and lay waste their structure; and he wrote, among nearly sixty tunes that are (after Ellington) the most important single contribution to jazz composition, the jewel of modern jazz ballads, 'Round Midnight'. Improvisers still approach it with awe.

Monk played with spirits as diverse as John Coltrane, Pee Wee Russell, Gerry Mulligan and Coleman Hawkins; a besotted Steve Lacy once formed a group for the sole purpose of playing Monk Tunes; Eric Dolphy wrote 'Hat And Beard' for him. He was alone and without comparison.



Monk, Charlie Mingus, Roy Haynes and Charlie Parker at the Open Door

RICO AND THE SPECIAL AKA

NEW SINGLE

JUNGLE! MUSIC

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2
TONE
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IT'S TOYAH herself who opens the door of her publicist's office, radiating energy and a positive air of purpose.

If her histrionic anthems often seem the epitome of the uninnocent pop that craves attention regardless of content, a graceless signalling that's without the resources to sustain its forceful impact, the star in person is considerably more attractive than her music.

Standing in high heels, Toyah looks merely small, but when she folds in a chair you can tell that she's tiny. Long, clear eyes and a fresh childish smile form the focus of an expressive face. On this occasion her natural zest is subtly accentuated to get the best from An Interview, her purposefulness tempered by a quick intuition so that it seems almost out of over-eagerness that she'll sometimes colour her answers to suit what she thinks is your own shading.

Toyah's stardom spans a range from her monstrous pop manipulations to a successful, serious acting career. From an unlikely cult heroine she's stretched to a sizeable chart presence. She has business ambitions in video and directing, personal politics that include anti-vivisection interests and, as yet unformulated, aims to alter the education system. Her make-up designs alone earn her £1,000 a week.

At first glance Toyah Willcox looks the perfect professional, the creator of a clever facade and exploiter of an empty series of forced dramatic gestures; a cynical and strong-minded utiliser of perennial pop susceptibilities.

Set against these diverse, determined drives towards achievement are some incongruous surprises, like Toyah's appealing, unforced enthusiasm, a respect for individual potential and her avid desire for personal development. There's also her untutored intelligence that shows in a special state of alertness and an unexpectedly sensitive consideration of the entertainment she offers.

"I wouldn't call it professionalism. I'm trying to find a kind of perfection, the kind of perfection which no one ever finds, thank God, because it keeps you moving on. It keeps you changing."

Your songs and your personality onstage seem to be big, an exaggeration.

"Onstage that's deliberate, it's the actress in me. You make yourself bigger. You're there as a personality, a performer, a supposed talent. You're there to prove yourself. I treat it with such incredible importance that I slit my own throat sometimes."

"I base my life around romance. I need that because everything else is so cold. I need to fantasise within my own tendency to get bored very quickly. But it's not a structured image for Toyah Willcox, it's an image created for a certain song. I think a lot of people mistake me for just an image."

That's a criticism that a lot of people would make of you, that the image obscures you and there's not much of yourself underneath.

"Yeah, but there's not much to look at underneath! I'm short, dumpy and really ugly. That's how I see myself. That's why I can't just plonk an image on my face. You can still see my facial expressions through it. The image is part of me, it's not a con."

"I've got to be popular to exist, for my ideas to exist, for my business ambitions to work. I have got to be accepted. Fame has become business minded, but at the same time I want to create. For me to be able to create, I have to sell. It's a cold

attitude but it's a reason for survival."

Do you feel a need for approval?

"I don't know. I like it when people like what I've done, of course I do because I've got an ego. On the outside, thinking about it, yes, I do need to be approved. But it goes deeper than that. I think I actually want to do things that spark off people's imaginations."

WHEN I MET Toyah on a chill, sunny early spring afternoon in her publicist's airy London offices behind Southwark Cathedral, she'd just had ten days holiday before starting out on this year's massive work schedule, including a world tour, two British tours, plans to consolidate the success of her make-up range, increase her viability in Europe and Australia and make three films, one

directed by Michael Winner and due to be filmed in New York.

"I do more damage to myself when I have time off than when I am working," she says. "In ten days I was drinking virtually a bottle of whisky a day. I was bored stiff, when I wasn't asleep I was drunk. When I take time off that's when I get paranoid. That's when I start thinking about things. I start doubting myself and that's not good for anybody. It's when your confidence starts breaking down."

"I'm one of those people who don't go to sleep naturally. If I lie down in a dark room I start probing. I start thinking about the past, my mistakes. I always think about the bad things before the good things. You break down the walls of confidence and there's this doubt there like a big, black growth. You've got to push it out. I think everybody, absolutely everybody goes through it after experiencing success. Only an arsehole would think success is going to be with them forever, because it's such an unpredictable world. This popularity won't always be with me unless I really work at it."

TALKING TO Toyah the actress is a different proposition from talking to Toyah the popstar, Toyah

the embryonic business tycoon or Toyah the aspiring social campaigner.

Whereas Toyah's political understanding is slight and her business interests based on a rather too touching faith in her adviser's good intentions (for example, the recent revelation about the low wages paid to workers at the factory which manufactures her make-up range), when she talks about acting and stagecraft it's with a passion and fine appreciation that her comparatively laboured discussion on creating her overblown musical scenarios can't match.

I suggest I liked her performance in Derek Jarman's shadowy recreation of *The Tempest*.

"It's the one thing I can't watch," she cries. "I hate me in it. I'm so fat and ugly and my deliverance (sic) of Shakespeare makes you want to vomit. There's only a few bits in it that I like, which is the miming, because I don't like my voice, I don't like the fact that I lisp. When you're acting and you're trying to be hard, when you've got a lisp it softens you, it gives you something likeable, a bit childish."

"But every time I act I take it incredibly seriously. I don't do it just to be Toyah Willcox. I study it and I live it. For *Tales Of The Unexpected* I had to be a model who had grown gross and I went through all those pangs of failure. Part of acting is not just what you deliver, it's what people give you back, so I test things. It's probably the one intense thing in my life, the acting. It's when I become really unlikeable to live with."

"I'd really like to do a part where you didn't have to talk. To me those are the hardest roles, to put across a personality without words. I really couldn't do a nude role because I'm so self-conscious of my physique. I won't even show my feet because my right foot is clawed, it doesn't look very good and people will relate that to Toyah Willcox, the characteristic of the right foot. If I was acting barefoot, the people would be looking at my right foot and not me acting."

"I cover myself up the whole time, except in *The Tempest*. I was pissed as a newt in that bath scene and I wouldn't even let Derek Jarman in the room to film it because I was so self-conscious. I haven't got the best physique but I do know it, that's why I don't try to become any kind of sex symbol. Sadly enough, I'd like to play a mental person. But

Continues page 53

THERE ONCE WAS AN UGLY DUCKLING...

Shy and self-critical, short and self-conscious, Toyah wonders just how she became such an amazingly successful superstar.

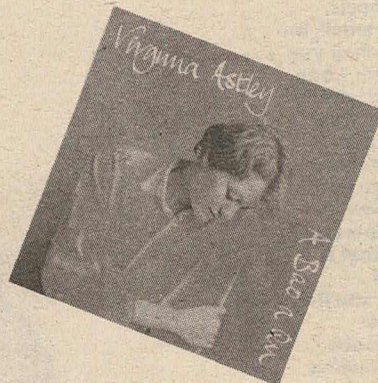
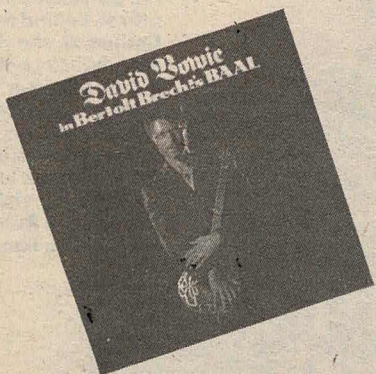
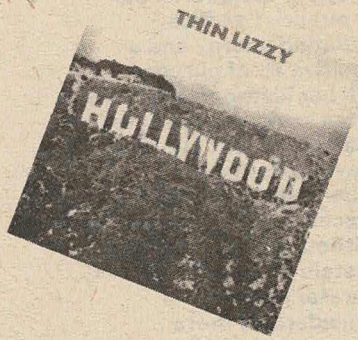
Words — Lynn Hanna
Blurs — Anton Corbijn

REVIEWED BY PAUL DU NOYER

SINGLES



GRAHAM PARKER



DAVID BOWIE: Baal EP (RCA)
Today, even more than before, Bowie's talents look far from exhausted. Here are five reasons why: five songs by Bertolt Brecht, performed in the upcoming TV play of *Baal*, each of them beautifully rendered with a perfect balance being struck between feeling and the natural theatricality of the character. Bowie has sung Brecht before ('Alabama / Whisky Song'), although, in arrangement, these pieces are closer to, say, 'Amsterdam'. Stark and strange.

ELLERY BOP: Ringing (Base Ideas)
The second single by E. Bop, a group from up north somewhere or other, marks a large and confident step forward from their first. Guitar, ideas, drums, passion, voices ... none of them new ingredients, but it's rare that anyone puts them together so effectively as this. A massive, powerful sound, touched by a little bit of magic.

HANNA SCHYGULLA: Lili Marleen (Metropolis)
ADAM AND THE ANTS: Deutscher Girls (EG)
More Teutonic for the troops. Schygulla's is the soundtrack of the film, all husky nostalgia. Adam's is from 'Jubilee', and finds him in "light-hearted" mood, which means completely unfunny. If you think he's bad now, hear how he sounded in 1978.

IRON MAIDEN: Run To The Hills (EMI)
THIN LIZZY: Hollywood (Down On Your Luck) (Vertigo)
Now fronted by Bruce Dickinson, Iron Maiden have pulled themselves together to bring out their strongest stuff to date. Whereas Thin Lizzy are Thin Lizzy. Lyrically, both numbers are just clothes-lines sagging with one dripping cliché after another. But while TL just have the skill, Iron Maiden have the thrill.

TV21: All Join Hands (Decca)
THE WILD SWANS: Revolutionary Spirit / God Forbid (Zoo)
Frustration. TV21 always give you a "now" sound without coming through themselves. This, at least, is a stronger tune than usual, but it won't set many imaginations on fire. The Wild Swans, with the benefit of a producer out of the Bunnymen, get the same rock-wrapped-in-velvet effect as Echo & Co, but run a risk of submerging whatever it is which makes their hearts beat beneath a blanket of tastefully vogue-ish noise.

GODLEY AND CREME: Snack Attack (Polydor)
THE BOOMTOWN RATS: House On Fire (Mercury)
Busy rhythms that skid and scuttle, going nowhere fast.

Godley and Creme, being Godley and Creme, pack theirs with wit and too many ideas, and multiple layers of pastiche (theme here being US fast food addiction); unfortunately we're back to "admiring their cleverness", whereas the classic 'Wedding Bells' had you doing that and simply enjoying at face value. As to the Rats, they may face some serious scrabbling: this windy reggae, low on inspiration, doesn't sound the ideal way for them to regain their old niche.

SUGARHILL GANG: Apache (Sugar Hill)
Alias rapping the Shads. Not that I'm one for bad puns, but this long, long work-out is best described as "a patchy" effort, and far from the best thing to carry the Sugarhill name.

KARL DENVER: Wimoweh (Decca)
DEREK AND THE DOMINOS: Layla (RSO)
The week's re-issues. Karl Denver's appalling brand of cabaret-cum-jumble shrieking doesn't seem to have become a part of anyone's heritage, except Tight Fit's. They deserve each other. Layla's early appeal, for me, has been blunted by familiarity, but the B-side of 'Wonderful Tonight' reminds you that Clapton has had his moments.

ALICE COOPER: Seven And Seven Is (Warner Bros)
Incredibly anonymous, considering he's billed as "The Legendary" on the sleeve. Undistinguished US hard rock, 'Seven And Seven' does not add up to the exciting comeback.

THE BARRACUDAS: Inside Mind (Flicknife)
Being sort of Godfathers to London's new psychedelics, it's hard lines that The Barracudas don't look like capitalising on their influence. Lovingly-done, garage-band re-creations are all very well, but the want of a good tune is crushing.

MARC BOLAN: Mellow Love (Marc On Wax)
I've got no complaint about the Bolan Fan Club digging up every last obscurity they can find, because I'm the kind who collects it. But nothing alters the fact that this track is one of the poorest compositions he

ever taped. The sound of decline.

CHRON GEN: Jet Boy Jet Girl (Secret)
Glum punk grumblers loosen up a little, with skittish ditty, a version somewhere between The Damned and Plastic Bertrand. But closer to Bertrand.

THE CIMARONS: With A Little Luck (IMP)
STEEL PULSE: Ravers (Wise Man Doctrine)
If you ran a contest for the worst song The Cimarons could cover, this would be up among the winners: candyfloss reggae version of one of McCartney's least compelling tunes. Steel Pulse manage things a whole lot better — 'Ravers' is fast and bright and funny.

THE TESCO BOMBERS: Hernando's Hideaway (Y)
PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES: Banned From The Pubs (No Future)
Moderately loony offerings from differing fringes of British culture. The Bombers romp raggedly through the Latin novelty song. Harmless, no doubt, but like their label says — Y? Peter's Babies, meanwhile, weigh in with a likeable rant about being 'Banned From The Pubs' — banned, at a guess, for playing perpetual Sham 69 on the juke box.

GARY NUMAN: Music For Chameleons (Beggars Banquet)
THE LAKER GIRLS: Let Us Fly (Red Bus)
MIKE OLDFIELD: Five Miles Out (Virgin)
The common theme here, as you might have spotted, is aeroplane trouble: Oldfield, because he sings a song about it; The Laker Girls, because they're stewardesses singing for Sir Freddie's supper; and Numan because his music's such a blank it doesn't make you think of anything else. Striking, really, how accurately all three of them evoke the sheer tedium of air travel.

THE BONGOS: Zebra Club (Fetish)
GO GO'S: Automatic (A&M)
It's still rare for US new wave

to make it all the way across the Atlantic, and rarer still for it to make anything like a big splash. The Go Go's always seemed in with a better chance than most, being all cute looks and pop hooks, but the frankly draggy 'Automatic' doesn't sound like the one to do it. But remember The Bongos? Bright spots of that generally disastrous 'NY at the Rainbow' affair, they've bounced back with a lovely re-introduction. 'Zebra Club' might owe a bit to The Flaming Groovies, but you owe it to yourself to find out.

RICO AND THE SPECIAL AKA: Jungle Music (2-Tone)
Messrs Dammers, Bradbury and Gentleman all figure in the cast of several supporting the venerable trombonist in this instrumental. Pleasant, but no surprise.

VIRGINIA ASTLEY: A Bao A Qu EP (Why Fi)
Four peculiar pieces from the girl who's now one third of The Ravishing Beauties, and a totally recommendable intro to an equally recommendable group. As explained in last week's perceptive NME review (now who was that by?), the music is a weirdly entrancing cross-blend of influences: an eerie blend of classical / religious and real pop feel.

ALEXIE SAYLE: 'Ullio John! Got A New Motor? (Springtime)
On the 7" you get Parts I and II, saving the really obscene stuff for the 12" with III and IV. Even in its limited radio-playable form, though, this is Sayle's best. Producers Langer and Winstanley put the man's rant inside a frantic but durable musical setting, while Alexei parodies the cocky Cockney consumer with cruel accuracy.

GRAHAM PARKER: Temporary Beauty (RCA)
Nothing with Parker's voice on it will ever be exactly bad, but this isn't exactly good either. It's got a sort of mechanical feel to it, when it should have been epic.

SPANDAU BALLET: Paint Me Down / Chant No.1 (Reformation)
Coffee Club / Instinction (Reformation)
Apologies for the apparent

elitism here, but these two 12"ers are promo-onlies, going out to clubs and discos round the land. All four tracks are re-mixed from the versions appearing on SB's upcoming 'Diamond' LP (two of them, of course, having been out already as singles). However, the whole album will come out in the form of four 12" records, for £9.99, as well as in regular form. Apart from the draggy 'Paint Me Down', an unsurprising chart failure, these sides represent the group at its best. Whether that's good enough is something you've doubtless decided already.

CHINA CRISIS: African And White (Inevitable)
To be honest, I'm surprised how highly-regarded this record seems to be: pretty much yer standard, chugging, Garageland funk, so far as I can hear.

TROY TATE: Lifeline (Hold On To That) (Why Fi)
Troy Teardrop looks in no mind to neglect his solo sideline. Pity that this "interesting" cut does nothing much to establish an identity for him. Better is B-side 'Thomas', a version of his last, and first, solo single.

PRINCE FAR I: Virgin (On U Sound)
Prince Far I delivers a brooding slab of scarifying malevolence. No prize for guessing the Virgin he has a grudge against: "Branson is a pickle with no place on my plate. ... Don't smile: you wouldn't believe how ominous he makes these lines sound. Also produced by the prolific Adrian Sherwood, and out in On U Sound's neatly-packed 10" form are two lighter plates, but also worth investigating: 'Independent Man' by Creation Rebel and 'Revolution' by Bim Sherman/Singers & Players.

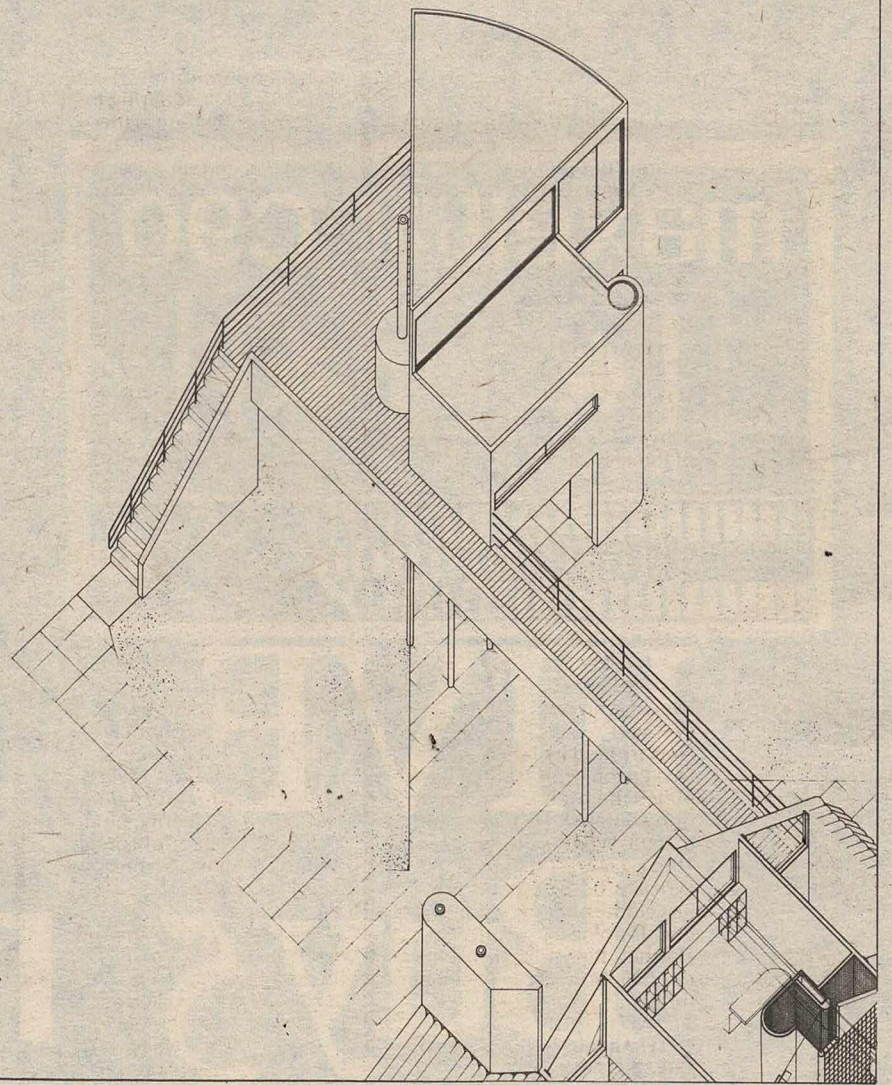
THE QUESTIONS: Work'n'Play (Respond)
THE RIMSHOTS: Sweet Talk (Respond)
RUDI: Crimson (Jamming)
Respond is the label set up by Paul Weller, Jamming is the fanzine-sprung independent he's helped get started. Of the three here, The Questions impress me the most — in fact 'Work'n'Play' holds its own with any single in this column. The style is loosely '82 UK funk, but the record's a perfect example of how to make a category work for you instead of stifling you: a vehicle, not a straitjacket. The Rimshots, meanwhile, play rockabilly and sound like they enjoy it, although I'm not able to share their pleasure, I must admit. Rudi, from Northern Ireland, attack their particular three minutes' worth with spirit, undeniably, but again I can't detect enough flair to set them apart.

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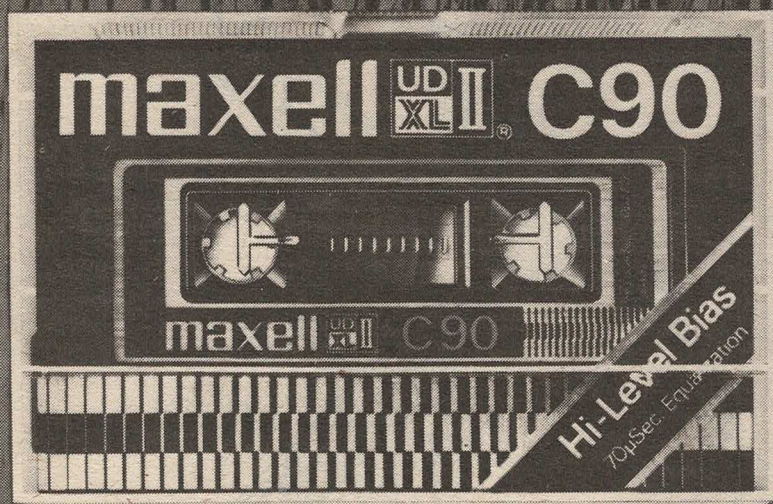
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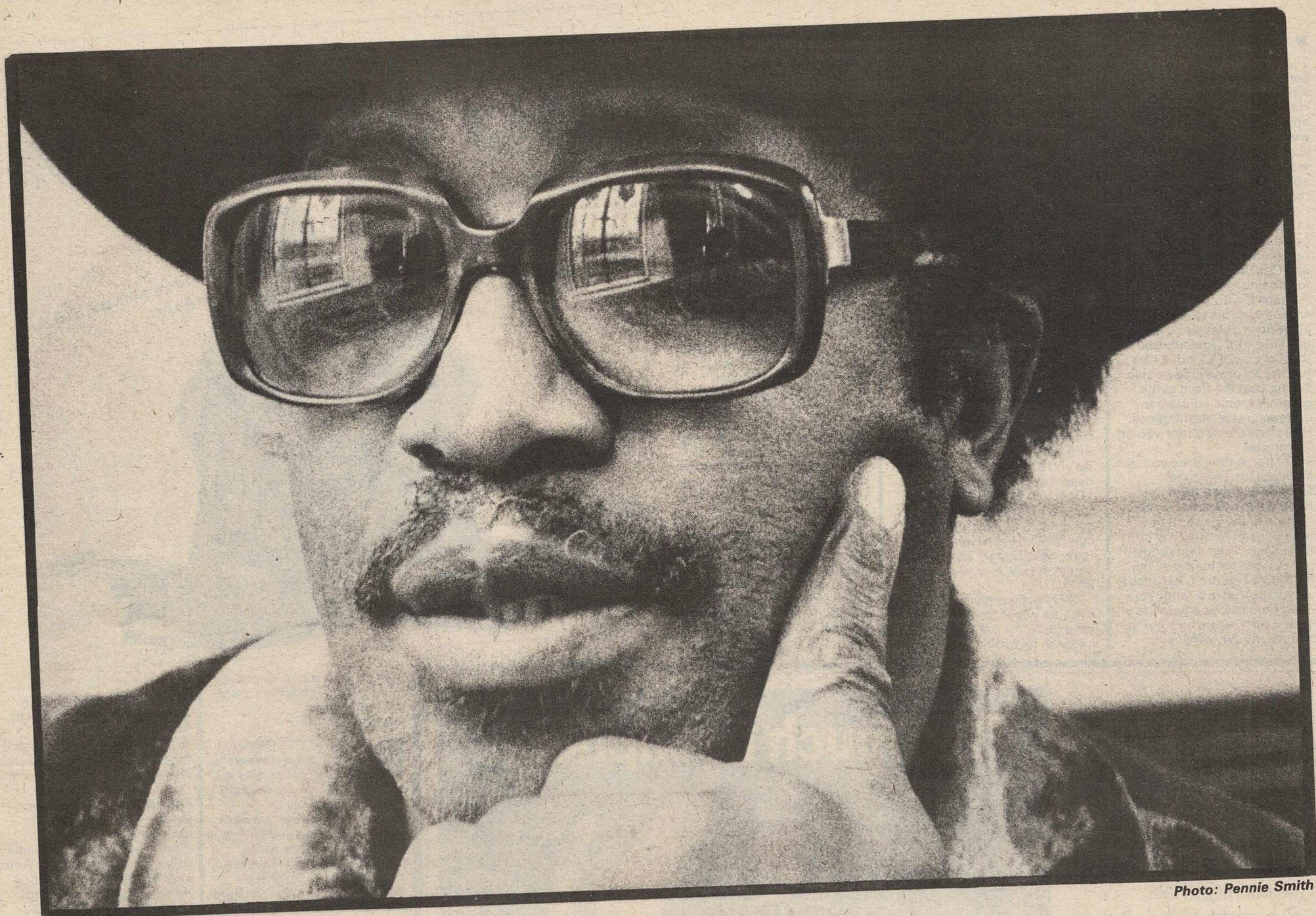


Photo: Pennie Smith

cops and gunslingers

Sheriff Bo Diddley talks it out, man to man, with Paul Tickell

THE WEST AFRICAN rhythm which Bo Diddley made his syncopa(ten)ted calling card — the hambone, the fishtail, the diddleybeat, call it what you will — undoubtedly had an effect in the early '60s on Jamaican musicians who started to mix calypso and bluebeat up with blues and jazz.

These forerunners in the field of ska and reggae treasured their imports on the Chicago-based Chess label as much as did the young British groups, like The Rolling Stones, who hung around Imhof's record shop in the centre of London waiting for the latest releases with the distinctive blue labels.

These are just two of the different strands of music which Bo Diddley has influenced. I could even speculate about how much Jimi Hendrix took from his pioneering use of feed-back, but I won't: it's

almost an insult to track down influences which are so pervasive as to be phantom. It would be as futile as trying to calculate the number of riffs which Chuck Berry has inspired.

Bo has been such a big influence because he himself is such a conglomeration of influences. Listen to the Chess work of '61 to '64 (much of it available on the double album compilation 'Bo Diddley' in the Chess Masters series) and what you get are rough prophecies of funk and soul like 'Road Runner' as well as eclectic touches of Afro-beat and, on 'Say Men', Latin. Bo won't thank you, then, if you see him purely in terms of R&B; he's bigger than that form ("I'm a man of many tricks"), and anyway doesn't like the R&B tag because back in the States it still smacks of insult, of the time in the '50s when white radio stations used it as a kind of dismissive code-phrase for "nigger music".

Rock 'n' roll is Bo's

preferred musical tag.

"God Bless Rock 'N' Roll. Rock On. Love It. I've been through two or three generations of music and I'm still here 27 years later, still pumpin'."

In what kind of shape, though? Pretty good for a man of 53 who still relishes coming over to Britain for the umpteenth time and playing the small clubs.

"I feel more one of the crowd, having one big party; better than sitting on a stage where somebody needs binoculars to figure out what your guitar looks like."

Bo's guitar is that famous oblong shape. It's all part of his style, that braggart but funny signature of a man who sings songs about himself ('Hey Bo Diddley' etc) mythologising himself as the lover and macho gunslinger, complete with cowboy hat, yet who wears incongruous thick black specs as if to add irony to his position, his pose. Irony doesn't begin and end with Bowie and post-modernism, and Bo's brand is more than a tic of appearance or a verbal flourish to his lyrics: the irony is actually worked into the form of the music. Hence his current live performance of 'I'm A Man' whose energetic

braggadocio flirts with knockabout farce ("I got a lot of ideas from theatres, shows"): the song starts with the prolonged guitar sound of a door creaking — or is it of masculine breeches splitting?

You have to have incredible timing to be this kind of humorist, and Bo has. It can get to be tiresome, though: crowd-pleasing and going through the motions. That's what happened at a gig I saw at the 100 Club. However, a couple of days before at a London University gig, he's been freshness itself, fighting for and winning the crowd and doing violence to their emotions. Bo only fully succeeds when the humorist goes with the pugilist. By the way, he used to be an amateur light heavyweight boxer "running around Chicago" before he really started taking music seriously in 1955.

BACK IN THAT YEAR, at the Apollo in Harlem, one of the people checking out Bo's set was Elvis Presley "in living colour". The King must have wanted to see Bo bad, because the venue had a heavy reputation, especially if you were white.

"Even I was scared to death

■ CONTINUED OVER PAGE

■ FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

because you had a different type of people running around Harlem — everybody was mad about something. He went away and started his leg wiggling and all that junk I was doing with the legs spreading; but I don't hold that against Elvis at all."

Deep down I think he does mind, because he hasn't even had the kind of scant recognition Arthur Crudup and Otis Blackwell have had for clueing up Presley. Perhaps it's Bo's own eccentricity, his cultivation of an oddball persona ("I'm one of a kind, and I just realised that I'm one of a kind"), that has in part prevented people seeing past the front to his greatness, and led them to underestimate his influence. He's particularly under-valued in America.

"At home they drop you like a hot potato. I've done something that'll be in the history books for many years, but you know when I'll be recognised? The day my butt drop dead. Then everybody'll run out and try to find all the Bo Diddley records. Because I just died. That is wrong: you don't help me: you help the sucker out there who's trying to make money off of you."

That's what goes down: it hurts. Why don't I get all this good treatment like I did in the beginning?"

Actually there's a case to be made out that even in the beginning he didn't get good treatment, but he's the last person to push the line of the "poor little black kid that was mistreated". And certainly he's not short of a penny or two, living as he does with his wife on a "72-acre ranchette" in Florida. However, there's no doubt about it, he should have made more, with songs of his like 'Who Do You Love?' selling millions and being performed by countless other artists. But he has a royalties problem, and there are re-issues of his records which even he doesn't know about — till I tell him I have copies. This isn't the time to go into his fraught contractual and recording history (his last original album was 'Big Bad Bo' in 1974 which he now describes derisively with an "Oeuch"), but just let's say that he's never had the squarest of deals from his companies, even from Chess (who were bought out in 1969, and over here is now part of PRT).

"My fans young and old all over the world are the ones I truly thank for my survival, because record companies

don't care anything about Bo's well-being. You're only a money-maker for so long and then — Goodbye, Charlie".

He can't blame the record companies for everything, though. There's a lackadaisical aspect to him which, endearing as it is, leads him to be careless about his own reputation and stature. For instance, the four-piece band who've been backing him on the current tour (The BMTs, Americans living over in London) are OK, but surely he could've done much better?

"I've had my crew full of bands; somebody else chooses the group. I presume it was the promoter. He has to look for a group that was familiar with Bo Diddley. Somebody hires a band to back me up and they play what they think I'm playing. That's where the discrepancy comes in: I'm the head concho. It sounds like they're doing it right but then I stand up and show them it's wrong. It's close but it ain't The Thing."

This seems a rather cheap way of proving you're Bo Diddley. It's all the more unbelievable and shoddy when you realise what a disciplinarian he can be with himself. He goes carefully on the booze and sleeps before

the story of bo diddley

put the shoes on willie
run diddley daddy

the story of bo diddley
little girl



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gigs so as to conserve energy and give of his best — so why not get the best accompaniment?

BO IS A DISCIPLINARIAN in another way. When he lived out in New Mexico several years ago he became a sheriff — and not an honorary one either: he went about armed, the gunslinger. I can forgive him his police tactics ("somebody's gotta do it"), just as I can forgive his dismissal of punk as "updated acid rock". Bo, whose current listening includes "a little classical music, blues, Earth Wind & Fire, and Eddy Grant", is little interested in the fact that punk may have had a social meaning beyond that of its limited musical form.

"I don't know what The Sex Pistols is..."

What I can't forgive are some of the circumstances of the interview. Present is George White who's writing Bo's biography. Does he realise how much he's inhibiting the interviewer as in the background he silently but vigorously either shakes or nods his know-it-all head depending on what question is being asked. Maybe George is just trying to help.

Meanwhile his female companion stares, whipping her open-mouthed head from Bo to me, like she's watching tennis.

When the biographer gets his act together you'll be able to read how Bo was born Ellas Bates in McComb, Mississippi, then at the age of seven or so (now named McDaniel after a relative who'd been looking after him a lot) moved with his family to Chicago. From his southern background Bo had an in-put of gospel, country blues, jazz, and probably even cajun and a bit of voodoo; in Chicago there were harder city sounds, that R&B. Even at an early age, though, the diddleybeat was going around in his head.

"I heard African music, records that people brought from overseas. I got a lot of ideas from... movies, from authentic African people not some dude dressed up with a bunch of feathers hanging over him: he ain't from Africa; he don't know the way out of his own neighbourhood but he's beating on the drum, supposed to be an African. That don't tell me nothing. Let me hear some Authentic; then I might say — Hey, I like that beat. I might monkey round with two or three bars of it — not the whole thing because it's already been done once. But it may give me a key to start it. I think a lot of people do that."

FEW OF THEM, though, had the combination of rawness and sophistication which enabled Diddley to make his historical intervention.

"I've had a very big influence on the rhythmic pattern of music. I was the dude who changed the electric guitar from the jingle jangle jangle Gene Autry stuff of white players sitting on bandstands: ding ding ching ching, that's all they could do. They hadn't thought there was another dimension till I jumped up and everything went... WHOOSH.

"Guitar players in big bands were really on my case. I scared 'em. Seeing what I was up against I had to make it as weird as possible. It sounds simple, but it ain't. I had people saying — I wanna learn how to do that. They wanted to, because I don't go out for all this finger stuff."

Forget the basic rhythmic possibilities of the guitar and you stop playing the devil's blues and end up in the deep sea, churning out the soulless banalities of Eric Clapton today. And many more like him.

Bo has seen all kinds come and go — on stage he does a doo-wop roll call of the '50s greets, Jerry Lee, Fats Domino and so on — but he's still there playing old cuts like 'Mona' with, if he wants to, as much energy as ever. I'm sure he's got some newer stuff inside him too, but whether he'll get to lay it down in the right studio, with the right producer and back up musicians is another matter.

Rather than talk about the future Bo hands out advice about the high volume of a lot of music today ("too darn loud; watch your ears because you only got two"), about how to stop fights at gigs, about cooking chicken backstage to keep you going on tour (the actual recipe, like his one for cooking fish in the ground Hawaiian-style with leaves, remains largely secret), and about how to avoid colds (Bo finds he's been especially susceptible to these since working in a refrigerated meat warehouse years ago in Chicago). He trades in folksy wisdom like it's about to become quaint and go out of style.

And laughing Bo the diddler, the trickster, knows that better than anyone: he helped to put it out of style more than a quarter of a century ago. With rock 'n' roll. When Bo Diddley laughs you can hear a little rattle. And a roll.

T H E R O C K a n d R O L L S T O R Y

A HISTORY IN 116 PARTS BY DR ADOLPHOS AMADEUS ANWAR 'TED' POWER

PART ONE: WHY ROCK AND ROLL?

Why Rock And Roll! Why roll? Why And? Every day the same questions arrive in my office from places as far distant at Brighton and Hove. Mankind has walked upon the moon's surface, explained the rainbow's hue, learned to imitate nature, accept the presence of 'Dave Crosby' style moustaches and yet still we know little about this Rock'n'Roll. Where did it start? Who were its pioneers?

Perhaps the question that most often rises is Where is rock headed? (Not only does it often rise but frequently excuses itself, shoots downtown for a few beers then sneaks back to see if we're all still talking about it). To all these questions I must answer I don't know. I wish I did. I wish I knew where this crazy carousel ride was taking us all. Rock 'n' Roll's a big old fish that's for sure!

In this, the most thorough and complete rock journal ever undertaken, I seek to shed some light on rock's past, present and future. We need to catalogue, to explore to fully understand this most maligned of all art forms. Otherwise we'll all go nuts! When Pete Sinfield wrote in 1974: "The Seagat Casts Aquarian Runes Through Beads Of Mirrored Tears/Suave Pirates Words Of Apricot/Pour Out Of Your Veneer" little did he know how prophetic his words were to be. I believe this journal will go down in rock-lore alongside Griel Marcus' *Mystery Train*, George Melly's *Revolt Into Style* and Fred Dellar &



2500 BC: As soon as plans were announced for the very first open-air heavy metal festival fans began queuing for tickets . . .

Monty Smith's *Guide To Essential Rock Cinema*. I hope you absorb and cherish its every word. Rock and Roll. Rock. And Roll. God how I love him.

* Maybe that's why it stinks so bad sometimes — The Editors.

**This view is not necessarily that of The Editors.

PART TWO: AS OLD AS TIME ITSELF

Would you believe that rock and roll is as old as time itself. Well — it is. There is strong evidence to suggest that rock'n'roll was evident at the time the very first protozoa crawled from the ancient swamps. Rock came first followed by Roll about 50 minutes afterwards. And emerged shortly after lunch full

An Introduction By The Author

No book writes itself. If it did we'd all be in Queer Street and George Tremlett could save himself ten minutes every time we got a new singing sensation. This being so I would like to thank Dr Hyam Cap of Santa Barbara University for his invaluable knowledge, my sister Rose-Marie for her support and cousin Sam for his humour.

In particular I would single out Seph Coesiatic, the Cairo cobbler, for his warmth and home-spun philosophy that sustained me through the long summer's research in Egypt. Often we would sit beneath the palms spitting out Joyoyo seeds and Seph would say: "Y'know Doc — Life is a lot like Joyoyo seeds. One minute you're up in the old gums and the next you're hurtling across the dunes."

Seph passed away only weeks before I completed my work*. It is to him and his gypsy spirit that I dedicate this book.

Dr A. Power, Bengal, December '81.

*Mr Coesiatic died whilst drinking a local cocktail — the Nassar Nail-Bomb. Laughing heartily at a joke** he pitched a toy decoration baboon into his throat causing asphyxiation. Locals described his condition as satisfactory.

**Q: What is the difference between Sadie Emsharabim and the Cairo Express Way?

A: Not everyone's been up The Cairo Express Way.



Dr Amadeus Adolpho Anwar 'Ted' Power was born in Rangoon, India in 1938. An authoritative voice on rock and roll in the '50s, Dr Power is perhaps most famous for his book *The Otoblan Pickle & Wip Ship Waffle Chargehands Company*, a satirical swipe at existing establishment fears about the rock generation published in 1968. A regular contributor to *Snap* magazine, the doctor has been five years researching *The Complete History Of Rock & Roll* and a further five writing it. He considers it to be far and away the best thing he's ever done.

Dr Power lives quietly in Sussex with his wife Zazu and son Ted who contributes occasionally to the NME. (Photo Anton Corbijn).

of apologies but explaining the queue at the Primitive Species Patent Office was enormous. At first there was confusion about how this fledgling act should bill itself. They tried Roll and Rock. Then Roll, Rock And. Finally they went for And, Rock Roll before settling for the original Roll And Rock. It stayed this way for over three hours until Rock, under the keen auspices of its agent Colonel Lief Evans, wrested the top billing from its younger partner. Evans himself takes up the story:

"I figured my boy was good enough for the top spot. He was getting all the laffs anyhow. I negotiated with the Roll people and agreed a price. Not much of a price but remember we still had to get the outfit on the road which isn't easy when your main market is boiling seas and flux earth. In fact, things didn't get going till around the Old Testament times. It was then we organized the first Open Air Festival at Lincoln in Brittany."

What happened?

"It rained for forty days and nights."

What goals did the infant rock set itself?

"Ah, not too much actually. It was a shy pimply nervous kid with lousy breath I remember. It's main preoccupation at that stage was finding someplace that wasn't either flux earth or a boiling sea. Hey, I tell you, that flux earth'll getcha every time — you think you found a nice solid patch then BABOOM! You're sitting where Africa used to be. Y'know in those days the world was just one land mass surrounded by ocean. There were no countries, nowhere was foreign. Tours were simple 'cos nothing was overseas. Journalists hated that period."

You sound like you seen it all!

"Really? I thought I sounded like Mel Brooks' 2000-year old man."

Getting back to the beginning, it sounds as though the market was pretty limited.

"Are you kidding? There was nothing! Zero. We were burning old albums just to keep warm."

I suppose Tommy Steele's 'Rock With The Cavemen' was a big hit!

"How could it have been? It wasn't released until 1958."

I was joking.

"Well don't. It throws my rhythm. Where was I?"

Burning old albums.

"Oh yeah. Well you see there were no record players, no shops, no studios, no venues. And don't say it's just like some cute little place you know or I'll bust you eye in, here?"

"I think the first people to really dig us were the Mesopotamians. They had this disco routine called 'Dance This Mesop Around!'"

I'm sorry?

"Dance This Mesop Around". You get it. Aw that used to murder them back in the old days Y'see The B-52's have a song called..."

pursuit of a sabre toothed tiger. A second painting showed the tiger turning around and a third showed the men in complete retreat with the tiger snapping inches away from the last guy's ass.

On the West Wall we see presumably the same bunch of men grouped in front of a rudely constructed wagon. They have their thumbs up and, 30 years later, it was discovered, on inspecting the other side of the wall, that all their names had been written against a corresponding outline. Beneath this was scrawled Croation Period Outing To Margatium, Les and the Boys.

But it is the South Wall that caused ripples to shudder through the whole rock and roll world. Again it is a hunting scene — pre-dating middle class table mats by thousands of years — and this time the hunting party are wielding crude drums and horns and, more significantly, are *slapping tea-chest basses*. Lief Evans again:

"Yeah the Saragona caves really put us on the map. Until then the world virtually ignored our existence — we had a hell of a time getting clubs to book us. After the caves — oye! — work poured in."

The story of the Saragona caves might've ended there had it not been for one inquisitive archeologist Jim Maggotts. Though only 17 at the time, Maggotts sensed that something wasn't quite right about the paintings. It was all too perfect he thought. Too convenient. If these drawings pre-dated history why did they smudge when you rubbed them? The sabre-toothed tiger was never familiar to these areas. Besides, it was such a cliché. Moreover, Maggotts was unsatisfied with the authorities' explanation for the complete lyric of Van Morrison's 'Jackie Wilson Says' being present on the Exit Chamber's roof. Jim himself takes up the story:

"Well nobody would listen at first. They even closed the caves to the public. Then Virgin Records bought them and opened them up as a niterie. Strangely they had more customers during their closure. I was up against a brick wall. Every time I requested a permit to visit the area I was told it was a bank holiday — sometimes three, four times a week. Then the caves disappeared altogether. They were found after a raid on a farmhouse in Norfolk. Apparently a terrorist organization had stolen them to use on a immense model railway system they had rigged up. They had planned to build up, then *destroy* the railway in order to drive enthusiasts wild."

And so, rock's murky beginnings are shrouded in subterfuge and mystery. It was a road that would become more and more familiar as the tale unfolded.

MORE NEXT WEEK...

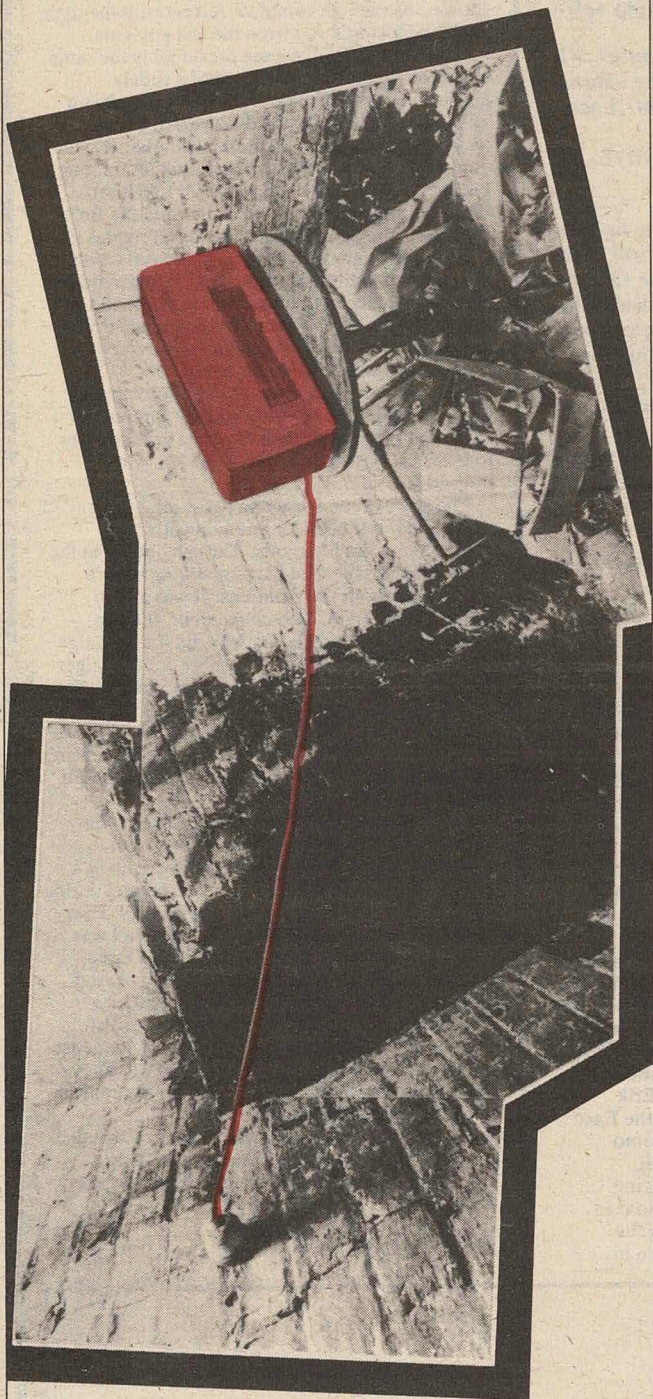


... But the festival was a washout and by the time that headlining Budgie took the stage only the very faithful were left

VICTORIAN Parents

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All you have to do is send your photos in, as per the instructions (read them carefully, so you don't disqualify yourself). Then, the outright winners will be chosen by our special panel of hand-picked, keen-eyed, house-trained professional experts. Who are... NME's own Pennie Smith and Anton Corbijn, Barry Young (MD, Photomarkets Ltd), Sue Rowe (from Amateur Photography) and Peter King (Olympus Optical).

It matters not if you own more camera equipment than you can ever hope to use or just an Instamatic. Use your imagination and your instincts and always be on the look out for the unusual — an atmospheric shot taken with the simplest of cameras will often beat a stereotyped subject that is technically excellent.

The kind of photographs we're looking for are those you'd expect to see within the boundaries of NME's familiar pictorial content — Music or related youth culture subjects. Please, no snaps of the cat, the family on holiday in Benidorm, a mate's wedding reception or readers' wives!

New Musical Express, together with the generous support of Photomarkets (UK) Ltd., nationwide photographic store group, and Olympus Optical (UK) are offering some spectacular prizes for the winners. This is precisely what's up for grabs and their typical recommended retail value.

1st PRIZE An Olympus OM2N 35mm SLR Camera (£190).

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The overall winner will also receive:—

An Olympus Pearlcor Compact Tape Recorder (£135). (This incredibly compact microcassette tape recorder measures no bigger than a pocket diary and includes all the features one expects from much larger machines).

2nd PRIZE: An Olympus OM1N 35MM SLR Camera (£135).

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3rd PRIZE: An Olympus OM10 35mm SLR Camera (£110).

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Costello by Corbijn

SPECIAL BONUS

The photographer who, in the opinion of the judges, exhibits unique characteristics in their entries, will be invited to accompany an NME photographer on a working assignment. Furthermore, John Halsall of London Features International (a company which handles the work of many famous photographers) is prepared to syndicate the winning entries on a world-wide basis and therefore gain maximum exposure for these aspiring photographers.

RULES OF ENTRY:

- 1) The competition is open only to amateur photographers — those who don't make their living as photographers.
 - 2) All Entries must be submitted in the form of 10" x 8" black & white prints. No Polaroids, colour transparencies, contact sheets or negatives will be considered.
 - 3) Entries are only valid if accompanied by an official entry form which must be fixed to the back of each print submitted. A maximum of three prints from each entrant is allowed.
 - 4) We regret we are unable to return entries. NME reserve the right to keep any entry photographs that might be suitable for publication on their files for up to six months. If used, payment will be made at our usual rates.
 - 5) Whilst every care will be taken, no responsibility can be accepted for any entries lost, delayed or damaged in the post or elsewhere.
 - 6) Copyright remains the property of the entrant but New Musical Express, Photomarkets (UK) Ltd, and Olympus Optical (UK) Ltd, reserve the right to reproduce any entry at the usual rates of payment. If an entry has won a prize, no fee will be paid.
 - 7) The decision of the judge is final and no correspondence can be entered into during and after the competition.
 - 8) The competition closes on April 19, 1982 and no entries will be accepted after that date.
 - 9) All entries must not have been published or offered for publication elsewhere or entered in any current competition.
 - 10) This competition is open to all readers in the UK, Eire, Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines, the printers of NME, Photomarkets (UK) Ltd and Olympus Optical (UK).
- The Editor's decision is final and the results will be published in a future issue of NME.

IMPORTANT NOTICE — PLEASE READ CAREFULLY

Entry to this competition does not automatically grant photographers official NME privileges to obtain photo passes for any concerts held at any venues either here or abroad.

Furthermore, New Musical Express cannot, under any circumstances, obtain any official photo passes on behalf of any would-be competition entrants.

If, for any reason, an entrant takes any photographs during a public performance without first obtaining permission from either the artists or the promoter, then NME cannot be held in any way responsible for any cameras, equipment or film impounded as a result.

Neither correspondence or telephone conversation will be entered into concerning the aforementioned subject.

—The Editor

All entries must be mailed to:

NME PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION
55 EWER STREET, LONDON SE99, 6YP.

(please note: no entries will be accepted at NME's editorial offices).

Official Entry Forms, to be pasted on the back of each print.

Name of Entrant.....
Address.....
.....Phone.....
Title of picture.....
Date where the photo was taken.....
Location.....
.....(signed).....
I declare that I took the photograph entered in this competition
and that I am the copyright holder.



THE SKY

Perry Haines fell through a mouth into the sky, nicking part of someone else's silver spoon as he fell. He was up in the air . . . he was career/ing . . . he was singing "being alive!!!!". . .

At school: "I was the classic naughty boy, practically unteachable, and from this, y'know, disturbed childhood came the need to ask questions, a complete refusal to accept any given role. During school I saw a lot of what I thought were very talented people, they had a lot of sensitivity and feelings that they wanted to share, but because of the way they were educated and what they were told was the norm, the majority of it was frustrated and stifled.

"The feelings manifested themselves in ugly forms . . . pure frustration being one of the ugliest. They were driven into the position where they lacked the ability to express themselves strongly; through no fault of their own they lacked vocabulary or a forceful control over language.

"From a very early age you're blatantly conditioned, and I soon found that I was reacting against that.

"I was thrown out of school, worked as Bog Brush the toilet attendant in Batchelors Food Factory; I didn't crack it with the careers guy and got my CSE's off my own back . . . And I met middle-class art students at Batchelors who showed me a way through.

"I knew instinctively that I wanted to share something with other people, and I began to understand that to move into a position where you are effective and could express yourself and exploit constructively the luxury of our freedom of speech/dress etc you had to go through the arts . . . on a very unpretentious basis. Art as expression, communication and entertainment.

"If there had been any course that I've taken in my life since school I express it in very abstract

terms . . . it's a journey from the mountain to the sea, as you're travelling you accumulate experiences, meet people, learn about yourself and your needs, reinforce your ambitions, and the sea represents . . . a limitless awareness, or coming closer to it . . . as close as possible. The sea represents the totally unexplored."

THE MOUNTAIN

Perry Haines dropped onto the mountain and landed on his feet . . . he was starting his career . . . he was singing "seeing is believing, believing is doing, doing is being!" . . .

He started to race . . . "I saw punk become the consumer product, the norm . . . construction was turned into destruction . . . spontaneity was dispersed onto the conveyor belts . . . But the central thoughts and ideas were an important impetus and it implied that with ideas and imagination there was no limit to what could be achieved.

"At the start I wrongly assumed that fashion design was going to be what would satisfy my drives. I quickly realised that I was following the usual conditioning. I'd be playing out the role, the little fashion designer with a slightly bigger desk and larger piece of cheese than he could expect . . . it was the Joe Lampton syndrome.

"I wanted to prove to myself and to others that you don't have to wear the cap that you're given. I wanted to prove that you shouldn't have to be led into apathy and that you have to be aware that you are only showed limitless possibilities by the same forces or people that do the conditioning. I wanted to do

something that rejected the standard value judgements, that was an attack on complacency. Being an optimist, it was these feelings that I wanted to build on."

THE JOURNEY

Perry Haines streamed down from the mountain with a mission, conviction, erratic dedication . . . nervous confidence and a tenacious way with words that unnerves some people . . . Haines makes noises: splashes . . .

He can seem to be everywhere . . . at the centre of fashion, at the heart of style, at the height of the fighting . . . in the corner, on the roof, under the floorboards . . . Brimming, balanced, swimming with his very own career/ing grace in what he exposes as a very important race. Swimming for survival, dignity, ideas, hope . . . coming down from the mountain, avoiding all the warm, seductive little ponds and heading urgently and obsessively towards the open sea, the great big world.

Haines places an appealing faith in a metaphorical description of his duty and activity. Half an hour of

Haines talk is a biscuit barrel of mixed metaphors; as well as a frying pan sizzling with slogans; a huge mug of frothing silliness and sense; a big bottle of ambition . . .

Haines talks and his life is: a massive jigsaw puzzle that will never be completed, something strange and wondrous flowering from a seed planted long ago, a space that must be made roomy, exciting and noticeable, a journey from the mountain to the sea and beyond.

Perry's been to lots of places, tried lots of things, never got tired. Falling from the sky and rolling down the mountain, he is been mod, skin, suedehead, Ziggy-pet and was there at the time styles coalesced and youngsters collaborated for the great eclectic punk to subvert our lives and intentions.

His friends now range from Robin Scott to Genesis P. Orridge, from Central Line to Haircut 100, just as when he was falling from the sky he mixed with dabbling art students and the soulboys round his way who struggled in work or out of it by day and flew by night.

Style was intuition and he had more than enough to spread about: thickly through *i-D* magazine, thinly on Duran Duran. His journey has involved working for Viz, Duran, Kit

Haines, Scars, Polecats, setting up the alternative fashion shows at St Martins College where he first tumbled onto the mountain, managing and codifying Stimulin, dressing Art Garfunkel in Nic Roeg's *Bad Timing*, promoting Funk Rox nights at the Royalty in Southgate, influencing early Spandau and middle period M, co-editing *i-D* which crudely itemised his belief in people and ideas, cropping up on television and in newspapers explaining or examining any number of associated and disassociated post-punk occasions.

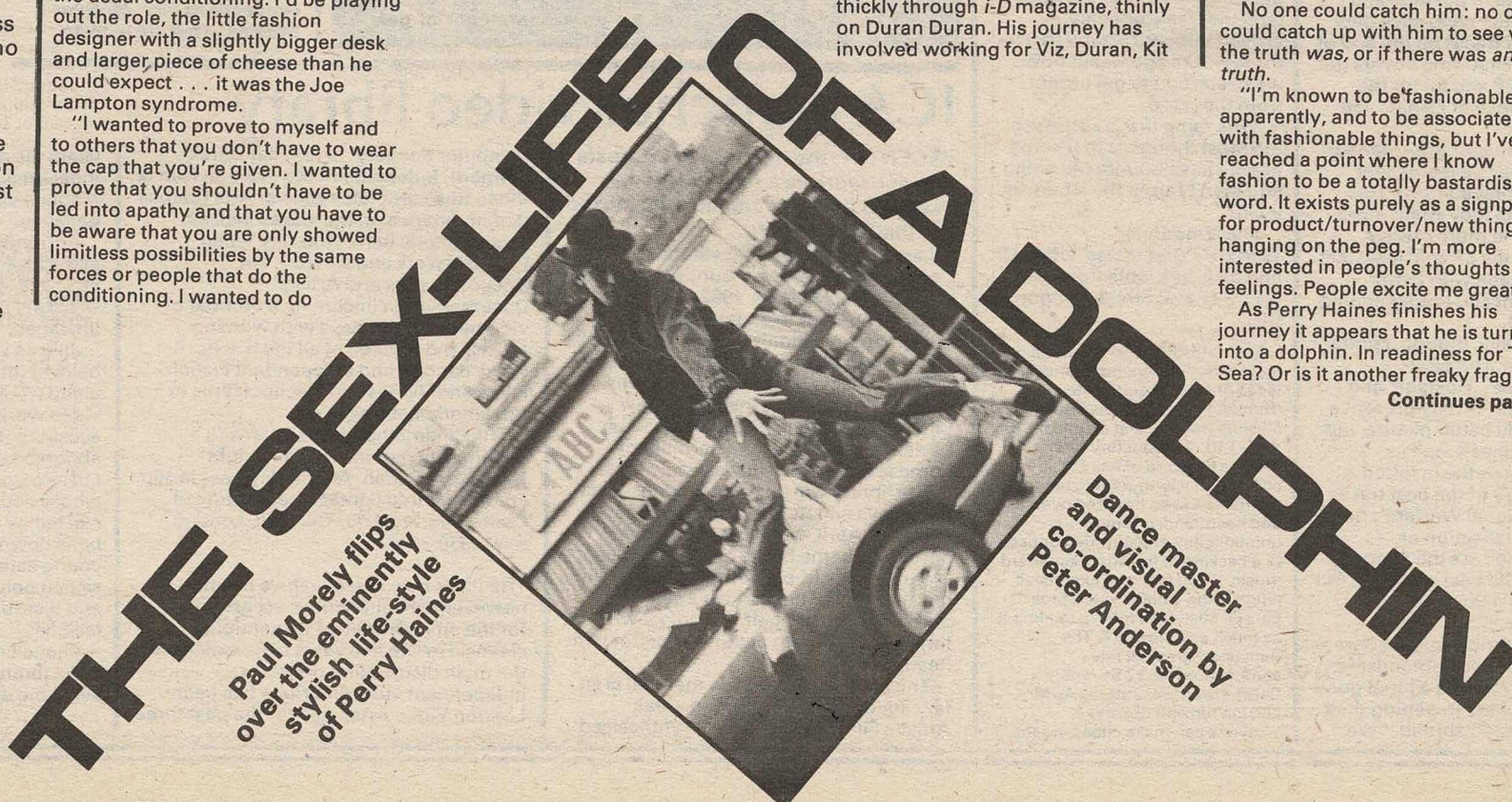
It is a journey that has lacked body if not boldness: Perry has always been passing through, making a splash and then swimming on. It is a journey that has caused the Haines reputation to be the fast flash little bugger, the flirt, the corny mouth, the cheerful cheeky charlie chap with a surplus of cunning and crazy ideas, the slippery brazen boy with a heart made up of slogans and speed. His attempts to break up and break away from traditional forms — of approval, expectation, style — have not been taken seriously in this rock-ee part of the river.

No one could catch him: no one could catch up with him to see what the truth was, or if there was any truth.

"I'm known to be fashionable, apparently, and to be associated with fashionable things, but I've reached a point where I know fashion to be a totally bastardised word. It exists purely as a signpost for product/turnover/new things hanging on the peg. I'm more interested in people's thoughts and feelings. People excite me greatly."

As Perry Haines finishes his journey it appears that he is turning into a dolphin. In readiness for The Sea? Or is it another freaky fragment

Continues page 51.



VIDEO SYNCRASY

First with the news of the independent video LP, single, jukebox — and now . . .



A scene from 'GOG'

Video prophet goes for video profit

IF AND WHEN the video disc and cassette replace their audio counterparts as our principle methods of 'rock' consumption, Bruce Woolley may well be seen as both prophet and catalyst. The man who three years ago co-wrote 'Video Killed The Radio Star' — long before video was the omnipresent rage it is now — is currently investing a hell of a lot of time, money and energy in attempting to break new ground in the medium.

In particular, he has just released a 20-minute musical video short titled 'GOG'. Produced and directed by Woolley himself and featuring music and acting by The

PHIL McNEILL on new moves in rock video

Elements — a three-piece group which includes two members of Woolley's former band The Camera Club — 'GOG' took three months and £10,000 to make. For a 20-minute experiment, that's a pretty serious commitment. Yet it is an experiment.

Unlike the usual music video, where the visuals are used to enhance or promote already existing music, Woolley's effort is indivisible. There won't be a record of 'GOG'; it's solely a video.

Both musically and visually it's a most unusual performance — and one I've been dreading trying to describe. The plot is deliberately left open to interpretation — though,

roughly speaking, it involves an extra-terrestrial battle between good and evil, played out by beings reminiscent of Neil Young's hooded monks or maybe The Residents . . . comparisons which do scant justice to the highly developed yet low-key technical trickery which Woolley uses to maintain a sense of other-worldliness without stooping to either grandiose space effects or hammy planetary swamps.

The music, similarly, is unhackneyed and uncategorisable. At times it seems almost like pleasant MOR pop — yet strangely dislocated, and subtly emotional. There's no singing, no words.

So, an odd thing, and one which in the short term at least, improves with repetition. But what market does Woolley see for it?

"That's difficult for me to say," Woolley admits quietly. "Anyone with a video machine — someone with a bit more imagination, people who like something a bit off

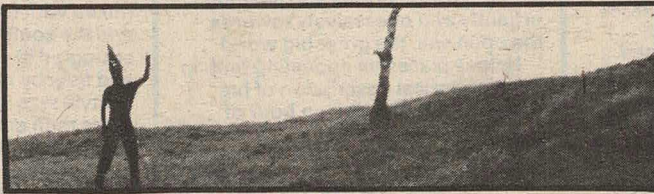
the wall. That's why we've kept the price low — £9.95 — in the hope that people won't be afraid to take a risk."

Even so, it'll be a long time before Woolley recoups the £10,000 advance from his publisher (which he's paying off in the meantime by writing hits for Dollar). Does he seriously think he'll ever make it back?

"Well it's feasible. We'd have to sell 3000 copies, which wouldn't be possible now, but maybe in a year or so . . .

"It's a long-term project. I don't want it to be broadcast or shown in cinemas — that would defeat the object. It's supposed to be purchasable television. But I could maybe see it as part of a video disc some time in the future."

By that time, though, Woolley intends to have moved on: he's already "looking towards the video-disc single". But meanwhile, you can sample 'GOG' by sending £9.95 plus 75p P&P payable to Camera Club Video, to Box 22, Teddington, Middx — VHS or Beta, and only open minds need apply.



ICA launches video library

RECENTLY, the upsurge of interests in video work as a rock 'event' in itself has become not just officialised but institutionalised.

Last week, London's Institute of Contemporary Arts announced a number of ambitious plans for 1982 — among them an attempt to expand the "total design organisation" of their Rock Weeks and the establishment of a video library.

The library will continue to work in conjunction with the Institute's new Cinematheque and its priority is to be "establishing a new and permanent home for otherwise inaccessible video".

The library will be open Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays from midday to 5.30 until April, when it will be open during the same hours every day except Monday. Would-be viewers will be able to select any of the archive's selections and — for 50p per half-hour of viewing time — check them out on a monitor with headphones.

The archive of available material is so far catalogued in four broad areas: Artist's Film & Video (from 'synthesised

computer imagery' to familiar Derek Jarman); Independent Non-Fiction Film & Video (the complete range of Arts Council documentaries on the arts as well as more esoteric items, the Gay Video Project's work and similar); Art Documentaries and Artists' Documentation (including a number of videotaped interviews with working artists, and footage of all the ICA Rock Week bands); and Independent Fiction Films and Videos (from school films to full-length features).

The Cinematheque also plans to continue its regular Tuesday night viewings of video. An ICA day pass is 40p. For further info contact the Institute of Contemporary Arts, The Mall, London SW1 (930-3647).

THE ICA's new video archive is not, however, "the first public access venue" for the art in Britain, as its handout claims. For the five years of its existence, the main distribution outlet for independent video in Britain has been London Video Arts; also for the past three

years the most regular exhibitor of independent video work (and "related media") via London's Acme and AIR galleries.

Currently, LVA are showing their wares at the new AIR site (6-8 Rosebery Ave, EC1; 278-7751) every Tuesday at 7.30pm — tickets £1; LVA members and the unwaged, 75p.

Just as LVA continues its aim of helping interested parties to break into video work, they're also keen to help video workers determine more about access to their products. Thus they are about to incorporate themselves into LVA Ltd — a non-profit-making company whose council of management will be elected by the membership. All of which boils down to this: join LVA now in a voting category and you'll have a strong say on policies of production, showing and distribution as well as use of the facilities.

Phone London Video Arts on 734-7410 (info about the AIR video events also available on same number).

— CYNTHIA ROSE

How to audition in the comfort of an A&R man's own living room

"GROUPS AND SINGERS: Would you like to be seen by the major record companies, independent labels, top clubs and promoters . . . throughout England and Europe? We can offer you 80 auditions within 30 days."

That was the wording of an enticing little ad which appeared in last week's NME. The company who placed it were called On Video — and after responding to the ad ourselves, we here at Videosyncrasy have decided that On Video have hit upon a grade A brainwave.

The scheme goes like this: you're an unsigned group who wants to get seen by all the most important people in the business. Up to now, groups in your position have had to "do the rounds" carrying tatty little demo tapes which you know are destined for the oblivion of an A&R man's bin, while trying hopelessly to attract London-based execs to your gig in Bolton. But now, if you've got a couple of hundred quid to spare — and at the risk of sounding like On Video's PR — your troubles may just be over.

If their plan works out, every month from now on On Video will be delivering a free 'video audition tape' to all the major record companies, leading labels, clubs, promoters, etc. Each tape will have about 30 different bands and singers on it — for which privilege the artists concerned pay an £80 service charge plus the cost of making a video (though they can, if they wish, supply their own).

As Marquee Club booker Nigel Hutchings observes: "It's a great idea. It means I can sit down once a month and look at 30 bands. Things have obviously got to start moving in this direction."

On Video is the brainchild of three partners — PR man Mike Foot, photographer Michael Hinton, and artist Paul Morgan, who has family connections with Morgan Studios. After six months

research "to find out what people want in a demo video", they've set up shop in Camden, North London, with three cameras and a long contacts list.

Groups wishing to appear on the video audition tape can supply their own soundtrack, whether in demo tape or single form, or they can be filmed playing live. How much you pay for making your video depends how quickly you get it right — about £100 for a typical six-take session is Foot's estimate.

The audition tape is then sent out to 100 recipients (20 have been added since the ad appeared), along with a biog sheet. In return, the record execs and promoters have to fill in a comments sheet (which is passed on to the artists) before they receive the next month's tape. But the videos themselves stay on the recipients' shelves — so that even if you don't get any action right away, you could possibly get a call six months hence from someone who's just checked back through the archives . . . And bands also get to keep their own session, so they can hawk it around themselves too.

The demo tape we saw was of good quality, both colour and sound-wise, and On Video assure us that all tapestent out will be of comparable standard.

Paul Blyth of Strutz, the Fife band who pioneered the indie video single, was immediately enthusiastic when we told him about it.

"It's a good idea — especially with it going to the clubs. London agents just aren't interested in out-of-town bands usually, but you'd definitely stand more chance of getting gigs this way. I'll definitely be getting in touch."

— PHIL McNEILL



Send information, software, bribes, manifestos to Videosyncrasy, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1.

Free Gas single

THE GAS have followed up their independent video LP breakthrough with a new EP which is also available on video. And what's more, they're offering it free.

The idea is that people who bought the 'Emotional Warfare' video LP send their cassette back to The Gas and, for the cost of postage and package, the band stick their three new tracks on the end of the tape. First-time buyers get both the LP and EP for the original price of £9 plus 40p P&P.

Gas manager Bob Johnson admits they've learnt a lot from the first attempt. This time round they spent more time — and more money. Whereas the LP cost just £300, the EP, made with better equipment and longer editing, took £400.

Personally, though, I prefer the album. The EP — 'Breathless', 'Hostage' and 'Heartache' — may present a technically better picture, but the storylines aren't as appealing as the inspired buffoonery of the best tracks on 'Emotional Warfare'; nor, with the exception of 'Heartache', are the songs as good as the best of the LP. But for 40p, it'd be churlish to complain . . .

As for 'Emotional Warfare' itself, Johnson contends that it's done The Gas a lot of good — particularly in getting their album issued abroad. "We

went to the States in January, and they already knew about it — the video's been showing on cable TV there, though it can't be shown on TV here because of union rules.

"We've sold about 200 copies so far — enough to cover our costs — and a surprising number of them have been abroad. Y'know, it takes your paper so long to get to some places, the issue with the Gas story only arrived in New Zealand two or three weeks ago — but now we're starting to get orders from there too.

"The thing that's surprised me most though is that some people have bought the video and then bought the album as well!"

The 'Emotional Warfare'/'Breathless' video LP and EP is available from The Gas, 33 Finck Street, London SE1.

□ THE CHEAPEST — and most ludicrous — independent music video encountered to date is 'Human Parts' by Transparent Illusion. Recorded at a total of £30 (tape £10, 'introductory offer' camera £15, hire of hall £5), it consists of a long-haired, bearded gentleman in an outsized overcoat and headband, intoning unintelligible angst-ridden opuses to a backing of indistinct keyboard music. If you fancy an expensive laugh, send a blank video-tape plus £6.50 (which tots up to almost as much as Siouxsie & The Banshees' greatest hits compilation!) to 27 St James Court, Haverhill, Suffolk. As Mr Illusion himself observes, "Anyone can make cheap videos."

Pamela Stephenson



NOT THE NINE O'CLOCK News is two-thirds of the way through its third and final BBC2 series. When it is over it seems highly unlikely that the series and the team will be granted the cheers and congratulations that the first four programmes have deemed them thoroughly worthy of. Ever since its popularity first broke — in headlines and amongst the cosier end of the viewer scale — *NTNOCN* has had to face an invisible jury that never let it forget that *Monty Python* was also a comedy programme, so let's see you top that!

It never will. It's not too strong to say that nothing ever will. But it seems that to ask each and every sketch-based comedy series to at least continue the strength and invention of *Monty Python's Flying Circus* arises not from a genuine eagerness to hoot with laughter but more from a hollow bitterness that Python themselves deprived us of their TV genius ten years ago. Besides, *NTNOCN* more continues a line branching off from *Laugh-In* or *Ronnie Barker* than any kind of parallel with *Palin*, *Idle* and company.

Anyway that's all bar-room heckling. The fact is that *Not The Nine O'Clock News* is causing me to laugh harder and (videobores cue) more on

Does the team stink?



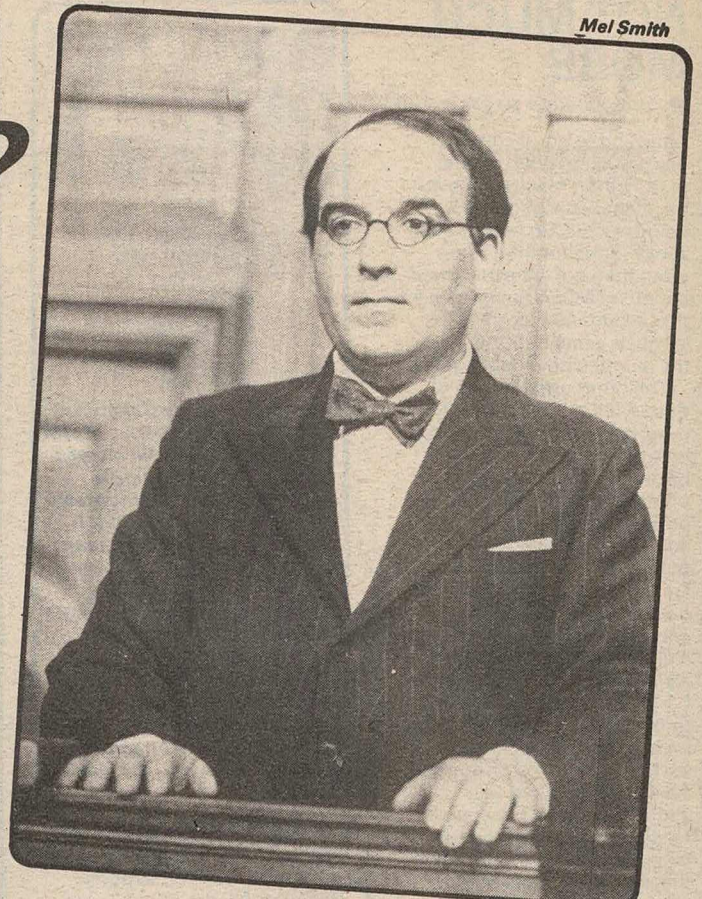
Rowan Atkinson (left) and the other one



DANNY BAKER sorts the wheat from the chaff and comes up choking on belters during the adult version of *Play Away*

playback than anything in a long, long time. It's made all the more laudable because it is rarely the case that shows, especially those so much under the popular scrutiny, can come up with the funnies

in the critical *third* series. I fully expected this departing batch of six to be smug, clever and under-written. After all, despite the argument already pitched back at the critics, there is a ready made



Mel Smith

audience of howlers ready to screech at Rowan Atkinson's slightest facial gesture. But although *NTNOCN* is still very popular it has never been less populist.

The snappy gag and the 'wicked' take off have been sharpened right up into a searing, relentless stream of outright vicious whacks. Sometimes they're just plain silly, which is great, because the reasoning that allows you to go ahead with awful, pointless stuff like Rowan Atkinson shouting at his garden "Why don't you grow up you silly little bastards!" comes out of healthy confidence, not pampered arrogance.

It's taken the team of writers

— which, incidentally, *does* include the performers — until this series to stop checking with the watchdogs whether or not an item is hip or highbrow enough. It seems that for the first time on British TV in years items are reaching the screen simply because they got a laugh in the pre-film meetings and not because they 'might work well'. (There's no other reason for some of the short skits to exist. Even something like the great 'Capucino' sketch is based on a stupid observation that more self-conscious teams might have thought too flimsy to go with.)

At last the *obvious* is

■ continues over

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(see pack for details)*. What's more, we're up to our ears in lots more famous-name tapes — all at surprisingly low prices.

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*Competition closing date May 25th 1982.

WOOLWORTH
And Woolco

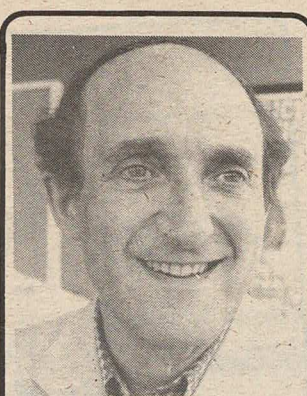
NOT MUCH MORE

■ from previous page

returning to good comedy. The search to push further than Python resulted in even the most basic gag ideas being rejected in favour of a kooky longshot that, more often than not, was just plain banal. *NTNOCN* have realised that a laugh is a laugh is a laugh. It gains nothing from the laughee having a high IQ.

The other great bonus of this series is the editing. There must be a great temptation to hang out a sketch simply because it took so long in preparation and make-up. In previous series this sometimes showed — particularly in the obligatory song. But now they shoot 'em down as soon as they're spent, sometimes sooner; it's a procedure that must reduce a writing group to the brink of breakdown, but it keeps the thing tight and the audience breathless. There's one story that an entire days shooting for an SDP send up was simply scrapped because it fell below par. Nothing can be healthier for the viewer than that kind of discipline in a show.

But look, comedy withers and dies under the white light. *Not The Nine O'Clock News* is alive, kicking (hard) and



One of the rejected sketches from the current series of *Not The Nine O'Clock News* was to have featured Pamela Stephenson as commentator Barry Davies. In the sketch Davies is the chief of a peach skin processing plant where his bald head is suddenly acclaimed the most desirable dome in the world. In the ensuing chaos David Coleman shows his balls. Sadly the skit will never be aired but in our reconstruction Ron Moody gets his teeth into the Davies role.

brilliant. Don't be ashamed to talk loudly about it in pubs. Because, for the Great Bores Of Today, this series chucks the boot onto the other foot and soon it will be all gone. Laugh, you bastards, laugh.



Silver Screen

Ragtime

Directed by Milos Forman
Starring James Cagney, Brad Dourif, Howard E Rollins, Mary Steenburgen and Elizabeth McGovern (EMI)

LAST YEAR Michael Cimino's *Heaven's Gate* was about a transitional period in the west(ern) and about America being born into the 20th century. It was too sour and mixed up, though, to make a happy birthday epic — and for that maybe we should be grateful. *Ragtime* is also about the birth of a nation, but the setting in Milos Forman's film is the east: New York in the first years of this century, the time of the first motor cars, the first jazz bands, the first newsreels, and (just over the horizon) the first modern wars.

Ragtime might be pessimistic, but it's also starry-eyed, even naive, at times. The European immigrants in Cimino's film, like some second wave of redskins, had to take on the US cavalry; in Forman's film they get to be the very first movie makers... There's an external irony here: in 1968 Forman left his native Czechoslovakia and, in the process of 'immigration', moved from negligible budgets to multi-million dollar productions.

However, his work has preserved a certain continuity. Images of entertainment (from comedy, through song and dance, to tragedy) have remained central to his vision of the world: in an early film, *The Fireman's Ball*, life is seen as an absurdist dance, an incompatibility of partners. Such grand old traditional humanism works well when it comes to dealing with abstractions like the human condition; but history, as Cimino and United Artists found out to their cost, is a different matter. What do you do with those jagged edges?

In the novel *Ragtime* by E. L. Doctorow they're merely cut out. He mixes together historical figures and fictional creations in a kaleidoscopic but neat way; the schematic terse prose doesn't allow for the intrusive contingencies and contradictions of history. Neither does the film (less interested, by the way, than the book in the actual characters) where the jagged edges aren't so much excised as rendered into the picture-book. The teeming slums and tenements of NY are made to look as if they're derived from some children's illustrated classic and as if their 'squalor' is merely an excuse for a fairytale — so

that Tateh the peddler of paper silhouettes can become a movie Midas. The society he makes it into may be rotten and corrupt, but that's the glossy, more adult part of the story-book. For example, when the rich architect Stanford White (Norman Mailer) is murdered, the violence is positively colourful, set in a music hall, all pink flesh and gaiety girls.

But at least Forman makes his tale (actually an interlocking series of tales) complete; it has a sweep from absolute poverty to absolute wealth, with the steady hoarding of the upstanding middle-class in between. These broad strokes may be naive but they have a point. Because Forman takes the Land of the Free and its mythologies so literally, he ends up finding them wanting as well as attractive; European newcomers are allowed to live out the American Dream, blacks aren't.

Coalhouse Walker Jr the black pianist (who plays "anything they ask me to — and then ragtime") has no way of finding redress when a group of firemen smear the seat of his brand new Model T Ford with shit; the racist incident ("a joke" according to one of the main instigators)

snowballs and Walker finds himself in the JP Morgan Library, threatening to blow its art treasures sky-high unless his car is restored to its former glory and fire-chief Conklin (the bullish, slobbish Kenneth McMillan) is handed over to his kind of justice. We have a glimpse of the official kind when Harry K Thaw, the murderer of Stanford White, is able to buy his way out of the electric chair.

This is just one strand of many in the film, and Forman weaves them together not by a visionary montage of scenes (that would have been Altman's style, originally chosen as director of *Ragtime*), but by the way he tells a story through his actors. Right from his more improvisatory days in Czechoslovakia, through *Taking Off* (his much neglected first American film — a satirical look at drugs and the generation gap), to *Cuckoo's Nest*, he's always been good with actors, and it's one of the reasons he can't get a key scene to unfold with such naturalness. There are plenty of examples of this in *Ragtime*, especially when Booker T Washington, a black bourgeois and advocate of Christian self-help, comes to talk Coalhouse ("You speak like an angel, Mr Washington — too bad we're living on the earth") out of his revolutionary ways.

This strength of Forman's also turns out to be a weakness. Telling a story through your actors isn't necessarily the best way of getting to grips with history; the characters in *Ragtime* fail to connect with something

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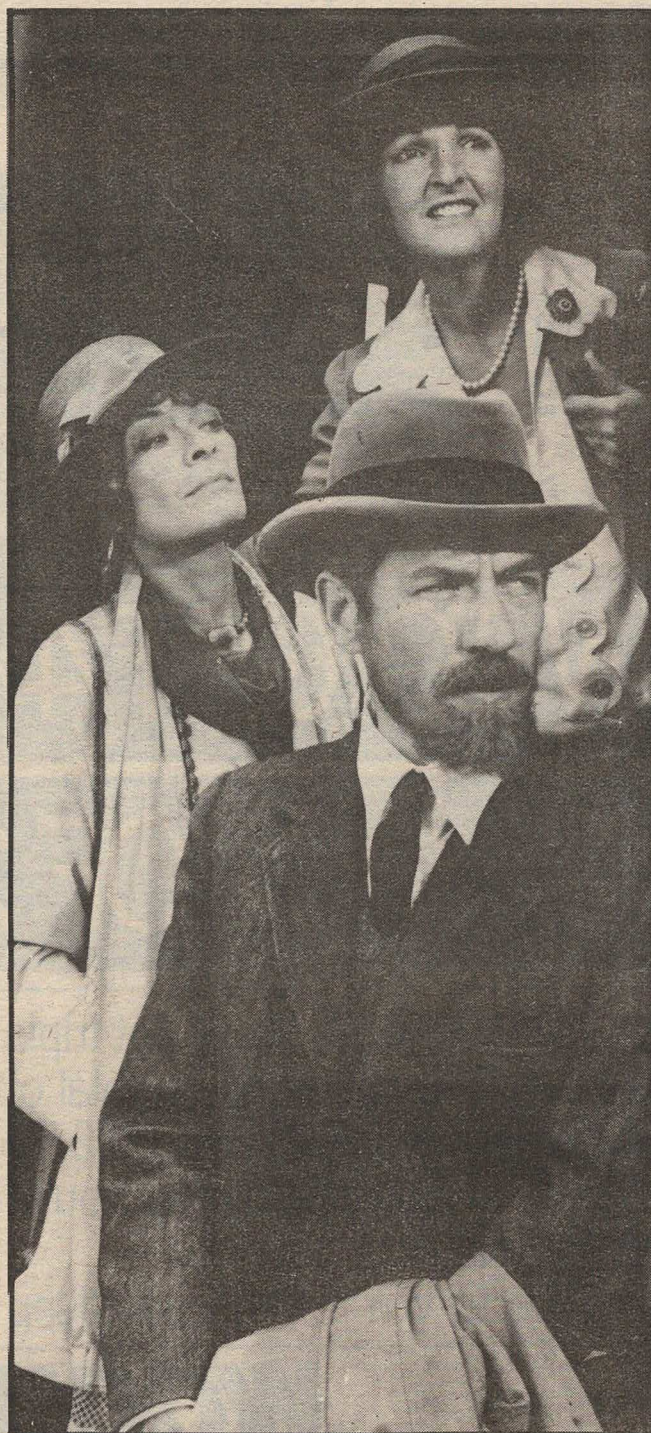
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Priest Of Love

Directed by Christopher Miles

Starring Ian McKellen, Janet Suzman, Ava Gardner and Penelope Keith (Enterprise)

TO THE POINT: *Priest Of Love* is an appalling film. The hopes *Chariots Of Fire* (which was at least entertaining, if seriously overrated in the rush to acclaim the renaissance of British cinema) may have raised for the backers of Blighty's ailing studios are surely destined for a hammer blow; this is a dismal, spineless travesty of a picture, a real-life story of probably unfathomable complexity prettified into a Sunday afternoon yarn by the fireside.

But what else could seriously be expected? Attempting to portray the last years of DH Lawrence and his stormy, embattled wife Frieda is a difficult enough premise; to allow Christopher Miles,

Spectators at the Brisbane Road end (Janet Suzman, Ian McKellen and Penelope Keith) try to spot the trajectory of Ian Moore's famous penalty kick in the Palace cup replay.

MILES WIDE OF THE MARK



James Cagney makes a welcome return to the silver screen in *Ragtime* — but it's a shame his impecunious position forced him into borrowing Phil McNeill's glasses as 'props'.

bigger, wider. History isn't just a set of human faces; it's a system of relationships — between classes, between different interests. The narrative of the film, running on an accumulation of human(ist) encounters, isn't of the sort to be able to deal with that, a fact underlined by Forman's short-comings as an action director — his portrayal of violence is oddly flat and old-fashioned.

Of course, what the director falls back upon to lend his work coherence and dynamism are those favoured

images of entertainment. *Ragtime* begins and ends with two dancers. It's an inadequate metaphor to use of the maelstrom that was the early 20th century. And in terms of a film already full of musicians, artists, escapologists, and dancers, it's far too self-reflective, a bit like doubling-up, cheating.

All this goes towards making *Ragtime* ineradicably nostalgic. Not in the sense that Forman looks back on a bygone era and finds it simpler, more warming than the present — if he does do

that, he balances it out with a head-on treatment of racism and, through his protagonist Coalhouse, a thirst for justice. No, the film is nostalgic mostly because of the whole cinematic sensibility which it brings to bear on its subject, a sensibility which sees the past not so much as fodder for entertainment but history itself as *nothing but* entertainment. Here Forman isn't harking back to the early 1900s at all, but to the golden age of Hollywood when moguls decided that because anything could be made into a

movie, then surely everything already was a movie. Poor out-dated Forman; no wonder people in *Ragtime* die gracefully, carefully arranged on steps.

That's the way Jimmy Cagney sometimes used to go, so how appropriate that the film marks his comeback-farewell. Well over 80, from behind the specs and

handle-bar moustache of Commissioner Rheinlander Waldo, Coalhouse's adversary, he's an energetic and spirited as ever.

Paul Tickell

whose treatment of Lawrence's *Virgin And The Gypsy* soured eroticism in gloopy sentiment, to take on the project seems a recipe for calamity. Add to that the considerations of a big budget and an insatiable desire for a globetrotting camera and it's set fair for disaster before the clapperboards are out.

Much of the blame, though, must lie with Alan Plater's script. Drawn in essence from Harry Moore's scrupulously detailed biography and authentic Lawrenciana, the screenplay betrays the simple inability to edit correctly — a lame cross between a *Reader's Digest* abridgement and glossed-up sensationalism.

No narrative thread exerts any kind of discipline over the proceedings; OK if we're dealing with a work of imagination, but Miles' resolutely earthbound treatment of a pretty somnolent chain of events in filmic terms has rigor mortis setting in long before the first reel's over.

What *does* happen is misjudged time and again. We're asked to look on a genius, eventually stricken by tuberculosis, sickened by public outrage and establishment disavowal of his work, tramping through foreign climes — Italy, Mexico, France — in the unending search for some kind of understanding.

On the few occasions he is shown in England, Lawrence is either ranting from a tea table at the useless prejudice and complacency of the natives or reminiscing in old childhood haunts; abroad he teaches the little inhabitants to say 'Lawrence is a genius'

and scorns the attempts at lionisation by would-be patrons.

So *this* is Lawrence the Man? This intolerant northern scribbler, endlessly rowing with his German wife and ripping up manuscripts (the Artist In Pain)? Miles' version of Lawrence is so simplistic it might have come out of a Ladybird book.

Instead of attempting any kind of insight into the writer, the film merely gawks — at the lush scenery (an obsession with form-over-content that comes on like a half-witted rerun of *Barry Lyndon's* cinematic values), at the spectacle of people from real life losing their tempers and talking like film actors. "It takes a collier's son to know the right words," grunts Lawrence as he squeezes Frieda's "arse"; what an outspoken bloke, what a cosmic worldview!

Miles shoots with the sort of reverence that is the preserve of historical TV soapers like *Edward And Mrs Simpson* — because these people are not long dead, it seems that details like mealtime manners require serious scrutiny.

Not so much elliptical, more pocked with gaping holes. The emotional basis of the Frieda-Lawrence relationship is depicted in laughably shallow terms, the two simply declaring their 'rightness' for each other. Heavy breathers are going to be disappointed too: aside from a brief cock-flashing bathing sequence, steamy sexual encounters are repressed as firmly as were Lawrence's books. Do I smell an irony here?

All this considered, the cast try valiantly for acquittal. Ian

McKellen as Lawrence juts out his beard, eyes glinting, and battles through his lines with a pro's resilience. Janet Suzman is a waspish Frieda and has a respectable stab at the requisite Bierkeller English. Otherwise the casting is predictable — Penelope Keith as Dorothy Brett, the stone-deaf waddling goose the Lawrences adopt for a while (and whom D.H. unsuccessfully tries to liberate at one point), the obligatory American import Ava Gardner, as blowsy admirer Mable Luhan, plus the inevitable John Gielgud as Lawrence's establishment nemesis, Muskett.

The last half-hour sees the whole shambles fall completely to pieces: as the music (Joseph James — Morricone without the tunes) swells Frieda rushes through their villa to find Lorenzo frantically writing *Lady Chatterley*; following its terrible reception Lawrence's spirit is finally extinguished, and after his death Frieda has the idea of taking his ashes to their former ranch in Mexico. The final shot, of her cradling the casket in a Model T, is the final wince of embarrassment.

The most reprehensible aspect of the film is its determination to compromise on Lawrence's achievement, to stifle the spirit he set out to free in his writing and display his last years as a peepshow of chocolate box tableaux. Miles insists that all the incidents shown are true; maybe, but what you leave out can distort the truth too.

What's gone in has been spun into a monstrous disservice to the Lawrence legend.

Richard Cook

IN AMERICA CAN A MAN BE GUILTY UNTIL PROVEN INNOCENT?

Suppose you picked up this morning's newspaper and your life was a front page headline...

And everything they said was accurate...

But none of it was true.

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THEY went right through it. Took out every sock. Squeezed every tube of toothpaste. Then this guy says to me, you — come with me. NOW! I thought I was finished. But after 20 minutes they let me go."

Bono Vox smiles forgivingly and sips his tea. A rough ride through New York Customs doesn't deter him from enjoying that. In a land where coffee and iced water are on the table almost before you've sat down, Bono usually asks for tea; and in this New Orleans hotel restaurant he and his fellow travellers in U2 have already charmed the staff into producing it on cue.

It is the start of U2's fourth tour of America, commencing only three weeks after their third. 'October' is in the middle reaches of the US Top 100 and the group are doing their best to pummel into the flab of American rock awareness.

"But we love being here, as far as playing is concerned," says Bono. "The audience reaction is instinctive. There isn't much reading on music. The only way people hear about things is by radio, which is very localised. You could be huge in Boston and people won't have heard of you in Texas."

The encapsulation of the problem which a zillion other bands before them have quailed at: the enormity of 'cracking America'. This is big rock biz we're talkin'! And it comes from the mouths of four extremely young, gentle, soft-spoken Dubliners, the most engaging group of boys I've met in a long while. Just how did U2 get into all this?

In the year since *NME's* last U2 feature they have — in more than 200 gigs and a vast brouhaha of an LP — propelled their celestial dreamboat music into a great many ears, a high proportion of which have been transported or transfixed by the beckoning ecstasy in Bono's voice and The Edge's translucent guitarlock on the ragged dog of melody. It is working, this particular rock'n'roll drug, to a remarkable degree.

In Ireland they have surpassed all their contemporaries. During our stay news comes in of the poll results in *Hot Press*, the Irish rock paper — they have won almost every category. In *NME's* poll their performance was (I respectfully suggest) even more impressive: No. 5 for Best Group, No. 4 Best Album for 'October'.

U2 are very popular. As popular as sin.

BUT THEY MUST continue their trek — and it starts here in a mild February New Orleans, two days before the start of Mardi Gras. U2 are to play on a riverboat on a moonlit cruise down the Mississippi.

The home of jazz has grown old with a good deal of grace, it seems to me. New Orleans is the rocking chair on the backporch of the American south, creaking a little as it sways. Its tower blocks are midgets as skyscrapers go; its cabdrivers talk slow and easy; its eateries serve red beans and rice, gumbo and muffuletas with an unforced gentility. It is cool for the time of year, or so we're told, but a mid-morning stroll down a sunny Bourbon Street seems as warm as any English July day.

The French quarter, the very cradle of hot Creole dance music 80 years before, seems to

almost hide its legendary names — Decatur, Rampart, Burgundy, St Philip — but the aura still remains. The houses seem time-warped into their era: the balconies and brickwork and planked roofs look much as they must have done when Buddy Bolden could be heard in the *Vieux Carre*.

The romance is half-way illusory, of course. By day Bourbon Street rattles its endless mardi gras tourist trivia like pennies in a cup. Bars open early and tuxedoed middle-aged dixieland bands play what you want, for a few dollars. By night, the strip-joints have opened: slack lidded bouncers keep entry doors swinging to allow glimpses of the activity inside, cowboy pimps wander the sidewalks and try and catch your arm and the rest rooms out back sweat.

I guess Bourbon Street really hasn't changed very much.

U2's traditionalism — the hungry joy in their pillaging of the big bloated legacy of The Who, The Beatles and The Rolling Stones — is suited to the fading history of New Orleans. In a parallel universe U2 might be an Orleanian revivalist group jettisoning their crusty associations and stretching out for a wider world, not realising (or refusing to realise) where their rancid roots lie. Do they know the terrible weight of the stigmatic dark ages their ROCK music comes from?

If they do, it bothers them little. Perhaps it is some indication of their willingly-taken place in any rock hierarchy that they have slipped so easily into the notion of the American rock dream and the infiltration of its incestuous FM ideal.

"A network is building up," says Bono, still sipping tea and reflecting on U2's masterplan of assault. "In every state English music papers get through. College radio covers groups like U2, Scritti Politti, Teardrop Explodes. Because radio is going to go out of fashion if it doesn't wake up. I spoke to a radio programmer who said people like Lover Boy — this year 'cos they sounded like Foreigner last year. These are conservative times we're going through and nobody likes 'new', it isn't a good word."

Bono impersonates the American exec's voice with the alacrity of a born mimic. The soft huskiness of his Dublin accent gives his conversation a slight singing edge, a natural vocalist.

"The audience for records is much older here," says bassist Adam Clayton. "The radio is retrospective — it has to be."

Adam is, at 22, the eldest of the four and the one most taken with the rockstar trip. He loves parties, oysters and backstage attention, though he is as honestly likeable as the others. He is the only one who is not an avowed Christian.

Bono asks me about the English scene and we bat about a few names — Haircut 100, The Alarm, Rig Rig and Panic, Altered Images.

"I think there's not much rock'n'roll about. I see rock'n'roll as an emotional, a sweaty thing."

The Edge, U2's guitarist, thinks it over. When he speaks his voice is so mild it seems strangely at odds with the bursting nova sound he manages to coax from the amplifiers.

"I saw something Bill Wyman said — somebody asked him if the Stones had toned down over the years and he said, No, the rest of the world has toned up. Hairstyles and drugs are accepted. The rock'n'roll has gone out of rock'n'roll."

So what is your idea of rock'n'roll rebellion now?

Bono: "We, as a garage band, believed you've got to be what you are and do what you want. Rebellion has to start inside you. Our music may not bow down to your idea of what it should be, but it has to be respected as an individual view. A refusal to give up what you believe under pressure."

But what if these beliefs happen to coincide with a grey status quo? It is easy to point to U2 preserving traditions — 'Boy' and 'October' as mainstream rock records with a facade of moderne emoting. They sound very much that way.

"You're looking on it in a jazz way," says

Edge, in the closest he ever comes to aggression.

"What interests me are the three primary colours," says Bono. "Guitar, bass and drums. The Moody Blues and the London Philharmonic Orchestra — well, is that rock'n'roll? The three sounds are basic enough to have unlimited resources."

Adam: "Anyway, the formula is always structured. It has to be to make any sense."

Perhaps. But the overall feel of the U2 sound is grounded in a big, splashy convention — that sense of primeval exhilaration. They are speechless at my vocabulary.

Bono: "All we know is what we are. What we have in this band is very special. The sound may be classical in one sense but it's naturally our own. We don't sound like any other group. Our songs are different — they hold emotions of a spiritual nature. I don't have anybody to look up to in rock'n'roll. I find... I'm talking around it all the time."

Bono often gives the impression in his torrent of talk that he is grasping after the articulation of something always out of reach. Like U2? They impress on me the importance of seeing the group live, which I have not yet done.

Larry, the drummer, speaks little. He is barely 20 and looks even younger. He still appears a trifle guilty at being in this rock'n'roll band — his father wanted him to be a jazz drummer. He grins shyly when I ask him later if he's ever thought of using brushes — very Philley Joe Jones! — but he's glad to leave the talking to Bono, mostly. And Bono loves to talk.

AT ABOUT 9.30 that evening the President chugs slowly out into the main current of the Mississippi. And audience of about 1500 is aboard: many have seen U2 before and most seem to know the records well. The radio has done its work.

I moon about on deck awhile. This is not an old riverboat: there's too much functional iron and not enough of the ornate, the uselessly splendid which would make up an authentic Confederate vessel. Yet as the big boat rumbles on past the winking city lights I can nearly imagine the ghosts of Freddie Keppard and Fate Marable drifting near the bandstand.

U2 appear after toothsome, Ramonesy locals RZA. They bound to their positions on the admittedly rather small stage and do not shift — literally or otherwise — from their chosen quarters. They proceed to crank up 'Gloria', the exultant anthem which opens 'October': it is the very essence of U2. As the song charges around The Edge's flying guitar figure, Bono's diminutive frame trembles and he clasps his hands in fervour — *Gloria in te domine*. The great crescendo spirals away from him and he is lost in the music.

I stand near the back and gaze across the possessed forest of people reaching forward. Bono raised his arms and the lights behind him seem to fall on his shoulders like... I have to shake my head to snap out of it. Bono comes to with his usual "Thank you!" and I think I begin to understand the appeal of U2.

Their set is drawn entirely from their two LP's, plus the perennial '11 O'Clock Tick Tock'. If they are content to duplicate the form of their records, they do so with an unselfish power that is as much as can be asked of a rock'n'roll band. Bono has the trick of audience masturbation down his alley — "I think we can say that the Mardi Gras begins here tonight!" but he makes it sound unsullied by contempt. He shouts the title of every song as it starts, unable to hold back from racing into them; sometimes he improvises his phrasing with bearings completely adrift, amazed at this music. His companions effect the customary strutting but they clearly draw off Bono's rapture.

I do my best to keep a clear head; in the end I almost succumb to the rush. If the resonant crashing of 'Rejoice', 'I Will Follow' or 'Out Of Control' — the canon of rock cannons rewritten in three momentous chords — encourage the blindly devotional as a response, it is at least directed at a rock music that desperately wants to be giving. U2 are

trying their best, and their effect lingers. The paying public are sent ashore in a state of flushed, giggly excitement at the end of the trip.

ADAY LATER we have to drive to Austin, the capital city of Texas, 600 miles of freeway and a chance for a leisurely interrogation of Bono and The Edge. The singer sits with a copy of *The Ever Increasing Faith* on his knee for much of the time; The Edge, his huge, noble face quietened by a calm wisdom unusual in a young man, embellishes Bono's talk when he thinks further explanation is necessary.

We discuss the problematical way of life in their home town and they express a sad concern for the sourness in the lives of many Dubliners. What sort of responsibility do they feel towards this as pop stars?

"As a person, I have a real love for these people," says Bono. "We cancelled out Australian and Japanese tours because as a band we feel we don't want to go all around the world at this time — we want to be at home. I don't feel like a Roy Rogers, a righter of wrongs, but I do feel this personal love for the people of Dublin."

"In Finglas they ripped all the people out of the city centre, broke up families and communities and stuffed them all in high-rise blocks. It encourages the use of drugs, these conditions — parents were giving their supply of valium to their kids to keep them out of trouble." He shakes his head at the thought.

"The week before we came away some friends and I went into a centre for itinerants in Dublin and offered our services. The social workers look so worn out there. One told me that the people they're trying to help are so crazy, so arrogant that it seems impossible."

Edge: "A lot of them are alcoholics, and some of them have got so bad that they're actually mixing petrol and drink."

Bono's main concern lies with the youth. "If you're walking in Dublin you can see five or six year old kids walk up to policemen and inhale from bags of glue, as if to say, 'Look what I'm doing.'"

So what do you feel you should try to do about this? Bono ponders the gulf between rightedness and action.

"I can only give myself to it — I don't have very much money. But I do have to justify it to myself and to my conscience. An idealist stance would make me seem like an asshole, though."

Nevertheless, they claim that an excitement exists in Dublin which is still manifesting itself in a spate of young bands. What they have in common is anti-fashion stance which U2 undeniably share. Only Adam is much given to dressing up; Bono's jeans and The Edge's pale blue cardigan are commendably dowdy, though they hold no special grudge against fashion.

Bono: "There is a stage where fashion becomes fascism. But I think people should always appear as they want."

"England is the most fashion-conscious place in the world," agrees The Edge. "Walking down the street is like walking through a zoo, everybody in his own place and cage."

"Fashion is very conservative — not getting into a club because you're not dressed right is like an old school tie thing. At least English youth culture is colourful." Bono rubs his slightly coloured mane of hair without a hint of self-consciousness.

What would U2 do if they thought one of its members was growing apart from the others?

Bono again: "We used to have this thing — like, John Lennon saying of Pete Best, He's not a Beatle. We're all Beatles but we're all radically different people. Three of us are Christians and Adam isn't — that doesn't mean we're going to say to him at any time, you're not in the club."

"I find it difficult to talk about the future. We just don't have the tension that other bands seem to get on the road." The sense of wonder creeps into his voice again. "There's friction but it's always constructive. The same

CONTINUES OVER



THE EDGE

A DREAMBOAT NAMED DESIRE

U2 find southern comfort in the gradual acceptance of their new rock religion in America. "What interests me most," says Bono, "is the sort of music we play — energy, emotional music with a positive effect. We're playing rock 'n' roll and we're a change within rock 'n' roll."

TEXT: RICHARD COOK REVELATIONS: ANTON CORBIJN



U2 GO US

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE



LARRY

with the Bunnymen, they're very much a family. We're a four-legged table.

"I don't feel U2 has really been born yet. I'm 21, Larry's just turned 20. In the past two years we've been directors of a very large business, worked till we thought we'd die, and the value of the experience is only now beginning to come out. I'm still learning.

"I grew up without a record collection. My brother had tapes of people like Free and Hendrix. Last time I was in London I wanted to get some soul music; I went into Rough Trade and felt very embarrassed because I didn't know what to ask for. Yeah, we're just starting."

It seems like a well-rehearsed start by now, though. Three US tours, 217 dates drawing on the same set — don't you get stale with all that?

"We just don't get tired of it. Last night, playing after those three weeks away, I got the same electric feeling from singing again. I know, say, John Lydon's view — I don't want to talk about 30 date tours (*a good shot at the Lydon sneer*) — but I find the business of organisation creative too. I see working on the road like this, a real learning process. Every stage has a different sound and a different face. Coming from a very small place like Ireland and going on out into the world I feel privileged. And the only way to get things across is to take it to these countries and give people a chance to make up their own minds."

But if you're adopting an approach which is so steeped in an obese, inflexible Rock Tradition what can be changed? Bono remains practical.

"The only way our music and that of bands associated with us is going to be heard, played on the radio out here, is by touring — and it'll open the way for other bands. We go into stations and shout our mouths off about bands that we think are good. Peoples' tastes will change — they'll be saying, Hey, I prefer U2 to The Cars or Aerosmith. That's a change."

I suggest it would be more of a

breakthrough to get The Virgin Prunes (a wild collective which includes The Edge's brother) on American radio, but Bono demurs at the idea.

"What interests me most is the sort of music we play — energy, emotional music with a positive effect. We're playing rock'n'roll and we're a change *within* rock'n'roll. We had a lot of doubts in our early stages, and perhaps the change isn't as dramatic as it could be if we were a different sort of band. But it's how we want to be. It's the music we are *inspired* to play."

"Rock'n'roll is always married into theatre, poetry, lots of other mediums. The breaking down of barriers into areas like these isn't something we aim for. The people we play for are into rock'n'roll as well — it's the excitement if Elvis, The Beatles, the Stones and U2."

What, though, of reaction slipping over into the reactionary? I explain some of my doubt over their performance — the danger of simply surrendering to a graceless fall into bludgeoning 'rock power' instead of the soaring above they seem to be aiming for. Do not audience and band simply get lost in the sound?

The Edge disagrees. "The audience were reacting to particular songs, not the overall sound."

Bono: "A guy told me afterwards that there hadn't been reaction like that at a New Orleans gig in a long time. Although it's driven by power, the music has a lot of subtlety."

Has it?

"Of course. A lot of people think the power comes from the guitar, but it's really from Larry's drums. When we started it was hard to get The Edge to play aggressively. He is a gentleman and he plays guitar like a gentleman. And Adam is a very melodic bass player. He doesn't play the usual lines."

"You can take what we do and methodically strip it of value. Or you can take it as it is. Perhaps I am pushing them too hard."

Bono's thoughts return to his customers. "Sometimes America's audiences frighten me. In LA it was like a set thing, stage invasion and everything. But we *need* to get through to these audiences, Ted Nugent audiences, to show them something else."

"On our first two-week tour here we just went round supporting every band we could. Most people didn't know who we were but they came away converted."

A hit album is still the thing Stateside, of course. But at home U2 have struggled for a hit single. 'Celebration' will be their next try. It shows not the slightest departure in style — the title is probably all you need to know to guess that, although the B side, spontaneously worked out in the manner of Magazine's 'Twenty Years Ago', sounds more interesting. They remain unmoved, however, by their failure with the 45.

"We've never thought about songs as singles," murmurs The Edge. "We've just picked the best songs."

Bono: "My attitude is so what? We've still sold more records than most 'hit single' bands. We've excited audiences more. But the time may have come for us to sharpen our singles outlook," he concedes.

THE TRAFFIC clogs up as we draw nearer to Austin. The radio splurges its end-to-end drone of AC/DC, Hall and Oates, Joan Jett and Journey. On this endless grey ribbon the focus of its appeal comes clear; and it's not hard to imagine U2 slipping into these airwaves. Meanwhile, Bono worries about his group.

"I dunno, we have the melodies of a great pop band. But we don't have structures like that. Or hit singles."

What, then, of the charge of empty young U2 fleeing the dangerous areas of rock/pop and taking refuge in idle celebration? What are U2 compared to a Fall or a Cabaret Voltaire?

"The only way I can judge is to gauge its effect on people. Compare a Fall and a U2 concert. When people come through the doors at one of our gigs there's a tension in there being a broad spectrum of people there — then when we play a kind of unity takes over." Bono's eyes shine. "People walk out drenched in sweat, excited, talking to each other."

"I've been to gigs by other bands and felt tension at the start *and* the end. And I've seen excitement at other gigs that just wears off as soon as its over."

I know what he means — and I think there is something in the U2 effect. Rocky old music it may be, but U2's songs stick. Easily drawn in, not so easily expelled. 'Boy' and 'October' have so many strong tunes they defy the ponderous new dinosaur tag many want to tie on the group. If U2 see The Beatles, The Who and the Stones as ancestors then it is the eager young years of those groups they aspire to.

"It was the way those groups grew from adolescence as a unit that I wanted as a parallel. The other groups around us in Dublin were all musicians from different bands — we were just four people who wanted to play music as a band."

"I want to see the long term effect of groups like ours or The Jam. Our emotions aren't just glossy, throwaway things. Some people saw 'A Day Without You' as escapism, but it was about suicide. I don't expect people to dig into our material with a knife and fork but..."

"I write at the microphone — with pen and paper I start on the things I suppose I should be writing about rather than what I feel. As they take a long time to come out of me, they take a long time to sink in."

"Now, a lot of bands digging into 'dangerous' areas do it in an obvious way. U2 don't need to do that. We can cover fear and love as part of a spectrum."

What if I said that sounded like a refusal to deal with specifics?

"Probably very true. I don't see that as bad or good. I'm very illogical. I sometimes wonder what is going on inside me with all these abstract emotions."

"The last song on 'October' is 'Is That All?' — 'I'll sing you a song to make you happy, but I'm not happy with you.' It's about wanting more out of pop music. I do want more."

But 'October' is not about that. It is an almost liturgical record — consider these: "Kingdoms rise and kingdoms fall / But You go on" ('October')

"Open up to the love of God / To the love of he who made the blind to see / He's coming back / Oh, believe" ('Tomorrow')

"Oh Lord, if I had anything at all / I give it to you" ('Gloria')

At the core of 'Gloria' the Latin exclamation rings out — *Gloria in te domine* — and it almost burns me with the cross of my own Catholicism.

"It goes, I had to sing this song," says Bono, "and it's about trying to express feelings and failing and resorting to another language."

It is, though, the heart of U2. 'October's' contents remind me of a transfiguration of the Catholic litany — and all this at the forefront of Godless rock music.

Bono doesn't flinch. "Yes. I have this hunger in me... everywhere I look I see the evidence of a creator. But I don't see it as religion, which has cut my people in two. I don't see Jesus Christ as being in any part of religion. Religion to me is almost like when God *leaves* — and then people devise a set of rules to fill the space."

I must press him on this. Isn't there some awful irony here — this spiritualism thriving in the extreme atheism of rock music, full of would-be anti-Christians on both sides of the stagefront?

"But when Christ was on earth he spent all his time with ordinary people, trying to give them something. I don't see any audience as being full of anti-Christians, you have to look beneath the surface. There are probably more people like that in a church on Sunday. The audience cannot be oblivious to the spiritual side. People usually just sweep it under the carpet, but it's there in their heads."

So this is the primary force behind U2?

Bono: "It's the central force to me. Though I see things crumbling around me I always have hope. And it comes through in the music."

The Edge: "It is essential. And it shows we're not avoiding specifics — we're regarding things which tend to be looked on by others as side issues."

I look at their young faces and feel weary. How will you tackle growing old?

The Edge: "With anticipation! I'm looking forward to it."

Bono: "Every second of every hour is to be enjoyed. There's a passage in Jeremiah 29 — 'And you will seek me and find me when you shall search for me with all your heart'."

"There is a very cold atmosphere in the world at the moment. We called our record 'October' to reflect that, but also to suggest a reevaluation. I do believe that there is a purpose to everybody's lives, if they yield to that purpose."

And you wonder why people worry about naive young U2.

"Age isn't very important in considering what we say," offers The Edge. "We could equally be totally pessimistic and cynical now."

Bono: "I'm not stupid. I've already



BONO

experienced more emotionally than many people would in 100 years. We've been involved in this business at a high level and come this far — it's too easy to categorise us as naive."

Will you be able to keep up the drive for success?

Bono laughs. "As a band we have a giant collective ego. It picks us up. Anyway, I don't think I'd be a good bank clerk. Or a hot dog salesman." He muses on it for a moment. "I might be a good president."

Born again?

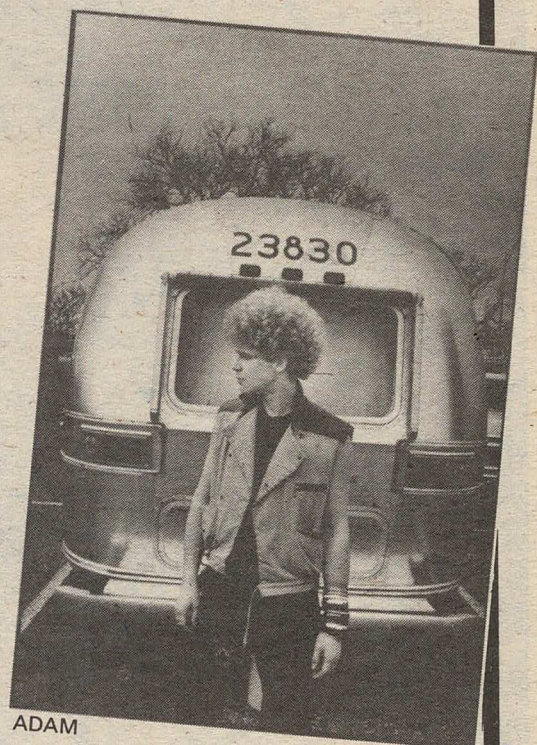
"I prefer the phrase born again again. The fundamentalist thing frightens me. Political Christianity. A lot of what their preachers say is true, but the way they say it makes me uneasy."

AND THE AUSTIN gig, at the Opry House, is also uneasy. Bono tells me later he didn't seem to know where he was and The Edge complains of too many bum notes; I thought it an intriguing set this time, all kinds of tensions and fallibilities coming to the surface, several songs virtually smouldering in the giant effort of putting them across. Rejoice? The task of doing it on schedule can be intimidating.

There is a coda to this story. After the Austin show two followers invite Bono, The Edge and Larry to a service of the Westlake Bible Church next morning. I go along with them and we drive to a bright modern schoolhouse where it is held: the Church is \$180,000 short of the money needed to acquire its own property.

We sit at the back. The service lasts about an hour — a few hymns, some informal prayers and a long sermon which, for all its happy heart and amused manners, strikes me as a shrewdly calculated, rationalised cleansing of the brimstone preaching pitilessly depicted in Huston's *Wise Blood*. American religion is bulging with bucks and buck teeth, and it's hard to sift the intentions.

There are some 200 present. Many of them are students or of student age, with America's future in their hands. Many rush to speak to us afterwards and ask God to bless us. The three



ADAM

of U2 speak quietly in return. Bono is impressed by the preacher. I finger my St Christopher.

It is a hard labour they have set for themselves: to change fusty old ROCK music from the inside, to stay unafraid in the knowledge of their purpose, to *rejoice in the Lord always*. I didn't worry about U2 before and I won't now, but I do want to see how they get on.

Saviours? All too often the good guys finish last.

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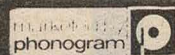
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HAIRCUT ONE HUNDRED

Pelican West (Arista)

IN AN edition of *Fawlty Towers*, Basil is breathlessly impressed by what he determines as style and breeding in a woman doctor who's resident at the hotel. Sybil, of course, finds his gushing hopelessly predictable.

Basil (dreamily): You know, Sybil, you should get yourself some outfits like hers. . .

Sybil (leafing through *Cosmo*): For the gardening you mean?

Basil: Good looking woman. How old would you say she is?

Sybil: 48. . . 50?

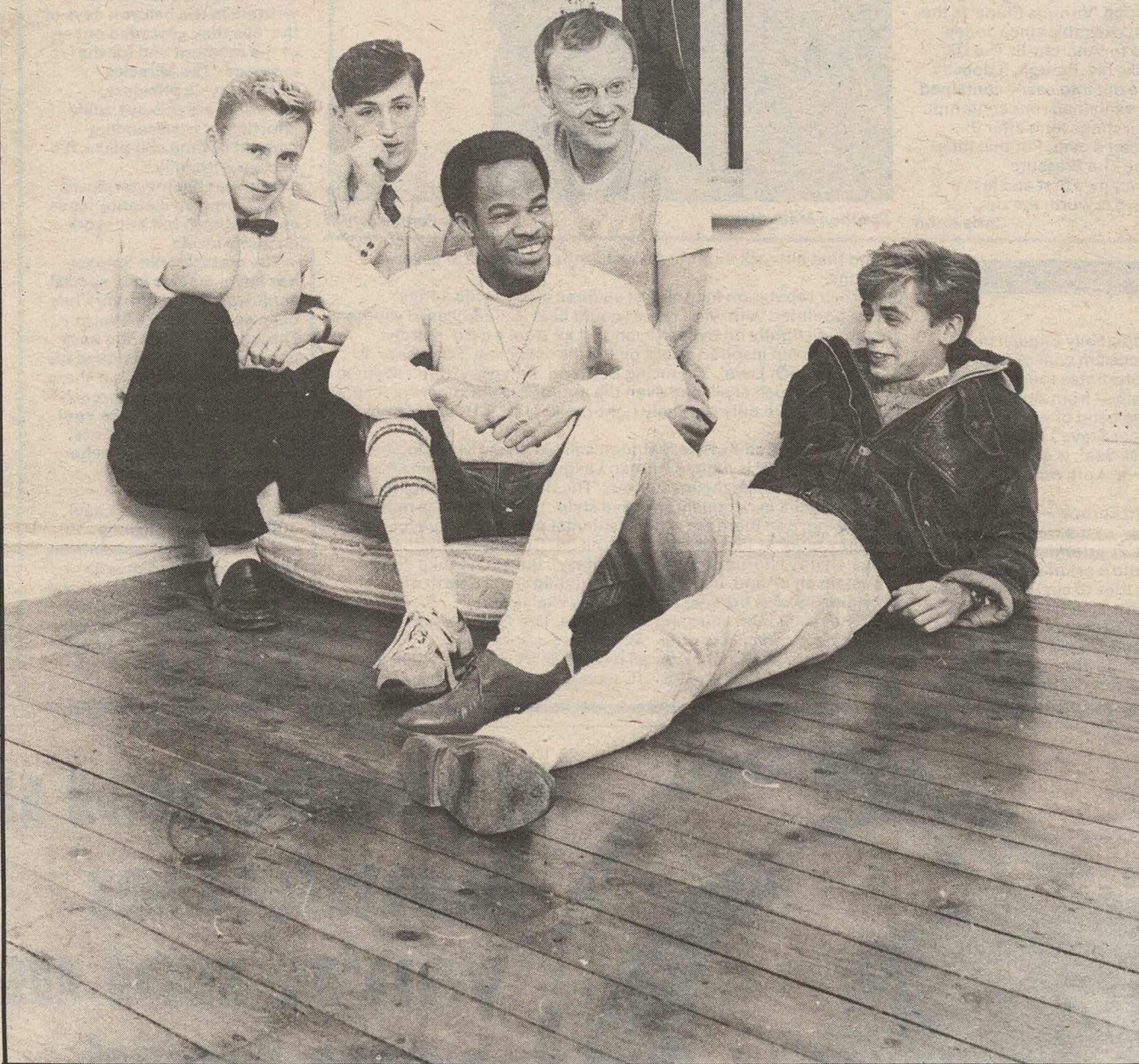
Basil: Oh come on!

Sybil: I really have no idea Basil — perhaps she's 12. . .

That, with myself cast as Sybil, was pretty much my initial reaction to Haircut One Hundred. They embodied everything I was screamingly indifferent to in the fresh new approach. Smiling, amiable, clean shaven, ready to leap in the air at a photographer's bark, chunky wool knits, a remarkably silly name and, on the strength of a few hearings, their debut single seemed just the latest screwing around with the new wonder toy of discotheque dance music. For a while I remained convinced they were just Modern Romance moonlighting. What's more, when I finally saw them, they, to a boy, were twelve. The lead singer was the exception. He was nine.

Then, 'Love Plus One'. A balmy breeze cruising out through February and a notion begins to secure itself in my head that maybe Haircut One Hundred were just *unfortunate* to have chosen this particular fad cycle in which to announce their skill. On *Top Of The Pops* they no longer looked wide-eyed freshmen agog at every fantastic detail of the marvy world but more the relaxed and confident talent the single inescapably points to. I mean, if you *must* play silly-looking instruments like saxophones and clarinets, then the least you can do is save some dignity by blowing them like they do on 'Love Plus One'.

I remember, in a rushed statement to the media, I said at the time that it captured the same arrogant but easy swing that Steely Dan started out from home with. Now, with the sensibly titled 'Pelican West' available, that comparison isn't as snap as I first thought. Because 'Pelican West' — I shall keep repeating it until the pun or palindrome or whatever becomes apparent — 'Pelican West' contains some of the most summery, stylish and extravagantly repeatable music since 'Countdown To Ecstasy'. It is *absolutely gorgeous*. The opening four or five tracks grabbed me completely and by the time you turn over you — and it — are already sold. The sound of The Average White Band raised on De-Lite rather than Atlantic. And it bowls me over in spite of a weighty



Haircut One Hundred

Pic: Barry Plummer

PICK OF THE CROP

pre-listening bias that here was a record that was going to be wet.

Certainly the cover is damp. The free booklet with paste-in picture cards of the group is, without question, an idea not completely free of a certain degree of moistness. And song titles like 'Lemon Fire Brigade', 'Love's Got Me In Triangles' and 'Baked Beans' do nothing to ease fears that London will one day flood. But like most pop music you suffer the hokum and the puffy half-baked attitudes, claw away at the clichés and try to retain some interest in the face of slobbering namby-pamby maniac advanced reports that invariably equate coming home drunk at four in the morning with an outfit's intrinsic musical worth. (Some might argue that the peripheral frills are the best part but I happen to know that people who cannot live without the aid of a brand spanking new pop sensation each week are made out of balloons and have yo-yos hanging where the rest of us have a brain).

Haircut One Hundred may not have sprung from the world inhabited by such beings but, nevertheless, they are saddled with the New Prejudice against all new groups. The New Prejudice is a good thing. Without it, even chronic bumbler like Blue Rondo A La Turk would be selling records and really there is nothing more disgusting than watching one of these lauded clothes-horse outfits shimmering and warbling round BBC centre as representative of The New Way. New Way groups are forever parodying or sending up or rediscovering or paying tribute or reviving or referring to or embroidering upon. What they are parodying / sending up / rediscovering / tributing / reviving / referring to and embroidering upon is a precious secret that only those who were there when the book was opened can fully comprehend. And dance to. Whatever it is you can always 'dance to it'.

The failure after failure to crack the real pop music world is laughed off back at the bar

and late at night amongst friends — the world is full of squares and innovators must club together. So they stay big names in little clubs, first-rate egos in secondhand clothes, discovering and pretending to be the pioneers. "Not us man!" they protest, "We're just living the life, dancing, drinking and having fun! What do you do at night, eh?" That last question is supposed to create some nagging self-questioning doubt. As if anything other than dancing, drinking and having fun is somehow a step back down the ladder and a betrayal of everything rock and roll stands for.

Because, in the death, it's hardly only cobwebbed old miseries alone who realise that all the chirpiness, all the youthful newness, all the trips to the barbers still result in Rock and Roll. Cheesy little clubs, just like the Marquee and the Speakeasy, full of pros and in-the-knows talking shop and all here to catch the latest great new band. It seems really offensive and blinkered to consider them as such but it can't possibly be

anything more. Simply aspiring to more ritzy ideals doesn't make it so. So we have a defiant little underground, clinging together, never wanting the night to end, never wanting to go home or be alone. How very simple and sad.

Whoops apocalypse! How did we get here? I was enjoying this review, thought I had it nailed down and then all these other things trip in. I shall just be thankful that I dispensed with the rock'n'roll circuit years ago and can still be surprised by tremendous efforts like 'Pelican West'. Haircut One Hundred have made the lightweight — there's no other kind — masterpiece of the decade. I honestly never thought I would hear British musicians as slick and in control of a dance rhythm as this group are on 'Lemon Fire Brigade'. Beautiful music. Beautifully played.

Sybil: And you're going out in that hat are you Basil?

Basil: Yes dear, you wouldn't understand. It's called style. . .

Danny Baker

KICK OUT THE JAMMYS

PRINCE JAMMY

Prince Jammy Destroys The Invaders . . . (Greensleeves)

I KICKED the habit a year ago by going out on a wet Thursday evening and pumping a Giro's worth of cash down the slots in an attempt to destroy the little green bleeders and see 'em off out of York. Natch, Tetley's was always better than twiddling knobs.

Prince Jammy seems to work on the premise of stunning the invaders into a temporary state of boredom . . . and keeping them there. Suspended tedium an' ting, y'know.

Sure, it's all very pleasant but someone oughta tell Jammy you got to be harder on them little green aliens. X says: "Hit the cubic petit pois where it hurts — right between the knees!"

This vinyl strategy's got all the right ingredients: backing by Roots Radics, recorded at Channel One, mixed at King Tubby's and slapped out on the mighty Greensleeves, but it's hardly an album of destruction, hardly aural armageddon, bud.

As a showcase of rhythmic variation it succeeds at presenting an extended run-through of various rhythms. As a showcase of something more, of innovation and sound-experimentation, it succeeds at presenting an extended run-through of various rhythms. . . Get the picture? (The picture is in fact yer usual crudely-painted dub album cover in cosmic cartoon Scientist style — tho' nowhere near as funny as the Scientist series.)

Only the last tracks of each side ('Attack On Ganymede' and 'Final Destruction') show much enthusiasm for destroying the invaders. For most of the time, Prince Jammy is content to spray a few bleeps and Martian squeals across the soundtrack. X suggests PJ goes out and pumps an album's worth of royalties into the slots and kicks the dub fixation with sci-fi.

Dub merchants seem content these days to deal only with galactic or cartoon wars and leave yer actual nuclear ones to the DJs when there's subjects three million times more interesting than bad Westerns and unarmed bandits to base track titles on — cartoons are for WALLIES.

As for Prince, he's succeeded at presenting an extended run-through of various rhythms. That's all folks!

X. Moore

SHALAMAR

Friends (Solar)

SHALAMAR RECORD on the Solar label. S.O.L.A.R. stands for The Sound Of Los Angeles Records, and never was a record label so appropriately named.

'Friends' is L.A. on wax. At first glance dazzlingly impressive, yet ultimately shallow. Much like a puddle on the pavement, but with a front-line defence of every distraction imaginable to postpone any questions for as long as possible.

The advance guard on this set is the oily over-production that shows so little confidence in the ability of the artists, it stifles any attempts they make to put a bit of life into what sound like real turkeys.

Pity, because Shalamar have been that label's only credible act in the past. Maybe that was their mistake, and now they're being punished with 'Friends'.

Lloyd Bradley

PRESSURE ON

THE PRESSURE COMPANY

Live In Sheffield 19 Jan 82 (Paradox)

'WAR OF nerves' is an aptly descriptive opening track: echoey voices involved in some form of plea bargaining gradually recede into a static storm of intentionally grating guitars and unwanted surface noise. The listener is never allowed a moment's rest, he is always kept on edge and that's the way he should want it.

The Pressure Company are Cabaret Voltaire's Stephen Mallinder and Richard Kirk, joined by Mancunian noisemaker/guitarist Eric Random and drummer Norty. They briefly rehearsed one afternoon before a benefit concert at Sheffield University in aid of a local boy allegedly wrongfully imprisoned on a drugs charge in Gibraltar. The results heard that night were illegally recorded and later rush-released (with The Company's permission); the proceeds will partly go to his

defence fund, the rest to a civilian hospital in South Poland.

The material they hurriedly compiled is consequently lacking in the usual care the CVs or Random lavish on their official concerts/releases, but it does benefit from the chance meeting of disruptive like minds. In form — not to mention the sleeve design — it's reminiscent of Voltaire's 'Three Mantras': the players improvise and worry away at a central core of quietly relentless rhythms, mostly investing the threatening shapelessness of it all with real purpose and very occasionally forgetting what they're there for.

That said, 'Get Out Of My Face' is the most exciting moment committed to record so far this year, while the final guitar motif — at a guess Random's — accelerating through 'Vitrious China' is the most excitable since Jones' intro to 'Anarchy In The UK'. Unlike his, though, it doesn't fizzle out into easily contained and explained rock contempt, it still stings long after the concert's over. For that little alone The Pressure Company's first and last record is worth the risk.

Chris Bohn



Stephen Mallinder

Pic: Pennie Smith

THOMPSON TWINS

Set (T Records)

THOMPSON TWINS belong to that traditionally English pop sensibility which blends galloping eclecticism with offbeat amiability. Their catholic approach incorporates touches from a wide spectrum of present and past music — from Adam to Brinsley Schwarz to The Move — but the band of which they're consistently reminiscent is XTC. Producer Steve Lillywhite, who worked on 'Drums And Wires' and 'Black Sea', is an influence here, but the fussy, jerky pop that TT favour provides the immediate resemblance.

Where this works well, as on 'Living In Europe' — a virtual rewrite of 'Living Through Another Cuba' — the frantic clatter gives the track its edge: but more often TT arrangements are so downright busy each track fragments into a set of bits and pieces.

What's worse is that Steve Lillywhite tries to circumvent this problem by smoothing out all the rough edges for a kind of false cohesion in blandness. The vocals, admittedly not the band's strongest point, are multi-tracked, echoed, mixed right down, making the lyrics difficult to grasp. Even the Thompsons' renowned love of percussion is reduced to a decorative function,

and that old rock thump retained as the backbone to several songs.

Their reputation for political acumen also left me a mite disappointed with what lyrics I could hear. References to shamen, stepping lightly on the earth, and oil as "fool's gold" hardly constitute an inspired attack on the ills of society. Songs like 'In The Name Of Love', 'Bouncing Ball' and 'Runaway' don't seem to be about much at all, and even the anti-nuke sentiments of 'Living In Europe' are only routinely right-on. At least XTC are sometimes witty.

Not that TT sound like Swindon's finest all the time. 'In The Name Of Love' is diluted Human League, 'Tok Tok' their Afro party piece, while the mysterious 'The Rowe' recalls English '60s psychedelia in curiously effective style. This foraging is mildly amusing, and there are other incidental pleasures to be found in quirky touches like the motor-horns on 'Good Gosh' or the sea-shanty chorus of 'Another Fantasy'. But such titbits don't sustain an LP and, in the end, only highlight the dearth of originality on a broader and far more vital level.

The result is an all-round lack of bite. The Thompsons have nothing distinctive to offer. 'Set' comes across as a pleasant-to-dull LP that, for all its hard work and invention, is still a bit of a bore. Just like an XTC record, after all.

Graham Lock

NO MIRACLES

SMOKEY ROBINSON

Yes It's You Lady (Motown)

THINK OF Smokey and you think of those melodies, those words and that voice. Listen to Smokey at his best and you could be in a certain kind of heaven — words dancing like diamonds, the sharp glittering centrepiece of a finely arranged melodic bouquet and quicksilver vocals that make awe and perfection seem so simple, so accessible.

Smokey was cupid with a magic quill and the golden larynx at the fore of some of the sharpest love songs and classiest dance tunes ever written. In the halcyon days of the '60s they cascaded out — of the moment and for the moment. 'The Miracles Anthology' (a priceless record) bears this out while effortlessly transcending barriers of time and place. It's packed with fully consummated masterpieces which bring an instantaneous euphoric rush but still work on many levels.

The mature, solo Smokey has never lost his very special qualities though his work has been erratic. 1979's 'Warm Thoughts' showed him back on top form, the naivete of his older days had gone but there was a freshness of approach to songs like 'Let Me Be Your Clock' and 'Heavy On Pride' which made you believe he was just beginning to discover and realise his desires and emotions anew.

But most significantly 'Warm Thoughts' was entirely self-produced and mostly self-written. Smokey the total craftsman was back and old glories and superlatives were revived as he created, honed and delivered the songs as only he knew how.

Sadly the public remained largely ignorant of this exuberant re-awakening. To help sales Robinson turned to fabled AOR producer George Tobin and looked to the songwriting partnership of Mike Piccirillo and Gary Goetzman to provide half the songs on the next LP. The plan worked too, securing his first chart topper in several years with the excellent title track 'Being With You'.

The duties and workloads are distributed the same on 'Yes It's You Lady', and basically the problems are the same. Smokey's own compositions carry the warmth and clarity (in one instance at least — 'Are You Still Here' — he has produced a breathtaking classic) where those of Piccirillo / Goetzman fluctuate between cosmetic updates of Smokey's particular stylisms (what they think Smokey should be singing and writing in today's environment) and form-over-content forays into what could liberally be termed progressive black contemporary pop.

Not that we're ever going to endure the spectacle of Smokey coming across as a klutzy disco pooper trying to wipe the floor with young bucks like The Jacksons. No matter how weak the material Smokey never sells himself short.

All the old nuances, the weeps and the ecstatic leaps in his voice still ring out clear and true. The calculation so obviously at work — all concerned seem geared to put the music in a frame of reference where commercial considerations are of primary importance — doesn't detract and probably adds to Smokey's performance.

Robinson views the whole creation, production and delivery of a song not as some

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THIS TIME

kind of spurious 'art' (with all the flatulent pretension that can entail) but as a trade where each link must match up, make sense and ultimately commercial impact. In the '60s there were no worries — his songs, his production and his performances were three-minute symphonies, the sound at the crest of young black America.

Times and styles change, and though the Robinson stamp on a song at each stage of production may still guarantee something marvellous, it no longer guarantees chart entries. The real reason why Smokey isn't firing on all cylinders is because he would be literally bustin' his ass to make sure each song was a surefire winner. They would be just that (it's unthinkable that music of the calibre of 'Warm Thoughts' could go unrewarded for very long, as the success of 'Being You' bore out) but it would be hard work and at 42 the man rightly feels he deserves a rest. As he told Nick Kent recently, "The great thing about working with George and those guys is that I didn't have to do any work."

'Tell Me Tomorrow' starts the record off agreeably enough — it's one of those airy, tight, flowing arrangements which, clocking in at six minutes, long overstates its welcome and soon fatigues its moderately effective riff. In America, and as a topselling import over here, it has inexplicably been chosen as a single rather than the Robinson-penned title track, which is a far more fully-realised and much richer song. Smokey positively revelling in his lucid angel couplets "Fun is magic moments for two it seems / Sharing intimate secret

dreams / Fun is ten more seconds of touchin' / We never seem to get too much in." It's a celebration, a perfect follow-up to 'Being With You' and the LP's most shining example of dignified commercialism.

It's on side two that things get fudged, blandness and lowered perspectives making their unwelcome presence felt on Forest Harisson's drippy 'Destiny' and Richard Williams' 'Merry Go Round'. They are part of a pool of writers apparently employed to write songs for the maestro (a disconcerting task certainly) but these are little more than weak travesties of his old eagle-eyed incision, both disposable and vacuous, with the former hardly improved by a fumbled string arrangement.

No, for the real meat of 'Yes It's You Lady' you have to go for the title track, a gorgeous re-reading of 'I'll Try Something New' (with Robinson taking the song afresh and drawing new feeling and meaning out of it) and the closing track on side one, 'Are You Still Here'. The latter rolls out a rapture of understated splendour, clocking in at just under three minutes like a vintage Miracles song — Robinson at his most effortlessly timeless and beautiful.

It brings to mind Guy Peelaert's classic depiction of Smokey dressed in white and cradling a red rose high up on some dingy tenement block with the inscription from Leiber and Stoller — 'There Is A Rose In Spanish Harlem.' Even today Robinson can relate the divinity and make you realise the validity of the quest like precious few others. I wish he'd just prove it a bit more, but I'm thankful that he proves it at all.

Gravin Martin

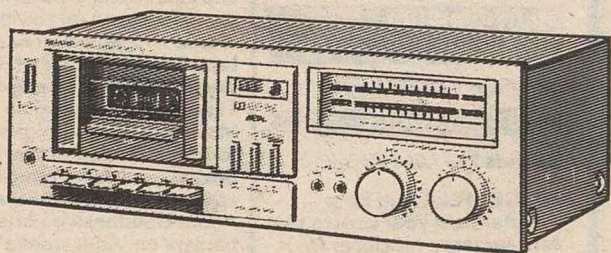


★ Smokey Robinson

Illustration: Ian Wright

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Bad Brains (ROIR cassette)

FLESHTONES

Blast Off! (ROIR cassette)

BLAST OFF the face of the earth! American brains go bad in the night.

These are the latest cassette-only releases from New York's Reachout International, the admirable organisation which has already made available to you the very best rare material from the Dolls, Suicide (both reviewed 2/1/82), Chance and Lunch.

Now, AT LAST, the Bad Brains, the world's only Rastafarian punk band. Of this redoubtable outfit, it must be made clear from the outset that they are not only one of the few great hardcore groups on earth; they are one of the few great groups on earth, full stop. Furthermore, if they

were't black, and fundamentally uncompromising to boot, we'd have had this masterpiece two years ago. 'Bad Brains' is a communion of revolt borne of the most severe alienation and disharmony imaginable. "We don't need your innocent bloodshed/We just wanna end your world!" Quite. Or even more pertinent: "YOUR WORLD IS DOOMED WITH OUR INTEGRATION..."

Their hard songs are assault courses of fits and starts, bumps and bruises, soldered at ghetto temperature by Dr. Know's splintering early Buck Dharma runs up the fretboard and Earl Hudson's sizzling splatter of grill-drilled drums.

'Bad Brains' scours the quotidian plain of clenched fists and snarling lips and makes a mockery of everyone from the Kennedys to Crass. It makes you realise what an



Bad Brains

Pic: Laura Levine

idle mob of pot-bellied slobbs constitute the "punk" battalions of our own fit-for-zeroes country.

This is no Pure Hell, no heavy metal drag race, this is the taking of breath in a night of the long riots. "I like to cram their chivalry inside their

guts", runs a line worthy of the Last Poets: it might equally be a declaration of war on you effete, disintegrated romancers, you angloids of bouffant and Shetland wool. Yea, my friends, justice will raze you to the ground.

Oh, and if you don't know 'Pay To Cum', the Brains' first and only single to date (here included in a different version), suffice to say it is hardcore's 'Fiery Jack', a fanatic's hybrid of punk barrage and rockabilly burble vented through H.R.'s unholy tincture of poison throat mixture, and a novelty anthem of drastic importance. "A peace together/A piece apart/a piece of wisdom from our hearts..."

Bassist Darryl is as great a punk cornerstone as any that spring to mind, kicking off 'The Regulator' like the Captain Sensible of 'Love Song' and running sideways under Earl Hudson's breakneck metal-beating. Dr. Know grafts such atonal knives of heartburn guitar onto this pulverising blaze he could make a headbanger impotent. A live show from these mutant gospel militants would truly be something else, and if, as they say in 'Banned In D.C.', they're "gonna swim across the Atlantic/Coz that's the only place I can go", I hope we may count on an immediate visit. But remember — no jaywalking with this in yah walkman: yow mite jist git yow bad brin split.

It's curious how brutally complete a transplant of the Fleshtones' travelling museum of rock'n'roll nuggets is the Bad Brains' 'Sailin' On', but no matter — the Fleshtones are still the one band with a chance of surviving the stigma of the third New York wave. They have an imminent record release on I.R.S. called 'Roman Gods', but in the meantime here's an LP produced in 1978 by Marty Thau, which for a number of reasons never saw the light of day.

In simplest form, The Fleshtones are a quality reproduction, a reclamation of rights to that illustrious era of offbeat garage pop memorialised in Lenny Kaye's 'Nuggets' compilation.

This aspect is made especially clear by the almost devotional rendering of The Strangeloves' 'Cara-Lin', but the whole album suffers from the overuse of certain artefactual trademarks. Peter Zarembo's harmonica and Chris Montez-style Farfisa are the most overtly conspicuous, but Keith Streng's flinty tremolo guitar is as basic to the sound as anything else.

The single of the time, 'American Beat', is almost too perfect to be true — like a fanzine's signature tune — and other numbers, like 'B.Y.O.B.' or 'Watch Junior Go!' epitomise Zarembo's fully-grasped but redundant appreciation of the genre.

The Fleshtones are a radio-active dream, turning the garage into a club, and the modern downtown coke depot back into a garage. But there's still a stringy line dividing the prototypical club act from the viable album artiste, and it's significant that on another ROIR cassette, 8-Eyed Spy do so much more damage to a similar inheritance.

Making the point better is the version here of Suicide's 'Rocket USA', with Alan Vega himself guesting, which, in one swift shot, all but puts paid to the group's American club dream. "It's nineteen hundred seventy eight, it's doomsday, it's doomsday..."

Barney Hoskyns

THOMPSON TWINS

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Tuesday, March 9th, DURHAM, University
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BOYS KEEP SWINGING

BROTHERHOOD OF BREATH

Yes Please (In And Out)

DUDU PUKWANA

Sounds Zila (Jika Records)

FORGET FELA Kuti for a minute. Turn your ears to two Afro-jazzers a lot closer to home, who've brightened the capital's night life and proved a moving force in modern music for more than a decade.

Pianist Chris McGregor and altoist Dudu Pukwana first came to London in 1965 with The Bluenotes, a band they'd formed in their native South Africa with Johnny Dyani, Mongezi Feza and Louis Moholo. Later, they played together in Brotherhood Of Breath, McGregor's unique big band blend of traditional disciplines and free jazz fervour which galvanised British jazz in the early '70s. McGregor is now based in France, but the latest Brotherhood contains many of his former colleagues, including a formidable brass quartet of Harry Beckett, Mark Charig, Nick Evans and Radu Malfatti.

'Yes Please' is a relaxed, almost mellow, LP on which the title track alone rekindles the kind of joyous full-steam free-for-all that was their trademark back in the days when Evan Parker sat with the horns. But this newly-restrained ensemble work has its own grit and grace and the LP is brimful of

action, thanks partly to a series of pithy solos/duets but mostly to McGregor's superb arrangements, which pitch the reeds and brass through all kinds of invigorating loveplay.

There's a glorious punch and zest to the Brotherhood, pervasive even on the lilting 'Sonia' — a Mongezi Feza tune familiar to fans of Robert Wyatt's 'Ruth Is Stranger Than Richard' — and on McGregor's own poignant 'Uqonda'. Listen to Harry Beckett and John Tchicai get entangled in 'Sea Breeze' or Andre Goudbeek go briefly berserk on 'Andromeda' — 'Yes Please' bristles with vitality and the optimistic spirit sung out by its title.

Dudu Pukwana now fronts his own London-based band, Zila. He doesn't play on 'Yes Please' but is present in spirit on his song 'Duku', to which the Brotherhood pay respectful exuberance. The sense of Brotherly love is maintained by the appearance of four Brothers on his 'Sounds Zila' LP, recorded live at the 100 Club last January.

The result is a sprightly big band Afro-funk, with Pukwana's excitable sax sharing the limelight with Peggy Phango's Xhosa vocals. Trumpeter Harry Beckett is on hand again and his, er, reflective 'Chandeliers And Mirrors' is the LP's most engrossing track, a stately bittersweet meditation that provides a welcome respite from Zila's hustling dancefloor rhythms.

'Yes Please' is the sharper, tighter record; 'Sounds Zila' has the party atmosphere. But what both records share is an abundance of that most meaningful thing — swing!

Graham Lock

BRIXTON SCOOP

Pickett tops big U.S. soul package

FOUR OF America's top soul acts — Wilson Pickett, Sam & Dave, Percy Sledge and Eddie Floyd — come together in a package called 'Double Soul Dynamight' to be presented at London's new Fair Deal venue in Brixton on Sunday, April 11 (all tickets £4). This will be its only London date, though one other show in the North of England is possible.

Pickett has scored a number of UK hits including 'In The Midnight Hour' and 'Hey Jude', and Sam & Dave will be remembered for 'Soul Man' and 'Soul Sister, Brown Sugar' — while Sledge is best known for 'When A Man Loves A Woman', and Floyd for 'Knock On Wood'.

The Fair Deal has postponed its series of "front of house" gigs, which were to have taken place in the theatre's 800-capacity foyer prior to the venue's official opening on March 12, because the decorators are still at work there. But it's likely that the idea will be reinstated later, even after the main auditorium swings into action.

Tickets for all Fair Deal gigs are available from the box-office and usual agents, and they may also be purchased by post. Unless otherwise stated (as in the case of The Jam's concert), the address to write to is Box-Office, Fair Deal Theatre, 211 Stockwell Road, Brixton, London SW9 — Postal Orders only made payable to "Briggs Gigs Ltd.", and enclose SAE.

● Frank Zappa's proposed dates at the Fair Deal are still unconfirmed (March 26-28), though it should be known next week if they're going ahead.

Exploited in tour hitch

THE EXPLOITED have called off their proposed British tour next month, which was on the point of being finalised, due to the departure of their drummer a few weeks ago and the problems they've encountered in finding a replacement. They won't be touring again until May but, in the meantime, they say they'll still be playing two one-off shows — the first being this Sunday's 'Gathering Of The Clans' special at Glasgow Apollo.

The band have announced their other date as a concert at London's Fair Deal in Brixton on March 20, although the venue's spokesman said the booking isn't yet confirmed. A new Exploited single will be issued by Secret Records next month, with their second album to follow.

□ THE THOMPSON TWINS extend their tour into March with gigs at York University (3), Manchester UMIST (4), Nottingham Rock City (5), Durham University (9), Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic (10) and Bristol University.

□ UK DECAY have headliners at Kingston Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Retford Porterhouse (Friday), Manchester Polytechnic (Saturday), London City Polytechnic (March 26) and London Marquee (31). Between times, they're supporting Theatre Of Hate on a number of dates in their tour.

□ THE SCORPIONS have added an extra date to the tail end of their month-long UK tour, at St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum on April 28 — all tickets £4, on sale now. The band's third Harvest album 'Blackout' is now scheduled for April 2 release.

□ JOHN MARTYN plays his first Belfast concert for five years on March 8 when, together with his band, he appears at the Grosvenor Hall. The following day they're in action at Dublin Stadium.

TOUR NEWS



Classix action again in April

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX are returning to the UK concert circuit in mid-April, after ten months of working abroad in 11 different countries, including the States — and after their British dates, they'll be off overseas once again for the rest of the summer. First confirmed date is a big London show at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, on April 17 (tickets on sale now) — and their full provincial schedule will be announced in a week or two. Meanwhile, they have a new single out this weekend through EMI titled 'Is It A Dream', written and produced by Sal Solo. And they've just completed their second album 'La Verite', containing 11 new songs and scheduled for April 5 release.

—and Spandau

SPANDAU BALLET are also going back on the road in the early spring, though they'll be setting out two or three weeks earlier than Classix Nouveaux — we're told that dates are currently being finalised for late March and early April, which hopefully will be announced next week. Meanwhile, the second Spandau album 'Diamond' is being released by Chrysalis on March 12, and it's also being made available on the same day as a limited edition boxed set of 12-inch singles — featuring the eight tracks on the album on four records, and containing special dance mixes.



Morrison in town

VAN MORRISON flies in next month to play a string of four London concerts, as part of a short European tour — they're at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, from Friday to Monday, March 19-22. Tickets are on sale from tomorrow (Friday) priced £7.50 and £6.50, and the promoter is Paul Charles of Asgard. Phonogram have just issued Morrison's new

album 'Beautiful Vision', from which a single 'Cleaning Windows' will be released in mid-March. These will be his first London shows for three years, and his current band comprises Mark Isham (synthesiser and trumpet), Peter Van Hooke (drums), Pete Wingfield (keyboards), David Hayes (bass), Chris Michie (guitar) and Pee Wee Ellis (sax).



B-Movie as big feature

B-MOVIE are playing a string of dates next month to tie in with the release of their long-delayed single 'Nowhere Girl'/'Scare Some Life Into Me', available on Some Bizzare in both 7" and 12". Reason for the hold-up was a contractual wrangle between Some Bizzare and Decca, which has now been resolved in B-Movie's favour — as a result of which they'll have an album out shortly. Newly returned from Europe, the band have added a temporary bassist in the person of Mike Peden, formerly with Everest-The Hard Way. They play Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (March 5), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (9), Bath University (10), Slough Alexandra's (11), London School of Economics (13), Brighton Jenkinsons (14), Manchester Polytechnic (18), Retford Porterhouse (19), Durham University (22), Leeds Polytechnic (25) and Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (26).

300 DAYS TO GO!

Elton to do Xmas dates in London?

ELTON JOHN's long-delayed British tour, originally planned for the last spring, now looks fairly certain to go ahead this coming autumn. NME understands that November and December have been set aside for his UK travels — culminating in six nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon leading up to Christmas Eve.

Although there's still just over 300 days to go until Christmas, this advance information should appease the many readers who've been writing or phoning for news of Elton's activities. There's apparently also talk of the final Christmas Eve show being televised live — not in the traditional *Old Grey Whistle Test* spot, but on the new Channel 4, which starts operating in November.

Essex in UK gigs

DAVID ESSEX is playing a series of cabaret engagements and concerts during the next five weeks — at Manchester Golden Garter (March 1-6), Batley New Frontier (7), Birmingham Night Out (8-13), London Wimbledon Theatre (14), Malvern Winter Gardens (15), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (16), Windsor Blazers (17-20), Portsmouth Guildhall (21), Southampton Gaumont (22), Paignton Festival Theatre (23), Gloucester Leisure Centre (24), Nottingham Commodore (25), Swindon Oasis Centre (27), Bristol Colston Hall (28) and Purfleet Circus Tavern (29-April 3). His new single 'Sweethearts' is set for March 26 release by Mercury, with his next album to follow in May.

Miracles here in spring, and Chi-Lites due

THE MIRACLES arrive next month for a short tour, for which the first confirmed dates are Camberley Lakeside Club (March 21-27), Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club (28) and London Camden Dingwalls (April 1) ... And THE CHI-LITES — with their four original members, featuring Eugene Record — are being lined up for a brief visit, including London Dingwalls on April 21. Both tours are promoted by Henry Sellers.

BEN E. KING is not now coming for a solo tour in April. Apparently, he has re-joined The Drifters for their UK tour starting in late May, being set up by the Derek Block Agency. This follows the departure of Johnny Moore and Clyde Brown to form their own group, Slightly Adrift — who will be touring here shortly for Sellers.

□ SECOND IMAGE promote their current Polydor single 'Fall In Love' at Haywards Heath Taverners (March 5), London Catford Saxon Tavern (6), Swindon Brunel Rooms (12), Glasgow Joanna's (14), Gateshead Wheelers Club (15), Liverpool venue to be set (16) and Trowbridge Cascades (20). They also support Maze at London Hammersmith Odeon on March 22 and 23.

□ MARI WILSON & The Imaginations have extra gigs at Norwich East Anglia University (March 2), Derby Blue Note (4), Glasgow Night Moves (5), Edinburgh Nite Club (6), London Mile End Queen Mary College (10), Aberystwyth University (12) and Cardiff University (13).

□ SLADE have made two changes in their upcoming UK tour schedule — Dundee Caird Hall (March 27) is newly booked, but Bradford St. George's Hall (28) is cancelled.

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CIVIC HALL, WOLVERHAMPTON WEDNESDAY 14th APRIL 7.30 pm. Tickets £4.00. Available from B/O Tel: 0902 28482

DE MONTFORT HALL, LEICESTER FRIDAY 16th APRIL 7.30 pm. Tickets £4.00. Available from B/O Tel: 0533 544444

CITY HALL, SHEFFIELD SATURDAY 17th APRIL 7.30 pm. Tickets £4.00, £3.50, £3.00. Available from B/O Tel: 0742 735295

GAUMONT THEATRE, SOUTHAMPTON MONDAY 19th APRIL 7.30 pm. Tickets £4.00, £3.50, £3.00. Available from B/O Tel: 0703 29772

GAUMONT THEATRE, IPSWICH TUESDAY 20th APRIL 7.30 pm. Tickets £4.00. Available from B/O Tel: 0473 53641

MARC & MAMBAS BY POST

● The long-awaited Marc & The Mambas 12-inch single (the Marc in question being he of Soft Cell) is being sold direct to the public by mail order, avoiding middle men and retailers. As reported in our first issue of 1982, the titles are 'Sleeze (Take It Shake It)', 'Fun City' and 'Taking It And Shaking It'. To acquire a copy, send £1.50 (plus 50p postage and packing) to Some Bizzare Label, 17 St Anne's Court, Wardour Street, London W.1. Also enclose a 15½p SAE for the return of your money, in the event of all stocks being sold.

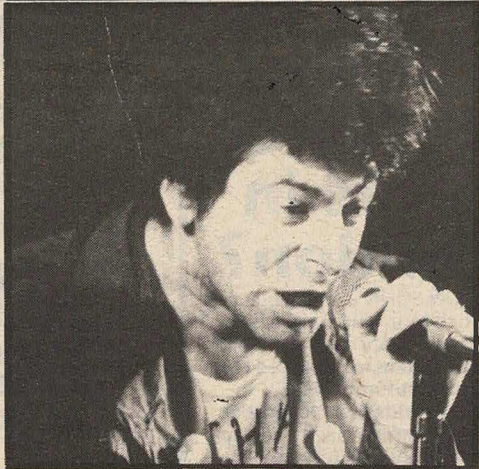
● There are two new releases from Rough Tapes, the cassette arm of Rough Trade. The first is 'Beyond Jazz Funk' — T.C. Psychic Rally In Heaven' by the defunct **Throbbing Gristle**, recorded at their final major London show at Charing Cross Heaven. The second is 'Din Glorious' by **Virgin Prunes**, the fourth part of their seven-part treatise 'A New Form Of Beauty', recorded live in Dublin last November.

● The Go-Go's have a picture disc single issued by A&M this weekend titled 'Automatic' with 'Tonight' as the coupling. It's taken from their current debut album 'Beauty And The Beat'.

● Liberty are mounting a major promotional campaign to tie in with the March 12 release of their album 'James Bond Greatest Hits', comprising 20 tracks from the various 007 films — and among artists performing the main themes are **Paul McCartney & Wings**, **Shirley Bassey**, **Carly Simon**, **Tom Jones**, **Nancy Sinatra**, **Lulu**, **Louis Armstrong** and **Sheena Easton**, with the original Bond theme also featured. One of the tracks, 'Nobody Does It Better' by Carly Simon, is reissued as a single by Elektra the same day — this is because the Bond film from which it comes *The Spy Who Loved Me* has its first TV showing on March 28.

● The Shadows' 1960 No 1 hit 'Apache' re-appears this week performed by **The Sugarhill Gang** — a vocal version on the A-side, coupled with an instrumental treatment. It's on the Sugarhill label, with distribution by PRT.

● Virgin have put together a collection of rapping tracks from New York and Philadelphia, which they've given the inspired title of 'Rap Tracks'. It's out on March 5 as two 45rpm discs, and among acts featured are **Frankie Smith**, **Count Coolout** and **The Treacherous Three**.



Harper: first solo LP

CHARLIE HARPER, long-time linchpin of the UK Subs, has his first solo album released this weekend — titled 'Stolen Property', it's on the Flicknife label, with distribution through Pinnacle. It's described as "an anti-concept album, a real shot of rock 'n' roll with no bullshit", and it includes such classics as 'Oh Yeah', 'Pills' and 'Hey Joe', plus some of Harper's own compositions and a version of 'Femme Fatale' with vocal by Rachel of Dolly Mixture. Among musicians on the LP are **Tony Conway** of **Mood Six**, **Pete Davies** (ex-UK Subs and now with **The Tearjerkers**) and another ex-Subs man **Steve Slack**.

● 'Baby Makes Her Blue Jeans Talk'/'The Turn On' is the new single from **Dr. Hook**, issued by Mercury this weekend. Both tracks are from their upcoming album 'Players In The Dark', due out shortly.

● The title track from the hit **Quincy Jones** album 'The Dude' is released as an A&M single this weekend, backed by two tracks from the same LP, 'Just Once' and '100 Ways'.

RECORD NEWS

Jam's gift to you

THE JAM's new LP 'The Gift', certain to be nominated by the critics as one of the albums of the year, is set for March 12 release by Polydor. It comes in a candy striped bag and has an "extra special" picture label. Running order of titles is **Happy Together**, **Ghosts**, **Precious**, **Just Who Is The 5 O'Clock Hero**, **Trans-Global Express**, **Running On The Spot**, **Circus**, **The Planner's Dream Goes Wrong**, **Carnation**, **Town Called Malice** and **The Gift**. Additional musicians on the set are **Steve Nichol** (trumpet) and **Keith Thomas** (sax). The album's design and art direction are by **Paul Weller**.

● **Jeremy Thomas**, co-head of the now-defunct **Criminal Records**, re-surfaces with a new label called **Battersea Records**. First signing is **Dantzone**, the band formed by ex-Curved Air keyboard man **Andrew McCrorie Shand**, and their first single 'Looking Through Your Eyes' is out this weekend.

● The new **Chas & Dave** single, out on Towerbell this week, couples 'Ain't No Pleading You' and 'Give It Some Stick Mick'. They're currently being lined up for a 40-date UK tour starting in the early spring, details to follow shortly.

● **Red Lightnin' Records** are going ahead with the release of a new **Tommy Tucker** album in April, despite the singer's death last month. The label is also planning a memorial compilation of his singles later in the year.

● **The Human Condition** — **Jah Wobble**, **Animal** and **Jim Walker** — release another cassette of live material this week. Titled 'Live In Europe', it contains four tracks recorded last November, and should retail for around £3.

● **Chris Stein** of **Blondie** is launching his own label called **Animal Records**. Initial releases will be by relatively unknown acts, including 'Secret Spy' by **Walter Steddy** and 'My Girl' by **The Bratties** — but plans are afoot involving several bigger names, among them **Iggy Pop** and **James White**.

● **Aura Records** have signed **Newcastle band Placebo** and release their debut single 'Paying Homage', to be followed shortly by an album titled 'England's Trance'. The same label will issue the **Lee Fardon** album 'The God Given Right' in April.

● **Levi Dexter & The Ripchords** have a single out on Fresh Records this week titled 'Get So Excited', produced by **Richard Gottfeller** of **Blondie** fame. Currently living in the States (where he got married last week), Essex-born Dexter hopes to be playing some British dates next month.

● 'End Of The Day' is the new single from **Atomic Rooster**, issued this week by Polydor. The B-side is 'Living Underground', and there's a bonus track on the 12-inch version — a new recording of their 1971 hit 'Tomorrow Night'.

● **Reggae Regular**, who've now reverted to their original name after brief spells as **The Regulars** and **Rebel Regulars**, have their new single 'House Party' issued by Greensleeves this weekend. It features a guest appearance by **Clint Eastwood** — whereas their last single 'Jah Love', back in June '81, featured his partner **General Saint**.

● Five-piece electro dance group **Stolen Pets** have signed to **Carrere Records**, and will have their first single 'Women In Cars' released in early April.

● **Polly Brown**, who was lead singer in the original line-up of hit group **Pickettywitch**, releases her new single 'I'll Never Be The Same' on **Witch Records** this week.

● **Huang Chung** have their debut album issued by **Arista** on March 5, with their name as its title. One the same date and label comes the **Dave Edmunds** single 'Warmed Over Kisses (Left Over Love)' — it's taken from his self-produced album 'D.E.7', due out the following week.

● Canadian singer-composer **Eddie Schwartz** has his debut LP 'No Refuge' issued by **Atco** this weekend, with a single titled 'All Our Tomorrows' to follow early next month.

● 'It's Good News Week' by **Hedgehoppers Anonymous**, written and produced by **Jonathan King**, was a Top Five hit in 1965. At the end of last year, it suddenly re-appeared in a TV advert for Guinness. As a result, it's reissued this weekend by **EMI**.

● **Billy Bremner**, well known for his contribution to the now defunct **Rockpile**, has his second **Stiff** single issued this weekend — titled 'When Laughter Turns To Tears', it was written by Bremner and ex-Kursaal drummer **Will Birch**.

● 'Masquerade'/'Fantasy' is the new **Sky** single, issued by **Arista** on March 5. As already reported, their album 'Sky 4' comes out three weeks later.

● With his second solo single 'One Voice' just out, **EMI** have scheduled **John Watts'** album 'One More Twist' for May 7 release.



● Session singer and musician **Chris Britton** has his own debut single out this weekend on **Logo** (through **RCA**). It's the self-penned 'One Nine For A Lady Breaker', produced by **Peter Collins**, best-known for his work with **Matchbox** and **Alvin Stardust**.

● **Charge**, who describe themselves as "the archetypal political punk band", have a four-track EP out this weekend on **Kamera Records** (through **Stage One**). It's called 'Destroy The Youth' and, in addition to the title track, it features 'No One Knows', 'Can I Go To Heaven Now?' and 'Absolution'.

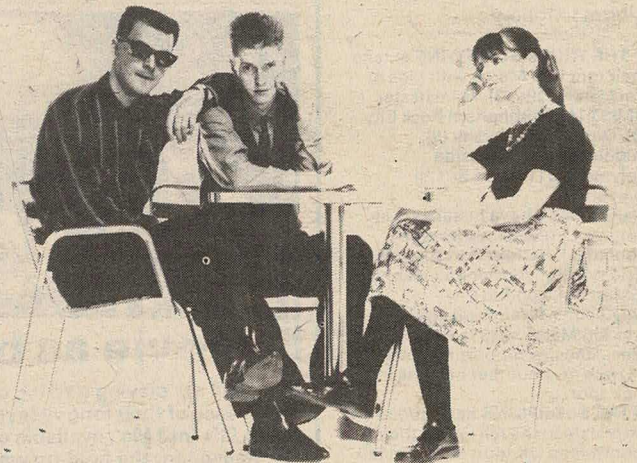
Clap hands, here comes Charly

CHARLY RECORDS, who issued 15 albums and a boxed set last month, have scheduled another 17 albums for February release — which isn't bad for a small independent company with a staff of seven! Ten of these LPs mark the launch of a new reissue series called **See For Miles**, drawn from the vaults of **EMI** and licensed to Charly by that company — the albums concerned are by **Shane Fenton & The Fontones**, **The Pretty Things**, **The Fourmost**, **Manfred Mann**, **Peter & Gordon**, **Billy J. Kramer & The Dakotas**, **Cliff Bennett & The Rebel Rousers**, **Simon Dupree & The Big Sound**,

John Barry Seven and the **George Martin Orchestra**.

Then come four 16-track compilations devoted to the "Southern soul" of the mid-to-late '60s and '70s — called 'Sehorn's Soul Farm', 'Stan's Soul Shop', 'SSS Soul Survey' and 'Southern Soul Belles' — plus a **Lee Dorsey** LP called 'All Ways Funky'. British rocker **Dave Taylor** is showcased on 'Jive Jive Jive', and **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers** have a ten-inch album out called 'Teddy Jive'. In addition to all these, **Nine Simone** has a four-track ten-inch EP on release.

WEEKEND STARTS HERE



WEEKEND — featuring **Alison Statton**, who was vocalist with the now-disbanded **Young Marble Giants** — have signed a multiple record deal with **Rough Trade**, and will have two singles and an album released in the next six months. The first single, out this weekend in both 7" and 12", is a double A-sider coupling 'The View From Her Room' and 'Leaves Of Spring'. Joining Alison in the line-up are **Simon Booth** and **Spike**, and the trio have a showcase date at **London Victoria The Venue** on April 1 when — as on the single — they'll be joined by a full horn section.

MORE RECORD NEWS: PAGE 43

INTERNATIONAL MUSIC SHOW

OPEN TILL LATE and SUNDAY

See **ADAM ANT** at the **GRAND PUBLIC OPENING SATURDAY 13** 7 p.m. till 11 p.m. £4.00

SUNDAY 14 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. £2.00
MON/WED 15/16/17 12 noon till 11 p.m. £2.00
THURSDAY 18 12 noon till 10 p.m. £2.00

TRADE ONLY HOURS, MON/THUR 15/16/17/18 9 a.m. till 12 noon £4.00
Trade Ticket valid all Day
ADMIT ONCE ONLY

Monday 15th Rock & Roll night starring **Bowling Balls** of **Elvis** the Musical Fame & the **Confederates**
JIVE COMPETITION WIN A CRATE OF CHAMPAGNE

PROJECT EAR FOUNDATION WIN A VW GOLF

See all Different Aspects of the music industry under one roof at

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Please rush me ... Tickets @ £2
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telephone 01-240 2245
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01-902 1234

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IT'S
ABOUT
TIME!

ENTER THESE
EXCITING
COMPETITIONS

WIN WIN WIN
DAILY MIRROR POP CLUB
CASIO PRIZES

701 Full Size Keyboard
value £555.00
MT 46 value £125.00
+ Calculators & watches

MORE COMPETITIONS
FENDER PRIZES

WIN A FENDER STRATOCASTER
WIN A FENDER TWIN REVERB AMP
WIN A FENDER RHODES PIANO

Saturday 13th
Hot Gossip & Special Guests
at Wembley Grand Hall £3 &
£4 tickets available from
Wembley Box Office &
Premier Box Office & IMS
Beatstar Box Office

Clinics & Personal Appearances by
Sunday: Drum Day Cozy Powell
Monday: Guitar and Nine Below Zero
Amps Psychedelic Furs
Tuesday: Modern Brian Sharp
Keyboard & Patrick Moraz
Synthesizer Dave Stuart
Wednesday: P.A. and Split Rivitt
Home Rec. The Polecats
Thursday: Band Equip. Sunny Wright
& many many more Aswad
Peter Ind

16 MARCH
Kennedy St Entepizes
in conjunction with
INTERNATIONAL MUSIC SHOW
& CAPITAL RADIO PRESENT
10 CC LIVE
IN CONCERT
By separate Ticket
WEMBLEY BOX OFFICE
from usual main agents

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 25th February (Adm £1.50)
EXPERIMENTS WITH ICE
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Friday 26th February (Adm £2.00)
JACKIE LYNTON
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 27th February (Adm £2.00)
THE 45's
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Sunday 28th February (Adm £2.00)
Scrat Extravaganza
CHRON-GEN
Hollywood Killers & Jerry Floyd

Monday 1st March (Adm £2.00)
JOHN WATTS
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Tuesday 2nd March (Adm £2.00)
720
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 3rd March (Adm £1.50)
TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Thursday 4th & Friday 5th February (Adm £2.50)
MAGNUM
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Hamburgers & other hot & cold snacks available

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

OUTLAW and FRONTLINE ENTS present

The Fall

BIRTHDAY PARTY

+ SPECIAL GUESTS

THURSDAY 25th MARCH

7.30pm
ALL TICKETS £3.50
TICKETS FROM BOX OFFICE AND USUAL AGENTS

THE GREYHOUND

175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 25th February £1.25
AMAZON
+ Competition

Friday 26th February £1.50
THE GAS
+ The Zoo

Saturday 28th February £1.50
NIGHTDOCTOR
+ The Creamies

Sunday 28th February £1.00
GUY JACKSON
+ Boy Meets Girl

Monday 1st March £1.25
THE CARDINALS
+ Idle Flowers

Tuesday 2nd March £1.25
THE PINK UMBRELLAS
TALES OF TOY MUSEUM
+ Wet Paint Theatre Co

Wednesday 3rd March £1.50
JOHN WATTS ex Fischer Z
+ Trade Secret

University London Union SU

Malet Street, London WC1

URBAN SHAKEDOWN

ANIMAL MAGIC · DIVERSEN

on FRIDAY 26th FEBRUARY
£2.00 adv. £2.50 door

MCP presents

The Jam

BRIXTON FAIR DEAL
MONDAY 15th MARCH 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £4.50 Available by post only to: MCP Ltd, P.O. Box 124, Walsall West Midlands, WS5 4AP.
enclose P.O. and S.A.E. N.B. No cheques and Alexandra Pavilion Sold Out

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

Derek Block presents

PICBAC

THE BELLE STARS

Mouth

TUESDAY 16th MARCH 7.30pm
All tickets £3.25
FROM BOX OFFICE 01-748-2812 KEITH PROWSE: LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
PREMIER BOX OFFICE: AND ALL USUAL AGENTS

DINGWALLS

CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM RD, LONDON NW1 01 267 4967

Thursday 25th £2.50
Celebration night with
TENPOLE TUDOR
NEW SINGLE
'Let the four winds blow'
Supported by the Helicopters

Friday 26th £3.30
LARRY WALLIS & THE PORK TORPEDOES
PLUS THE ACT

Saturday 27th £3.30
S.A.L.T.
Supported by De Metros

Monday 1st £1.75
SCARLET & THE O'HARAS,
MARILLION, BAD DETECTIVE

Tuesday 2nd £2.25
JOOLS HOLLAND AND HIS MILLIONAIRES

Wednesday 3rd £3.50
Reggae Special with
RANKING DREAD
Supported by Accush

Thursday 4th £2.50
NICK GARVEY
(ex Motors)

COMING SOON
BO DIDDLEY
Sun Mar 7 7-11.30 pm
MARTHA & THE VANDELLAS
Thur Mar 18

100 CLUB

100 Oxford St W1
Friday 26th February 8.30 - 1 am

THE G.B. BLUES COMPANY

featuring Root Jackson
plus **DANA GILLESPIE BAND**
£2.00 JSC/100 Club £3.00 others

KINGS HEAD

4 Fulham High St, SW6 736 1413

Thursday 25th February £1.00
BASILS BALLS UP BAND

Friday 26th February £1.50
SAM MITCHELL BAND

Saturday 27th February £1.50
LITTLE SISTER

Sunday 28th February £1.00
RYE & THE QUATERBOYS

Monday 1st March £1.00
GINGER + Stringray

Tuesday 2nd March £1.00
MUSIC MANIFOLD
featuring Paul Brett

Wednesday 3rd March
Phone for details

TO ADVERTISE RING

01-261 6153

TONY BURNETTS and DICK TEE present

OK JIVE

plus KID KHAKI and the KARAOJOS

TICKETS £1.75 advance
£2.25 on door
Box Office 607 4492

FRIDAY 26th FEB.
8pm-MIDDLESEX POLY-Hendon

Polytechnic of North London Students Union presents

ORANGE JUICE

+ DISLOCATION DANCE

Friday February 26th
Holloway Rd Theatre 8-11.30
Polytechnic of North London Adm £3.00
Tickets available from Rough Trade, Honky Tonk & Bonaparte (Kings Cross)

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

OUTLAW PRESENTS

JUDIE TZUKE

MONDAY 24th MAY
7.30pm
TICKETS £4.50 £4.00 £3.50
FROM BOX OFFICE KEITH PROWSE: PREMIER BOX OFFICE:
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

HOPE & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 24th February £1.00
THE YA-YA's

Thursday 25th February £1.00
TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS

Friday 26th February £1.25
MOTOR BOYS MOTOR

Saturday 27th February £1.25
THE GAS

Sunday 28th February £1.25
DEKE LEONARD

Monday 1st March £1.00
STUDIO 2

Tuesday 2nd March £1.00
TILT
(Ex Cobras, ex Count Bishops)

Wednesday 3rd March £1.00
KEES HARTLEY BAND

THE Venue

160-162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB
Tel 828 9441

Doors open 7.30pm
Main Band on at 9.30pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 25th February £3.00
ORANGE JUICE
+ China Crisis
+ Jangalettes

Friday 26th February £3.00
REVILLOS

Saturday 27th February £3.00
THE INMATES

Monday 1st March £2.50
THE PASSIONS
+ Carmel + Liquidisers

Tuesday 2nd March £2.50
THE COLAHS
+ EDDIE CAPONES
TREATMENT
+ MOVING PICTURES

Wednesday 3rd March £2.00
MAXIMUM JOY
+ Mouth
+ The Escape

Thursday 4th March £3.00
SPIZZ — ENERGI

COMING SOON

Friday 5th March £3.00
BIRTHDAY PARTY

Saturday 6th March £3.00
BUZZ

Sunday 7th March £3.50
Sunday Comedy Capers with
CHRIS LANGHAM, ARNOLD BROWN
HEE BEE GEE BEES + BEN ELTON
QUEEN IDA AND THE BON

Wednesday 10th March £3.50
TEMPS ZYDECO BAND

Thursday 11th & Friday 12th March £4.00
TOOTS & THE MAYTALS

Wednesday 17th March £2.50
MORRISEY MULLEN
Cheques not acceptable

100 CLUB

100 Oxford Street, W1

Thursday 25th February
Live Reggae
BEATROOTS

Tuesday 2nd March
CHELSEA DEFECTS
VICTIMS OF PESTILENCE

BASEMENT BAR

Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith W6

Thursday 25th February £1.50
Floss Rock Show
HUNTER

Friday 26th February £1.50
GATECRASHERS
+ Wet Paint Theatre Co
+ Whispered Pleasure

Saturday 27th February £1.50
Rescheduled Date
FLESH FOR LULU
+ Duplicity's Last Dance

Sunday 28th February £1.00
THE GASH
+ Support

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB

19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1 Phone 468287

Thursday 25th February
THE BUREAU

Thursday 4th March
THE METEORS

Monday 8th March
ORANGE JUICE

Friday 12th March
PETE SHELLEY

Late bar 9 - 2 am

MOONLIGHT — STARLIGHT

100 West End Lane — West Hampstead Tube
Sundays 7.30 — 10.30

Thursday 25th February £1.50
SAD AMONGST STRANGERS
+ Ya Ya's

Friday 26th February £1.75
THE WALL
+ London Secret

Saturday 27th February £1.75
CUDDLY TOYS
+ Some Coma

Sunday 28th lunchtime 12-2 free adm
LOT 49

Sunday 28th February £1.50
ADICTS
+ Action Pact

Monday 1st March £1.50
MANRAY
+ Miracle

Tuesday 2nd March £1.50
PAINT
+ Hungry Joe

Wednesday 3rd March £1.50
LOT 49
+ Things in Bags

Thursday 25th February £1.50
THE GROUP
+ The Escorts

Friday 26th February £1.50
XENA ZEROX

Saturday 27th February £1.50
PALACE
+ MARILLION

Monday 1st March £1.00
NEW BAND NIGHT
THE STOOLS
+ Innervation

Tuesday 2nd March £1.00
NEW BAND NIGHT
FEAR
+ The News

Wednesday 3rd March £1.00
DUPHORIAS LAST DANCE
+ The Blind Venetians

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

STAR
296 LONDON RD.
CROYDON

Open 7 nights
a week
Phone
01-684 1360

Thursday 25th February £1.00
S.A.L.T.
The occasional blues, featuring
LITTLE STEVIE SMITH, harmonica,
player to the greats

Friday 26th February £1.00
THE O - 1
BAND
+ English Rogues

Sunday Lunchtime Free Adm
HERSHY
AND THE
12-BARS

Sunday 28th February £1.00
LONDON
APACHES
+ Extras

Tuesday 2nd March £1.00
FRUIT
EATING
BEARS

Wednesday 3rd March £1.00
MONOLITH
+ Krysis

BRIGHTON ROCK PRESENTS

RIP RIG & PANIC

Sunday 28th February

7.30pm £2.50

JENKINSONS, KINGSWEST, SEAFRONT, BRIGHTON.

TICKETS FROM JENKINSONS, VIRGIN RECORDS, FINERECORDS (WORTHING), & ATTRIX RECORDS.

THE ANGEL
on Lambeth Walk SE11
01-735 4309
(Lambeth North Tube)

Friday 26th February £1.00
BABY 'N' THE MONSTERS

Saturday 27th February £1.00
THE FLAT TOPS + Perry & the Gook

Sunday 28th February £1.00
THIS ISSUE + Hiss the Villain

Monday 1st March £1.00
FIGURES OF FUN

Wednesday 3rd March £1.00
MIDNITE MOVIE

Thursday 4th March £1.00
THE FROGS
(formerly the Crewsey Fixers)

Friday 5th March £1.00
RED BEANS AND RICE
Please telephone The Angel
to confirm all gigs

the beet bop club

PINSKI
ZOO

THE BIG
COMBO

fri
26 feb

602 1623
42 GLOUCESTER AVE NW1
CAMDEN TOWN: 8pm £1.80

THE OLD VIC
WATERLOO ROAD LONDON SE1
Derek Block presents

JOHN COOPER CLARKE
AND
LINTON KWESI JOHNSON

SAT.6th/SUN.7th MARCH 7.30pm

ALL TICKETS 3.50 AVAILABLE FROM OLD VIC AND ALL USUAL AGENTS

THE GREYHOUND
906 High Road,
Chadwell Heath, Essex
nearest B/R Goodmayes or
Chadwell Heath.
No 98 Night Bus to Central
London

Thursday 25th February £1.00
8pm - 12pm
Mod Night
007
+ The Reaction

Friday 26th February £1.50
8pm - 12pm
STRAY
+ The Next

Saturday 27th February £1.50
8pm - 12pm
Heavy Rock

ROY WEARDS LAST POST
+ Triarchy

Sunday 28th February £1.00
8pm - 10.30pm
ERAZERHEAD

Monday 1st March £1.00
8pm - 12pm
Heavy Rock
T. 34
+ Dawn Trader

Tuesday 2nd March £1.00
8pm - 12pm
60'S NORTHERN
SOUL DISCO

Wednesday 3rd March £1.00
8pm - 12pm
CHEMICAL ALICE
+ Ready Rubbed

Thursday 4th March £1.00
8pm - 12pm
THE STRIPES
+ The Notleys

TO
ADVERTISE
IN THIS
SECTION
RING 01-261 6153

BROADWAY
Clarendon Hotel,
Hammersmith Broadway W6

Opening Night
Monday 1st March £1.00

DANSE
SOCIETY
+ Dark Design

Tuesday 2nd March
RITUAL
+ Boy Meets Girl

THE BLUE NOTE
14a Sadler Gate, Derby.

Thursday 25th February
PINSKI ZOO

Saturday 27th February
ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE

Wednesday 3rd March
NEW ORDER

Thursday 4th March
MARI WILSON
+ THE IMAGINATIONS

Thursday 11th March
SHAKATAK

Saturday 13th March
PETE SHELLEY

Tuesday 16th March
COUSIN JOE from New Orleans

Thursday 18th March
KEVIN COYNE

Thursday 25th March
BLUE RONDO A LA TURK

Every Saturday - DANCE NIGHT - HI-ENERGY - HI-FASHION -
DISCO-TECH - WITH THE HARDEST & NEWEST DANCING
SOUNDS 9pm-2am Tickets for live dances from RE-CORDS,
Derby, Selectaids Nottingham and The Blue Note.
Tel Derby (0332) 42569

the dance club

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

FEBRUARY
28 Depeche Mode
28 Anti-Nowhere League

MARCH
2 Blackfoot
4 Emmylou Harris
5 The Fall
6 Mike Harding
7 Bo Diddley
10, 11 10cc
12 UB40
14 Theatre of Hate
15 Dave Edmunds
16 Pigbag
18 Buddy Rich
20 Iron Maiden
22, 23 Maze
25 XTC
26-29 Motorhead
28 Thompson Twins
31 Haircut 100

APRIL
4 Anti-Pasti
4 Mighty Diamonds
7 Elkie Brooks
9-12 Country Music Festival
11, 12 Carole King
17 Classix Nouveaux
21, 22 Miles Davis
21, 22, 23 Sky
23 Scorpions
30 Meatloaf

MAY
2 Shakatak
3-9 Status Quo
4 Gladys Knight
17 Nick Lowe
24 Judie Tzuke
27, 28, 29 Ry Cooder
30 Level 42

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED.
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME.
SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

SCAMPS
Oxford Monday 1st March

ORANGE
JUICE

Dislocation Dance
£3.00

THE BRUNEL KINGDOM
Brunel University S.U. Ents presents

'82 AND RESPONDING

DOLLY
MIXTURE
+ THE RIMSHOTS
+ THE QUESTIONS

SUNDAY 28th FEBRUARY
Tickets 75p

BAR AVAILABLE TO CLUB MEMBERS
NEAREST TUBE UXTON ROAD, TWO MILES;
TICKETS FROM S.U. KINGTON LANE,
ALSO FROM PETE'S GIG SHOP HIGH ST. UXTON

101 CLUB
101 St John's Hill, SW1
233 8309

Thursday 25th February £1.00
THE ODD BAND

Friday 26th February £1.50
THE HAMSTERS

Saturday 27th February £1.50
THE MARINES
+ KING KURT

Sunday 28th February £1.00
SOMA COMA
+ Plain Characters

Monday 1st March £1.00
LOST LOVED ONES

Tuesday 2nd March £1.00
RED SHIFT
+ STANDARD DEVIATION

Wednesday 3rd March £1.00
SLY DEVICE

Derek Block presents

FASHION

Plus Special Guests
GINA X
Monday 1st March at 10pm

at *Heaven* the Arches, Villiers St WC2

all tickets £3.00 available in advance from Rough Trade, Honky Tonk, L.T.B, Keith
Prowse & usual agents. Also on night. Over 18's only.

DIVERSEN at the BARRACUDA
1 BAKER St, W1 (903 2062)

MONDAY 1st MARCH

WAY
OF THE
WEST
+ SURPRISE

MONDAY 8th MARCH

PRIVATE
LIVES
+ DANGEROUS
BANANAS

The best dance music in town spun by Parody
75 — "a double act"

Mike
HARDING

DOMINION
THEATRE
SATURDAY,
6 MARCH AT 8pm
TICKETS £5.50, £4.50 & £3.50
FROM THEATRE BOX OFFICE,
TEL: 01-580 9562
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
AND KEITH PROWSE

B'n B presents

CRASS
+ Flux of Pink Indians
+ Dirt
+ Annie Anxiety

Saturday February 27th,
7.30

Northampton Roadmenders, Ladys Lane, nr Bus Stn
29179 51307

WASTED
YOUTH
+ Support

Saturday March 13th, 8pm
Tickets £2.00 adv

Please phone before setting out, check
but avoiding major disasters here is:

WHAT'S ON AT THE
ROCKGARDEN

THE FORCE
THU.25. Co-Piloted by DEKE LEONARD
& SEAN TYLA. Expect a fierce delivery of
50's rock & late 60's West Coast Psychedelia.

LEE KOSMIN
FRI.26. City Funk & White Soul from
singer/songwriter/survivor, Kosmin, who's
amiable on-stage manner & evident pleasure
in his music are agreeably infectious.

THE TROGGS
SAT.27. The very same who rocked the
world with such articulate poems as 'WILD
THING', 'GIRL LIKE YOU' and 'I CAN'T CONTROL MYSELF'
SUN.28. BABYLON REBELS - THE RHYTHM TRANCE
MON.29. DAUGHTER + MY SOUL + BARRAGE
TUE.30. MIDNIGHT MOVIE + SEVEN + TECHNICAL
SCREEN IT
WED.3. Soul/Funk outfit who turn in a fine
set of dance music in a certain + SURFING
SPECIAL VIDEO SHOW with
THE GAS
THU.4.FEB. Live and on film plus
Lots more mega stars.

THE DOORS OPEN 7.30. IN LATE, EXCEPT
SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30. HILL 2. REAL ALE AND
COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18.
OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30. M.HILL D.A.M.
MOST DRUGS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF
KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN
PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 634 1121
PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 210 5101

Cinemas

Scala
CLUB
CINEMA

KINGS CROSS 278 0052 / 0051

Thursday 25th February
DEVIL GIRLS FROM MARS
4.40 7.05
+ FIRE MAIDENS FROM OUTER SPACE
6.00 8.30

Friday 26th February
MEAN STREETS
3.25 7.00
+ FINGERS
1.50 5.25 9.00
11.30 All night
DEAN / BRANDO

Saturday 27th February
ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW
1.00 4.20 7.40
+ PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE
2.40 6.00 9.00
+ SILVER STREAK
+ ROCKY HORROR
+ PHANTOM OF PARADISE
+ BEYOND THE VALLEY OF DOLLS

Sunday 28th February
1.00 STORY OF THE CRYSTAL HEART
3.30 6.00 8.30 PURE HEART

Monday 1st March
IN THE REALM OF SENSES
1.00 3.00 5.00 7.00 9.00

Tuesday 2nd March
Film Noir:
FEAR OF THE NIGHT 4.20 8.15
THE WINDOW 2.00 7.00
+ DEADLINE AT DAWN 1.35 6.35 9.30

Wednesday 3rd March
Meatloaf, Alice Cooper, Blondie in
ROADIE 3.10 7.10
+ Dylan in
THE LAST WALTZ 5.00 9.00

Thursday 4th March
ERAZERHEAD
1.15 4.25 7.35
+ UNION CITY
2.50 6.00 9.10

01-373
5898 OPENS 25 FEB

Paris Pullman

TAXI
ZUM KL.

Plus
ICA
CINEMA
to
4 MARCH

A FILM BY
FRANK RIPPLOH

ROCK CITY
TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel. 0602 412544

Open 8pm - 2am

Friday 26th February £2.50 Adv
FASHION
+ Gina X

Friday 5th March £2.50 Adv
THOMPSON
TWINS

Thursday 11th March £3.00 Adv
HAIRCUT
100

Wednesday 17th March £3.00 adv
JOHN COOPER-CLARKE
+ LINTON KWESI JOHNSON

Must be over 18 years of age or over. Tickets from Rock City Box Office,
Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — RE Cords, Derby — Revolver,
Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, The Box Office,
Lincoln — or by post from ROCK CITY. PLEASE ENCLOSE SAE.

Thursday 18th March £3.00 Adv
DAVE
EDMUNDS
+ The dB's

Friday 26th March £3.00 Adv
9 BELOW
ZERO

Friday 16th April £3.50 Adv
JUDIE
TZUKE

Wednesday 5th May £3.00 Adv
NICK LOWE

ABC West End Film Guide EMI

0001 & 2 SHAFTESBURY AVE.

Sep Pers SEATS BKBLE last perf.
Mon-Fri. all wknd perfs. Bar, pkg nearby

1: **RAGTIME** (AA)
Wk & Sun: 1.30, 4.30, 7.50
Late show Sat. 10.55

2: **MONTY PYTHON'S**
LIFE OF BRIAN (AA)
Wk. 2.15, 7.15 Sun: 4.0, 7.30

ABC 0234 & 5 FULHAM RD.

Seats Bkble Last Sep Progs. L'end bar
Doors open 15 minutes prior

1: **REDS** (AA)
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 7.50

2: **BODY HEAT** (X)
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.40

3: **ARTHUR** (AA)
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30

4: **GALLIPOLI** (A)
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 1.45, 5.0, 8.45

5: **RAGTIME** (AA)
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 1.45, 5.0, 8.30

ABC 0200 BAYSWATER OUTING RD.

1: **REDS** (AA)
Progs. Wk & Sun: 3.0, 6.50
Late show Fri. 11.00

2: **SPIRIT OF THE WILD** (U)
Progs 2.0, 4.50, 7.40 Sun: 4.45, 7.35

3: **RAGTIME** (AA)
Progs. 1.30, 4.30, 7.35 Sun: 4.30, 7.30
Late show Fri. & Sat. 11.00

ABC 0200 & 4 EDGWARE RD.

1: **SPIRIT OF THE WILD** (U)
3.10, 5.50, 8.40 Sun: 5.50, 8.40
Progs. 2.15, 4.55, 7.35 Sun: 4.55, 7.35
Late show Sat. 11.15

2: **HALLOWEEN II** (X)
1.25, 3.55, 6.20, 8.55 Sun: 6.20, 8.55
Com. Progs. 3.05, 5.35, 8.05 Sun: 5.35, 8.05
Late show Fri. & Sat. 11.15

3: **GALLIPOLI** (A)
3.0, 5.45, 8.35 Sun: 5.45, 8.35
Progs. 2.15, 5.0, 7.45 Sun: 5.0, 7.45
Late show Fri. & Sat. 11.15

4: **BODY HEAT** (X)
3.05, 5.45, 8.35 Sun: 5.45, 8.35
Progs. 2.30, 5.10, 7.50 Sun: 5.10, 7.50
Late show Fri. & Sat. 11.15

ENQUIRIES for all ABC West End Cinemas & Greater London
RING TELEDATA 01 200 0200 (24HRS)

Progs at all cinemas
subject to late change

Thursday

25th

Basildon Rachel's: **The Process**
 Bath M6s Club: **The Swinging Laurels**
 Belfast McGlades Bar: **Colenso Parade**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Mike Harding**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
 Birmingham University: **Streets Ahead**
 Bishops Stortford Peppers: **Dirt/Flux Of**
 Bolton The Gaiety: **Russroxx**
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
 Bradford 1 in 12 Club: **The**
Mysterons/Anthrax
 Braintree Flock Inn: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
 Brighton New Regent: **The Revillos**
 Brighton The Richmond: **Christians In**
Search Of Filth/Joe Dash
 Bristol Stonehouse: **The Pink Guinea Pigs**
 Bristol Tiffany's: **Talisman**
 Canterbury Kent University: **Depeche Mode**
/ Blancmange
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **007 / The**
Reaction
 Chelmsford YM Hall: **New Recruits**
 Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage**
Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden
Gnomes
 Chippenham Goldiggers: **Morrissey Mullen**
 Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar: **Jets**
 Coventry Warwick University: **The**
Thompson Twins / King Trigger
 Croydon Cartoon: **Freehand**
 Croydon The Star: **Salt**
 Derby Blue Note: **Pinski Zoo / McGuire**
Williams Band
 Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Iron Maiden**
 Eastcote Bottom Line: **Hipnosis**
 Feltham The Airman: **Jeep**
 Galashiels College of Textiles: **Wreckless**
Eric
 Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **10cc**
 Glasgow College of Technology: **H20**
 Glasgow Night Moves: **Theatre Of Hate**
 Hanley Victoria Hall: **Anti-Nowhere League**
 Haverfordwest Market Hall: **Chron-Gen**
 Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **The**
Scanners / Mistress / Freebird
 Inverness Ice Rink: **The Dolphins**
 Kingston Polytechnic: **UK Decay**
 Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: **C-Saim**
 Leeds Warehouse: **The Bureau**
 Leicester Bosworth College: **Mandela**
 Leicester Princess Charlotte: **Instrument**
Delicat
 Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
 Liverpool The Pyramid: **High Five/Eye of**
Delado / Send No Flowers
 Liverpool Warehouse: **Ex Post Facto / Black**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Rodeo**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Tenpole Tudor**
/ The Helicopters
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **Matt Finish**
& The Glosscoats
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **The**
Southside Blues Band
 London Charing Cross Duke of
 Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
 London Charing Cross Heaven: **Killer Wales**
 London Clapham Two Brewers: **Vendetta**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **The Edukators**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The**
Force / 25th Avenue
 London Covent Garden The Canteen: **The**
Son Of The Canteen Jam Band
 London Deptford Albany Empire: **Pauline**
Black in Trojans (for four days)
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Amazon /**
Competition
 London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup**
Band
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Duphories**
Last Dance
 London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
 London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Boys**
Will Be Boys / The Escorts
 London Hampstead University College: **Harry 'Sweets' Edison**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **True Life**
Confessions
 London Islington Pied Bull: **A Popular**
History Of Signs / The Trumpets Of Ding
Dau
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold**
Dust Twins
 London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Blossom**
Dearie & Dave Frishberg (until
Saturday)
 London Lambeth The Angel: **The 4 Skins**
 London Marquee Club: **Experiments With**
Ice / Mezzo Forte
 London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford**
Quintet with Jim Dvorak
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Salamander**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Beatroots**
 London Putney Half Moon: **The Breakfast**
Band
 London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **Gun**
Control
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Ruby Braff**
with Brian Lemon / Jack Parnell / Len
Skeat (until Sunday)
 London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Dynamite**
 London Southall White Swan: **The Mint**
 London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Jump**
Squad
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank**
Wangford
 London Victoria The Venue: **Orange Juice /**
China Crisis
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's**
Feetwarmers
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Sad**
Among Strangers
 London W.1 Club Left at the Whisky
 A-Go-Go: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
 London W.1 (Greek St) Le Beat Route: **The**
Chequers
 London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany:
Room 13
 Manchester Band on the Wall: **Alexis**
Korner & Colin Hodgekinson
 Manchester Lilly's: **Raven**
 Manchester Polytechnic: **The Belle Stars**
 Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Shakatak**
 Norwich Jacquard Club: **Aztec Camera**
 Nottingham-Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin**
Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The
Lasers
 Nottingham Sherwood Rooms: **Clint**
Eastwood & General Saint
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Gambler**
 Plymouth Ark Royal: **Mercedes**
 Portsmouth Polytechnic: **John Cooper**
Clarke
 Portsmouth South Parade Pier: **Diamond**
Head
 Preston Guildhall: **Magnum**
 Preston Warehouse: **The Insane**

nationwide GIG GUIDE



Pic: David Corio

The Belle Stars

HAIRCUT 100 are ready for their first major tour providentially coinciding with their chart hit 'Love Plus One' and the advent of their debut album. They kick off as far away from the critics as possible in Aberdeen (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday) and Dundee (Tuesday). JOHN COOPER CLARKE teams up with his Poetry Olympics colleague LINTON KWESI JOHNSON for a series of co-topping shows — the first time they've been out on the road together — first in London (Tuesday) and Norwich (Wednesday). THE FOUR TOPS are enjoying a new lease of life, with two hits already this year, so their UK tour is particularly well timed — and they open at Purfleet (Thursday for three days), Croydon (Sunday), St. Austell (Monday) and Portsmouth (Wednesday). Also flying in from the States are MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS, whose

schedule begins in North London on Friday. THE BELLE STARS are back on the circuit, with a double objective — promoting their new single 'The Snake', and introducing their new member Clare Hurst. The girls start their travels in Manchester (Thursday), Nottingham (Friday) and Bradford (Saturday). Finally, if you suffer from metalitis, you won't want to miss IRON MAIDEN who blast off on an extensive tour in Dunstable on Thursday. Ear-plugs will also be advisable in Wolverhampton (Saturday), Hanley (Sunday), Bradford (Monday) and Liverpool (Wednesday). A reminder that gigs supplied to us are printed in good faith, and we can't be responsible for any inaccuracies or last-minute cancellations. It's always best to be on the safe side, especially with smaller gigs, by checking with the venue concerned before setting out on your journey.

Purfleet Circus Tavern: **Four Tops (for three days)**
 Telford Madeley Court Theatre: **Mike Westbrook Orchestra**
 Wellingborough Calander: **Energy**
 Wokingham Angie's: **Inner City Unit**

Friday

26th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **10cc**
 Aberdeen The Venue: **The Dolphins**
 Bath University: **The Thompson**
Twins/King Trigger
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor**
Boys
 Birmingham (Edgbaston) High Hall: **Natural**
Mystique/The Privates/Bamboo
Jazz/Domestros
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The**
Nightingales/Richard & The Heads
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation**
Critical
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
 Blackburn The Regent: **Rockin Horse**
 Blackburn St Mary's College: **Boplicity/Earth/Maximum Penalty**
 Bracknell South Hill Parks Arts Centre: **Pookiesnackenburger**
 Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Fall**
Guys/Johns Radio
 Braintree The Flock Inn: **Figures Of Fun**
 Bristol Trinity Hall: **New Order**
 Bristol University: **The Au Pairs/Fast Relief**
 Camberley Lakeside Club: **Tony Bennett**

Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Nine Below**
Zero
 Canterbury Technical College: **Marillion**
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Stray/The**
Next
 Cheltenham United Services Club: **Crazy**
Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers
 Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Alien**
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlife**
 Croydon Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
 Croydon Star Club: **The 01 Band**
 Derby Newton Solney Village Hall: **Mania/Protection Squad/The Targets**
 Dorchester Institute: **John Cooper Clarke**
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Moscow Philharmonix**
 Durham New College: **Whammer Jammer**
 Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: **Dolly**
Mixture/The Questions
 Edinburgh Nite Club: **Theatre Of Hate**
 Exeter Art College: **Finish The Story**
 Glasgow College of Technology: **The R.B.'s**
 Glasgow Night Moves: **Billy Sloan with**
Pete Shelley & Guests
 Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **The Radio Ghosts**
 Gosport John Peel: **The Time**
 Gravesend Red Lion: **Spider**
 Guernsey C.I. The Hermitage: **The Pulse**
 Haywards Heath Taverners Inn: **Finesse**
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Mike Harding**
 Leicester Electric Theatre: **Mandela**
 Liverpool Tom Hall's Tavern: **Alexis Korner**
& Colin Hodgekinson
 Liverpool Warehouse: **Aztec Camera**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
 London Brixton The Fridge: **A.B.A./Tony**
Allen/Captain J. J. Waller

London Camden Dingwalls: **Larry Wallis &**
The Pork Torpedoes/The Act
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Electric**
Bluebirds
 London Camden Grapes: **Alvin Roy**
 London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Mad**
Shadows/The Thin Men
 London Catford Saxon Tavern: **Diamond**
Head
 London Chiswick Town Hall: **Here & Now**
 London City Polytechnic: **The Flying**
Padovanis
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Sad Among**
Strangers/Avanti
 London Clapton White Hart: **The Babylon**
Rebels
 London College of Fashion: **Mxyztpik**
 London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Carol**
Grimes/Dhyana
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Lee**
Kosmin
 London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Dave**
Bitelli Quintet
 London Elephant & Castle College of
 Printing: **The Cheaters**
 London Enfield Starlite: **Martha Reeves &**
The Vandellas
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Shea Ramah**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Gas/The**
Zoo
 London Fulham Kings Head: **Sam Mitchell**
Band
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The**
Gatecrashers

London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Xena**
Zero/Not Exactly
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Killer**
Wales/De Metro's
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor**
Boys Motor
 London Islington Pied Bull: **Wild Way**
 London Kensington Queen Elizabeth
 College: **Paint**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
 London Lambeth The Angel: **Baby'n'The**
Monsters
 London Marquee Club: **Jackie Lynton Band**
 London Middlesex Polytechnic: **OK Jive**
 London North Polytechnic: **Orange**
Juice/Dislocation Dance
 London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Harfoot**
Brothers
 London N.W.1 (Gloucester Ave) Beet Bop
 Club: **Pinski Zoo**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Harlequins/The**
Survivors
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Root Jackson**
& The G. B. Blues Co/Dana Gillespie
 London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Duphories**
Last Dance
 London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Studio 2**
 London Plumstead The Ship: **Never**
Art/Infinity
 London Putney Half Moon: **Johnny & The**
Hurricanes
 London Regents Park Bedford College: **Mari**
Wilson & The Imaginations
 London Shepherds Bush The Bush: **Accelerator**
 London Southall The Seagull: **The Cry**
 London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Laslo**
& The Leopards
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice**
On The Loose
 London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **The**
Beatroots
 London Twickenham Black Dog: **Hank**
Wangford Band
 London Twickenham St. Mary's College: **Icarus**
 London University Union: **Urban**
Shakedown/Animal Magic/Diversen
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Kabbala**
 London Victoria The Venue: **The Revillos**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The**
Wall/London Secret
 London W.9 Zigzag Club: **Wasted**
Youth/Miles Over Matter
 Long Easton Sawley Church Hall: **Splat/Strangely Enough/Illegal Aid**
 Maidstone Dixies: **The Brick People**
 Malvern Liquorish Boardwalk: **Pendragon**
 Manchester Band on the Wall: **Harlem**
Spirit
 Manchester The Gallery: **Chris Sievey**
 Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge St. Arts
 Centre: **Harry 'Sweets' Edison**
 Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College: **The**
Faraway Stars
 Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Vital Disorders**
 Nottingham Beat Club: **Raven**
 Nottingham Rock City: **Fashion/Gina X**
 Nottingham University: **The Belle Stars**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Vetoos/C-Saim**
 Oxford Polytechnic: **Depeche**
Mode/Blancmange
 Paisley College of Technology: **Wreckless**
Eric/Duff Party
 Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon**
 Plymouth Top Rank: **Magnum**
 Rainworth Sports Centre: **Dawn Trader**
 Reading University: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
 Rushden Windmill Club: **Energy**
 Salford The Angel: **Arabesque**
 Scarborough Taboo: **Anti-Nowhere League**
 Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **The Dubliners**
 Slough Alexandra's: **Morrissey Mullen**
 Southampton Mountbatten Theatre: **Games To Avoid/Vertical Motion/The**
Convertibles/The Ex Band
 Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: **The**
Passage
 Stoke Talbot Hotel: **Killjoys**
 Stroud Marshall Room: **Chron-Gen**
 Tolworth Recreational Centre: **Michael**
Chapman
 Welwyn Garden City Ludwick Youth Centre: **Dirt/Flux Of Pink Indians/Annie Anxiety**
 Wokingham Angie's: **K. K. Khan**

Saturday

27th

Barrow-upon-Humber Haven Inn: **Whammer**
Jammer
 Bath Downside School: **Streets Ahead**
 Bicester Nowhere Club: **La Hooker**
 Birmingham Aston University: **Morrissey**
Mullen
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
 Birmingham (Blackheath) The Britannia: **Another**
Dream
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **True Life**
Confessions
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome**
Beasts
 Birmingham Town Hall: **The Dubliners**
 Blackburn The Regent: **Rockin Horse**
 Blackpool J.R.'s: **Alien**
 Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Tony**
Bennett
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Ian**
Woods
 Bradford University: **The Belle Stars**
 Brighton Sussex University: **Orange Juice**
 Bristol Hawthornes Hotel: **Harry 'Sweets'**
Edison
 Bristol The Granary: **Spider**
 Cambridge Sound Cellar: **The Cheaters**
 Carshalton St Helier Arms: **Johnny & The**
Roccos
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Roy Weard's**
Last Post / Triarchy
 Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Energy**
 Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The**
Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack &
The Heart Attacks
 Coventry General Wolfe: **Victorian Parents**
 Coventry Warwick University: **Mari Wilson**
& The Imaginations
 Crawley The Rocket: **Jodo Main**
 Cromer West Runtun Pavilion: **Crazy Cavan**
& The Rhythm Rockers
 Croydon Cartoon: **Dana Gillespie**
 Darlington Queen Elizabeth College: **Mike**
Westbrook Orchestra
 Derby Blue Note: **Animal Nightlife**
 Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Moscow Philharmonix**
 Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **The Bureau**
 Glasgow University: **The Revillos / Those**
French Girls
 Glasgow Vaudeville Cafe: **The Special**
Guests
 Guildford The Royal: **Shakatak**
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Mike Harding**
 Kingston Polytechnic: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
 Leicester Polytechnic: **Clint Eastwood &**
General Saint

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FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Leicester University: **The Thompson Twins / King Trigger**
 Liverpool Adams Club: **Bo Diddley**
 Liverpool Warehouse: **Export / Original Sin**
 London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Book 'Em & Risk It**
 London Brixton The Fridge: **The Big Combo**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Salt / De Metro's**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
 London Camden Grapes: **Tarantula**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
 London Charing Cross Duke of: **The Invisibles**
 London Clapham Two Brewers: **Brunei**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **The Mariners / King Kurt**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Troggs / First Priority**
 London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Johnny M & His Uptown Rhythm**
 London Deptford The Duke: **Studio 2**
 London Enfield Starlight: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Nightdoctor / The Creamies**
 London Fulham Kings Head: **Little Sister**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Addicts / Martyr**
 London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Ian Ballantine / Kenny Shaw Band**
 London Hampstead Starlight Rooms: **Palace / Marillion**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Mad Shadows / The Act**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Gas**
 London Islington Pied Bull: **The Laughing Apple**
 London Lambeth The Angel: **Flat Tops / Perry & The Gook**
 London Marquee Club: **The 45's / The Hollywood Killers**
 London N.19 Whittington Community Centre: **Paul Merlyn / MKK / Pam & Noel**
 London N.W. 2 Hogs Grunt: **Root Jackson & The Tucker Finlayson Band**
 London Putney White Lion: **Juice On The Loose**
 London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Peter Bellamy**
 London School of Economics: **The Skank Orchestra**
 London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Mr Clean**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Kabbala**
 London Victoria The Venue: **The Inmates**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Cuddly Toys / Soma Coma**
 London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
 London W.9 Zigzag Club: **Lemon Kittens / Gene Loves Jezebel / Birds With Ears / Cold Fish**
 Maidstone Oakwood Technical College: **Diamond Head**
 Manchester Band on the Wall: **Alexis Korner & Colin Hodgekinson**
 Manchester Free Trade Hall: **The Home Service / Maddy Prior Band / Silly Wizard** etc
 Manchester Polytechnic: **UK Decay**
 Manchester The Gallery: **Chris Sievey**
 Manchester University: **The Au Pairs / Fast Relief**
 Mansfield Double Diamond Bar: **The Flying Saucers**
 Northampton Black Lion: **Russians**
 Northampton Roadmender: **Dirt / Flux Of Pink Indians / Annie Anxiety**
 Norwich Flixton Rooms: **Tim Whitehead's Borderline**
 Nottingham Admiral Duncan: **Linda & The Limpets**
 Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Truffle / Long Tall Shorty**
 Plymouth Ark Royal: **Mr Zoot**

Plymouth Polytechnic: **John Cooper Clarke**
 Retford Porterhouse: **Magnum**
 Retford Sports Centre: **Bikini Atoll / Childs Play**
 Saltley Norton Hall: **Natural Mystique**
 Sheffield Polytechnic: **Theatre Of Hate**
 Sheffield University: **Ranking Dread / Mystic Roots**
 Shepton Mallet Football Club: **Johnny & The Hurricanes**
 Southampton Joiners Arms: **Laughter In The Garden / The New Brendas**
 Southampton University: **Otway & Barrett / Fear Of Falling**
 Sunderland Polytechnic: **Total Chaos**
 Warrington Lion Hotel: **Tobruk**
 Wells Little Theatre: **The Artists**
 Whitworth Rawstrons Arms: **Arabesque**
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
 Wokingham Angie's: **Travelling Shoes**
 Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Iron Maiden**
 Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Dolly Mixture / The Questions**
 Worcester Waterside Club: **Flying Objects**
 Worthing Field Place: **A.B.A. / Tony Allen / Captain J. J. Waller**

Sunday

28th

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: **Haircut 100**
 Altrincham The Unicorn: **Chris Sievey**
 Apley Spotted Bull: **The E-Types**
 Bath Tiffany's: **John Cooper Clarke**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
 Birmingham Grand Hotel: **Fashion/Gina X**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
 Birmingham, Strathallan Hotel: **Tim Whitehead's Borderline**
 Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
 Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **The Dubliners**
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
 Camberley Lakeside Country Club: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas (for a week)**
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Eraserhead**
 Colchester Essex University: **The Thompson Twins/King Trigger**
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Four Tops**
 Dublin McGonagles: **Nine Below Zero**
 Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Negative Response/Flex/Alex/Julian/Oblivion Brothers**
 Dunstable Tiffany's: **Second Image**
 Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Tony Bennett**
 Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **10cc**
 Exeter University: **The Artists**
 Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **The Exploited/Anti-Nowhere League/Vice Squad**
 Glasgow Joanna's: **Shakatak**
 Glasgow Night Moves: **Mad Shadows**
 Glasgow The Mayfair: **H20**
 Godalming Three Lions: **Leggitt**
 Gravesend Woodville Hall: **Magnum**
 Hanley Victoria Hall: **Iron Maiden**
 Hatfield Polytechnic: **Spider**
 High Wycombe College: **UK Decay**
 High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
 Hinckley Leisure Centre: **Diamond Head**
 Ilford The Cranbrook: **The Exciters**
 Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station (evening): **Volunteers**
 Liverpool Warehouse: **Personal Column/News From Nowhere**
 London Battersea Arts Centre: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boy (lunchtime)**
 Frankie Armstrong & Leon Rosselson (evening)
 London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
 London Bethnel Green The Green Gate: **La Hooker**
 London Brenford Red Lion: **Roadworks**
 London Brixton George Canning: **Salt**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Road Apples**
 London Camden Grapes: **Harry Sweets Edison**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Roy Weard's Last Post**

London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
 London Clapham Two Brewers: **Results**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Soma Coma/Plain Characters**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Babylon Rebels/Hieronymous Bosch/Praxis**
 London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Alain Debray & Jill Martin**
 London Finchley Torrington: **J.J. & The Flyers**
 London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Little Sister**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Guy Jackson/Boy Meets Girl**
 London Fulham Kings Head: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
 London Greenwich Theatre Bar: **Zila with Dudu Puwana**
 London Hackney Pembury Tavern: **The Flying Saucers**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Depeche Mode/Blancmange**
 London Islington Hope and Anchor: **Deke Leonard Band**
 London Islington King's Head Theatre: **Bert Jansch**
 London Islington Pied Bull: **The Odd Band**
 London Lambeth The Angel: **This Issue/Miss The Villain**
 London Marquee Club: **Chron-Gen**
 London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Ken Barton Band**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club (lunchtime): **Andre Beeson**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Mickey Jupp Band**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co**
 London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
 London Tooting The Castle: **Long Tall Shorty**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Addicts/Martyr**
 London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **the Deltas**
 London W9 Zigzag Club: **Steel Pulse**
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Excellos**
 Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
 Northampton The Morris Man: **The World Service**
 Nottingham Playhouse Theatre: **Mike Westbrook Orchestra**
 Oakham Rutland Angler: **Energy**
 Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon (lunchtime)/Porrij (evening)**
 Pontefract Blackamore Head: **Alien Redcar The Dolphin: Judge McKinley**
 Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The Wailing Pumas**
 Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Riot Squad**
 Slough Alexandra's: **The Cheaters**
 Southend (Leigh) Grand Hotel: **Steve Hooker's Shakers/Agent Orange**
 Stafford Nags Head: **Mightier Than Kong**
 Stanmore Middlesex & Herts County Club: **Wayne Fontana**
 Uxbridge Brunel University: **Dolly Mixture/The Questions**
 Wakefield Unity Hall: **Theatre Of Hate**
 Wallasey Dale Inn: **French Lessons**
 Wokingham Angie's: **Juissance**

Monday

1st

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
 Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **Animal Night Life**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
 Birmingham Night Out: **The Stylistics (for a week)**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
 Blackburn Set End: **Boplicity**
 Bradford St. George's Hall: **Iron Maiden**
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **T.34/Dawn Trader**
 Chesham Gatsby's Club: **The Metros**
 Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Alexis Korner & Colin Hodgekinson**
 Darlington Lucinda's: **Drifting Robots (for three days)**
 Dublin McGonagles: **Nine Below Zero**
 Edinburgh Coasters: **Haircut 100**
 Hull Humberstone Theatre: **Time**
 Whitehead's Borderline
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Scarlet & The O'Haras/Marillion**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Mode Peché**
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Vendetta/Foreign Legion**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Daughters/Who Said Charge/Happy Refugees**

London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Joe Douglas Trio**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Re-Flex**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Cardinals/Idle Flowers**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Danse Society/A Dark Design**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Studio 2**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
 London Lambeth The Angel: **Figures Of Fun**
 London Marquee Club: **Random Hold**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Exciters**
 London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Mike Osborne**
 Benefit with **Mike Westbrook/Stan Tracey/Alan Skidmore** etc.
 London Soho Piza Express: **Don Rendell Quartet**
 London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Marshall Big Bull**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Cannibals**
 London Strand King's College: **Kathy Stobart Big Band**
 London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Horseshoe: **Xeno Zerox**
 London Victoria The Venue: **The Passions**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Man Ray**
 London W.1 (Baker St) The Barracuda: **Way Of The West**
 London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
 Luton The Mad Hatter: **Attila The Stockbroker/The Newton Neurotics**
 Manchester Golden Garter: **David Essex (for a week)**
 Manchester (Clifton) Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
 Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Tony Bennett**
 Newcastle City Hall: **10cc**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **If All Else Fails/Party Poopers**
 Oxford Blades: **Diamond Head**
 Oxford Scamps: **Orange Juice/Dislocation Dance**
 Preston Polytechnic: **Theatre Of Hate**
 Sheffield Marples Club: **Anti-Nowhere League**
 St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **The Four Tops**
 Stockton Fiesta Club: **Shakatak**
 Sunderland Empire Theatre: **The Dubliners**
 Wigan The Pier: **Magnum**
 Ynsddu Islwyn Folk Club: **Silly Wizard**

Tuesday

2nd

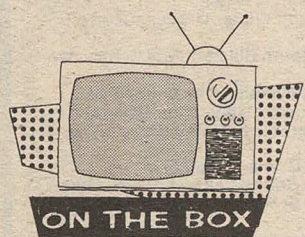
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
 Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **Tony Bennett**
 Burgess Hill Royal George: **Jodo Main**
 Bury The Derby Hall: **Fuze/Electra Complex**
 Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **Theatre Of Hate**
 Coventry Warwick University: **The Silence**
 Dundee Barracuda: **Haircut 100**
 Egremont Rugby Club: **The Cheaters**
 Hull Tower Ballroom: **Magnum/Raider/Salem/Generator**
 Ilford Room at the Top: **Shakatak**
 Leamington Crown Hotel: **The Collapse**
 Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
 Leicester Braunstone Hotel: **Alexis Korner & Colin Hodgekinson**
 London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Bo Diddley/The BMT's Little Star**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Jools Holland & His Millionaires/The Wealthy Tarts**
 London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Red Shift**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Midnight Movies/London Secret/Hectic Spectacle**
 London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Mitch Dalton's Jam Band**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Wipe Out**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Pink Umbrellas**
 London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Ritual/Boy Meets Girl**
 London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
 London Lambeth The Angel: **Diz & The Doormen**
 London Mile End Queen Mary College: **John Cooper Clarke/Linton Kwesi Johnson**
 London North London Polytechnic: **The Faraway Stars**
 London N.4 The Stapleton: **Redeye**

London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Thin Men**
 London Soho Piza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The 45's**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Paint**
 London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Defect/ABH**
 London W.1 (Old Burlington St) Legends: **Panic**
 London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky A-Go-Go: **Nick Plytas**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **10cc**
 Mold Theatre Cylwyd: **Silly Wizard**
 Richmond Terrace House Hotel: **Judge McKinley**
 Rochdale Lamplighter: **Arabesque**
 Sheffield City Hall: **Mike Harding**
 Sheffield University: **Orange Juice/China Crisis**
 Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Buzz**
 York Arts Centre: **Tim Whitehead's Borderline**

Wednesday

3rd

Belfast Queen's University: **Nine Below Zero**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
 Birmingham Quinton Punchbowl: **Teaser**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
 Birmingham Sloop's: **The World Service**
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
 Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Johnny & The Hurricanes**
 Brighton Top Rank: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint/Carved To A Noise**
 Canterbury Kent University: **Shakatak**
 Carshalton Cottage of Content: **The Pylons**
 Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chemical Alice/Ready Rubbed**
 Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
 Corby Strathclyde Hotel: **Nation 3**
 Derby Old Bell Inn: **If All Else Fails/Splat**
 Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Magnum**
 Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **The Dubliners**
 Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: **The Cheaters**
 Glasgow Kelvin Hall: **Tony Bennett**
 Gt. Yarmouth The Big Apple: **Vital Disorders**
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Dolly Mixture/The Question**
 Huddersfield White Lion Hotel: **Victor Drago**
 Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Iron Maiden**
 Liverpool The Mayflower: **French Lessons**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **The Mixtures**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Ranking Dread**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **The London Apaches**
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Screen 3/Romans In Britain**
 London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Waller-Weiler Quartet**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **John Watts/Trade Secrets**
 London Fulham Peterborough Arms: **Martin Jenkins/Duck Baker**
 London Lambeth The Angel: **Midnite Movie**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Free Hand**
 London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm/The Elite**
 London Poplar Brunswick Arms: **Mischief**
 London Soho Piza Express: **Al Grey & Buddy Tate**
 London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Horseshoe: **Dawn Trader**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Maximum Joy**
 London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Miles Over Matter**
 London W.1 (Old Burlington St) Legends: **The Breakfast Band**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **10cc**
 Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
 Manchester Fagins: **Orange Juice/China Crisis**
 Milton Keynes Peaches: **The Revillos**
 New Romney The Seahorse: **The Pulsaters**
 Norwich East Anglia University: **John Cooper Clarke/Linton Kwesi Johnson**
 Plymouth Ark Royal: **Albarston Interceptors**
 Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Four Tops**
 Redcar Hydro Hotel: **Partners In Crime**
 Sheffield City Hall: **Mike Harding**
 Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Tim Whitehead's Borderline**
 Southampton Lautrec's Wine Bar: **International Rescue**
 South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
 Stirling Avant Garde: **Red Ellis**
 Stockton Fiesta Club: **Diamond Head**
 Stoke Quenchers: **The Aucadian**
 York University: **The Thompson Twins**



Friday February 26

Sherlock Holmes And The Secret Weapon (Roy William Neill 1942). Bruce and Rathbone in another installment of what looks like being BBC2's longest season ever. This is one of the Moriarty/Nazi Menace ones, as opposed to criminology and cocaine. (BBC2)

The Devil's Eight (Burt Topper 1969). Christopher George and the ludicrously named Fabian feature in tale of criminals turning to crime-busting by way of social perforce (a chance to brawl for the forces of good). Not exactly director Topper's crowning glory. (BBC1)

Saturday February 27

A Woman's Vengeance (Zoltan Korda 1948). Aldous Huxley adapted his own play *The Gaiety Smile* for stage but succint Korda direction. Charles Boyer's wife drops dead, he marries his 18-year-old mistress, and raises public suspicion. Can't see why. (BBC2)

Buffet Froid (Bertrand Blier 1974). Bleak Euro comedy starring the ubiquitous Gerard Depardieu — a big fat ox who can't act anything outside his one typecast role, but who is French and utilised by culturally eminent (*sic*) directors, so that makes it all alright. The title refers to the so-called 'new' cuisine in France, post-Freud and all that. (BBC2)

The Kidnappers (Philip Leacock 1953). Purest candy floss in BBC2's drastically fluctuating Saturday afternoon slot — alternating between unearthed old wonders and cinematic crimpolene. This is a Disney-like backwoods yarn — two young children 'borrow' and hide away somebody's baby. (BBC2)

The Tamarind Seed (Blake Edwards 1974). Cloying Edwards vehicle for darling Julie Andrews

made even more irritating by presence of the world's most versatile and gripping actor, Omar Sharif. For romance/espionage, revert to *Charade's* Hepburn/Grant on-off tryst. (ITV)

Sunday February 28

Broadway Melody Of 1940 (Norman Taurog 1940). Number four in the *Broadway Melody* series is a splendid, sumptuous MGM musical, pairing Fred Astaire (hero!) with Eleanor Powell and providing them with the matchless material of Cole Porter. Porter could push the riskiest puns into one another's arms... Astaire could dance on the furniture and leave the polish intact. Dig the clothes, the choreography and the unforced cool. (BBC2)

Crooks Anonymous (Ken Annakin 1962). Worth looking at this one for the cast list alone: Wilfred Hyde White, James Robertson Justice, Julie Christie (17), Leslie Phillips and Stanley Baxter. A con man desires the turn of a new leaf, and enlists the advice of dubious sounding Crooks Anonymous organisation... (BBC1)

True Grit: A Further Adventure (Richard T. Heffron 1978). This was the feature length TV pilot for a series, reinscribing John Wayne's Rooster Cogburn in the person of Warren Oates (who I'd plump for any day over that irascible ol' Commie-hater). The series never got off the ground, and Heffron's blueprint is by all accounts merely adequate fare. (BBC1)

Sunday Too Far Away (Ken Hannam 1974). The compulsively low-key Jack Thompson — "Australia's Steve McQueen" — Monty Smith, quoted in his *Actors I Have Compared To Steve McQueen* (Liars Du Cinema, Edition 23) — stars in concluding installment of BBC2's Australian season, which was refreshingly free of duffers. *Sunday* is a study in the outback codes of the sheep-shearing life, and has scant appeal for fans of Isabelle Huppert. (BBC2)

Jet Storm (Cy Endfield 1959). Curious eclecticism of casting — Richard Attenborough, Stanley Baker, Bernard Braden, Diane Cilento, Harry Secombe (17), Marty Wilde (1177), Mai Zetterling, Sybil Horndike, David Kossoff — lends

interest to routine bomb-on-board-airliner melodrama. Directed by Cy(ril) (Raker) Endfield but let's not expect another *Hell Drivers*. (LWT)

Monday March 1

One Touch Of Venus (William A. Seiter 1948). Looks loopy. Frank Tashlin co-wrote (with Harry Kurnitz) this slick, improbable satire — from a play by S. J. Perelman and Ogden Nash. Songs are provided by Brecht's big buddy Weill, Ava Gardner and Dick Haymes head the cast, the storyline brings Venus de Milo alive in the window of a high fashion department store. The mind's eye boggles. (BBC2)

The Fallen Idol (Carol Reed 1948). Graham Greene adapted his story *The Basement Room* for this exemplary Reed direction, in which a young boy plays bewildered witness to an ugly sequence of adult deceptions. Ralph Richardson stars, Carol Reed shines. (Thames)

Tuesday March 2

The Maltese Falcon (John Huston 1942). "Camp," opines Monty Smith, in his *Movies I Have Graciously and Spuriously*

Attributed The Ambiguous Epithet 'Camp' To Liars Du Cinema, Edition 24... but this film is generally held to be a classic of its genre. Huston and Bogart made six movies together — all of which BBC2 are showing in the weeks to come. *The Falcon* is not only the first of these partnerships, but Huston's first direction — and, to some, it's the first word in seedy private dick (interpret that as you will, oh phallogratic critics of the cinema) tales, Bogart helped, hindered and humiliated by the paradigmatic variety of Peter Lorre, Sidney Greenstreet, and Mary Astor. (BBC2)

Wednesday March 3

Torpedo Run (Joseph Pevney 1958). Ernest Borgnine and blank old Glenn Ford clock in, put in a restrained day's work and clock out again in this hardly diverting Yanks vs. Japs war movie. (BBC1) (Yeah, but wasn't *The Yakuza* great last week? And by the way, film bores, my original copy about Pollack's/Schrader's minor masterpiece last week specified that the script was written the year after *Taxi Driver*, not the same year. Right, back to the tatty copy of *Ozu Dreyer Bresson*.) Ian 'The Wick' Penman



MARY STAVIN

EX-MISS WORLD OUSTS HOPKIN

SUNDANCE — the trio formed last year by Mike Hurst and Mike De Albuquerque, and featuring former chart-topper Mary Hopkin — have now acquired a new girl singer in the person of the 1978 Miss World, Swedish-born Mary Stavin. This follows the two Mikes' decision to sack Mary Hopkin, due to constant differences over the type of material they performed, both on record and on stage. The group are now working on a new single to be released by Bronze in mid-March, and a string of live dates is also being finalised, details to follow shortly.

□ **SHIRLEY BASSEY** has postponed her four concerts at London Royal Albert Hall (April 5-8), announced two weeks ago, as well as other UK dates being lined up for the same month. She's had to go into hospital for an operation, the nature of which hasn't been disclosed. The Albert Hall shows have been re-set for September 27-30 — existing tickets remain valid, or cash refunds may be claimed.

□ **TONY BENNETT** is in concert at Camberley Lakeside Club (tomorrow, Friday), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (Saturday), Eastbourne Congress (Sunday), Manchester Free Trade Hall (March 1), Bradford Alhambra (2), Glasgow Kelvin Hall (3), London Royal Festival Hall (5 and 6), Ipswich Gaumont (7), Leicester De Montfort Hall (11) and Newcastle City Hall (12).

□ **KEVIN COYNE** headlines the first of a new series of concerts at Hastings Pier Pavilion on Friday, March 19, marking the venue's return to rock gigs after a two-year absence. Acts being finalised for April include Inner City Unit and Stray.

□ **MILES DAVIS**, one of America's top contemporary jazzmen, plays a brace of concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon — on Wednesday and Thursday, April 21 and 22 — as part of a European tour. Tickets are on sale now priced £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50.

Afraid of Mice debut new men

AFRAID OF MICE are playing a series of lunchtime gigs throughout next week (March 1-5) at Liverpool McMillans, in order to debut their brand new set. This has been evolved following their recent personnel upheaval — which has seen bassist Jeff Kelly leaving and replaced by Shaun McLaughlin, Clive Gee moving from drums to keyboards, and Terry Stirling joining the band on drums. Completing the line-up are guitarist Sam Brew and front man Phil Jones on vocals. After next week's gigs, they go into a London studio with producer Tony Visconti to record a single, for April release by Charisma.

TV and radio

LAURIE ANDERSON performs several numbers and showcases her musical inventions in ITV's networked *South Bank Show* this Sunday (28), and a video of her hit 'Oh Superman' is also featured... **Emmylou Harris** is interviewed in BBC-2's *Russell Harty Show* on March 2, as well as singing with the Hot Band... **The Pretenders** are the stars of Radio 1's *In Concert* on March 6, recorded at one of their December concerts at London Dominion.

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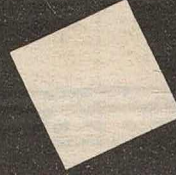
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Thursday 4th March

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TOUR NEWS

□ **BLACK MARKET** are playing half-a-dozen dates in Scotland at Bathgate Kaim Park Hotel (this Sunday), Bannockburn Tam Dhu (March 1), Glasgow School of Art (2), Glenrothes Rothies Arms (3), Perth College of Further Education (4) and Aberdeen University (5).

□ **TOM BROWNE**, the New York trumpeter, makes his UK concert debut at London Hammersmith Odeon on April 2 and 3 — backed by a six-piece band and two singers. Tickets are on sale now priced £5, £4 and £3. He'll also be playing some provincial dates, currently being finalised.

□ **MORRISSEY MULLEN** have switched three of the dates in their current tour — Hitchin Regal moves from March 5 to 18, Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Club from 14 to 31, and Kirklevington Country Club from March 3 to April 6. They have new gigs at London Putney Half Moon (March 2), London Twickenham Black Dog (19), Bath Tiffany's (21), London Hounslow Borough College (25), Chelmsford Chelmer Institute (26) and Gateshead Wheelers (29).



PHIL JONES

Toots due

TOOTS & THE MAYTALS come to town to play two nights at London Victoria The Venue on Thursday and Friday, March 11 and 12 — all tickets £4. These shows are part of the group's European tour, and no other UK dates are planned at this time. They'll be featuring material from their recently released Island album 'Knockout'.

XTC have now confirmed the opening venue for their upcoming tour — it's at Sheffield Polytechnic on March 20. All subsequent dates in their schedule have already been announced.

BLACKFOOT have been forced to postpone their concert at London Hammersmith Odeon next Tuesday (2), as bassist Greg T. Walker has injured his back in an accident. The London show will now be added on to the end of their April UK tour — the revised date is April 27, and existing tickets remain valid, or cash refunds may be claimed if desired.

SHAKATAK are to headline a special London show at the Hammersmith Palais on May 2, promoted jointly by Harvey Goldsmith and Outlaw. All tickets are £3.75.

CAROLE KING plays an extra late-night show (11.30pm) at Snape The Maltings in Suffolk on April 10, her 8.30pm concert the same evening having sold out. Tickets are priced £7.50 and £6.

RECORD NEWS

Hits collection

LATEST compilation album to emerge as a chart challenger is 'Twenty With A Bullet', issued this weekend by EMI (UK). It's a 20-track collection of recent chart hits from the various labels within the EMI organisation — and the acts featured are Kraftwerk, The Stranglers, Kim Wilde, Jets, Juice Newton, Thomas Dolby, The Dots, Kim Carnes, The Tubes, Kate Bush, Diana Ross, Duran Duran, Classix Nouveaux, Light Of The World, Olivia Newton John, Gary U.S. Bonds, Billy Squier, Sheena Easton, Dennis Waterman and Cliff Richard. Of course, a number of these didn't make the *NME* Chart, but presumably EMI has drawn on the Top 100!

● 'French Style' is the title of the new album by **Rockin' Dopsie & The Twisters**, for March 4 release by Sonet. On the same day and label come the LPs 'The New Johnny Otis Show' by **Johnny & Shuggie Otis** and 'Quintessence' by the **Sir Douglas Quintet**.

● **Billy Field** is a 28-year-old Australian whose debut album 'Bad Habits' recently achieved the No.1 spot in his home country. It's released here by CBS next month, preceded this week by a single of the title track.

● Five-piece outfit **Random Hold** have their third single 'Walking On The Edge' issued by RCA. It was originally their first single for the label, but now re-appears as a radically re-mixed version, taken from their upcoming album 'Burn The Buildings'.

● 'Modern Woman'/'Hypnotised' is the second single from four-piece band **Splash**, whose line-up includes ex-Tour De Force lead singer Carol Stocker, plus an early Secret Affair member Phil Nunn. It's out this week on Ramkup Records (through Pinnacle).

● Fetish Records launch a new series of mini-albums, playing at 33rpm and containing six to eight tracks. The first, out this week, is 'Seven Songs' by **23 Skidoo**.

● New **Hormones** release the third in their cassette-only series this week. It's a six-track tape by five-piece outfit **Biting Tongues** called 'Live It', and it has a suggested retail price of £1.75, with distribution through the UK independent network.

● **The Head Cleaners**, described as "a hardcore punk band" release a seven-track EP this week through North Humberside's X-Centric Noise Tapes, with distribution by Red Rhino. It comes complete with information sheet and picture sleeve.

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS have their third single released by Jive Records on March 5, 'I Ran' coupled with 'Pick Me Up'. There's also a picture disc available in a limited edition of 10,000, plus a 12-inch version with a bonus track titled 'Messages'. They'll be going out on a lengthy UK tour shortly, to coincide with the release of their next album.

LORA LOGIC has her first solo album issued by Rough Trade this weekend, titled 'Pedigree Charm' and containing ten tracks all composed, arranged and produced by Laura. She's at present working on a feature film called *Chrystal Gazing*, for which she's written the soundtrack and plays the leading role of Kim.

THE BOOMTOWN RATS' new single, out this weekend, is 'House On Fire' coupled with 'Europe Looked Ugly'. There's also a 12-inch version featuring a dub mix of the A-side. It's taken from their previously reported new album 'V Deep', recorded in Ibiza, and now officially set for March 19 release.

● **The Zoomitz** are a North London band comprising four girls and a boy, and they have their single 'I'll Be Your Spark' out this weekend on RK Records. They're currently touring as support to Gary Glitter.

● The 11-track cassette 'Is This The Aqueous?' by **The Innerpropriates** is available at £1.70 (including p&p) from A. J. Davidson, Climbing The Ladder Tapes, 76 Sullivan Court, Fulham, London SW6 3DB.

● **Trojan** are reissuing the classic reggae compilation 'Tighten Up Vol. 2', originally released in 1970, and including several titles produced by **Lee Perry** — as well as tracks by **Clancy Eccles**, **The Soul Sisters** and **Dandy**. Another album from the same label is 'Gems From Treasure Isle', taken from the archives of the late **Duke Reid** and produced at his Treasure Isle Studios — including tracks by **Alton Ellis**, **The Paragons**, **The Melodians**, **Dennis Alcapone**, **Tommy McCook** and **Ken Parker**.

● **Elektra Musician** is an Elektra/Asylum subsidiary, launched this week and devoted to "musicianship of a high calibre". Initial batch of seven albums includes **John McLaughlin's** first acoustic album 'My Goals Beyond' (now reissued after being deleted for many years); 'Rio', the only acoustic LP ever recorded by renowned guitarist **Lee Ritenour**; 'One Night In Washington' by the near-legendary **Charlie Parker**, recorded live in 1953 and never previously issued; and a Latin and Caribbean set by **Eric Gale** called 'Blue Horizon'.



Quo pick Kircher

STATUS QUO have named Pete Kircher, formerly of The Original Mirrors, as their new drummer. Although they received over 400 applications for the job, which they subsequently whittled down to a short list of five, Kircher's appointment is not totally unexpected — since it was he who joined the band's recording sessions in Switzerland just before Christmas, after **John Coghlan** had walked out at short notice.

Kircher recorded several singles and an album with the Mirrors during his two-year stay with them, which was terminated by their disbandment. He previously played with several other bands, including The Lonely Ones and Honeybus. Now he joins Quo in time for their world tour, which — as reported last week — opens in Britain on April 23, and includes seven nights at London Hammersmith Odeon (May 3-9).

● The new-look Quo are, from left to right in our picture, **Rick Parfitt**, **Andy Bown**, **Pete Kircher**, **Francis Rossi** and **Alan Lancaster**.

INNES GIGGING ALL SPRING

NEIL INNES is touring extensively throughout the spring and is already set for over 30 dates, with many more still to come. Those confirmed so far are:

London Woolwich Tramshed (April 6), **Darlington** Arts Centre (10), **Rickmansworth** Watersmeet (11), **Swindon** Wyvern (17), **Coleraine** Riverside Theatre (21-22), **Londonderry** Newry & Mourne Arts Centre (24), **Nottingham** Playhouse (25), **Chippingham** Goldiggers (26), **Bridgend** Recreation Centre (29), **Newtown** Theatre Halfren (30), **Chesterham** College (May 1), **Leamington** Royal Spa Centre (2), **Bury St Edmunds** Theatre Royal (3), **Oakengates** Town Hall (6), **Birmingham** Lake Hall (7), **Manchester** Queen's Park (8), **Dunstable** Queensway Hall (14), **Hatfield** Forum (15), **Cambridge** Arts Theatre (16), **Corby** Festival Hall (21), **London** University Union (22), **Harlow** Brook Hill (23), **Camberley** Civic Hall (26), **Dundee** University (28), **Stirling** University (29), **Basilidon** Towngate Theatre (30), **Kendal** Brewery Arts Centre (June 4), **Grays** Thameside Theatre (5), **Stanswicks** Theatre (11).



GARY BROOKER, best-known as writer and singer of the classic **Procol Harum** track 'A Whiter Shade Of Pale', has his first solo album out next week on Phonogram titled 'Lead Me To The Water'. Among the many renowned musicians featured on the set are **George Harrison**, **Eric Clapton**, **Phil Collins**, **Albert Lee**, **Chris Stainton** and **Mel Collins**.

● New releases from **Glass Records** next week are the singles 'Future Girl' by **Anti-Establishment** (produced by **Rat Scabies**) and 'Terminus' by **The Cravats**, plus the album 'Nots' by New York punkjazz guitarist **Elliott Sharp**.

● The new **Venigmas** single on **Biba Music** (through **Spartan**) is 'Strangelove'/'Souls On Fire'. They also offer, by post only, an electronic cassette version (£1 including p&p) and a video cassette in either VHS or Betamax (£6.75 including p&p) — from **Biba Music**, 405 Strand, London WC2R ONE.

● **Top Secret**, who've been engaged in a winter tour with **After The Fire**, have their latest single 'My World'/'Money' released by **Cheapskate Records** on March 5. Both tracks are from their new album, still untitled but due out shortly.

● **Virgin** continue their policy of picking up hot American product by issuing the single 'Double Dutch Bus' by **Frankie Smith**, which has already been a major hit in the States. It's the second release under their deal with **Philadelphia** label **WMOT Records**, and it comes in both 7" and 12" formats.

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THEATRE OF HATE

Gravesend

SO LET US baptise Kirk Brandon: previously concealed, ignored or suppressed. No folk hero, no fancy fury, no psychic saviour, but Merely Magnificent. There are five major reasons why Kirk has magnificence: these reasons are related more to a state of nerves, of soul, of temper, of health, of chagrin, of despair than to any strict moral or historical imperative. Kirk Brandon is magnificent more because of his eyes and ears than his 'aggression'.

The signs that betray the magnificence of Kirk to the sensitive, intuitive witness. . . 1/the whole of Kirk is unspeakably excessive and done up with a sly sullenness and the disbelievers, as alas I once was, can be punished with a very sharp look. 2/there is a pleasurable insidiousness and hypnotic effect in his performance, and he is one of the Great English Decadents, determined to suck the senses clean and dry, burdened/blessed with an overdeveloped nervous system, delighted with his own sensuality, alive and scalding with that curious anguish which results from the decadent's frenetic pursuit of experience. 3/he takes no risks except those risks that result from being in love: with himself and with others. 4/his eyes and ears become more significant than the exuberant banality of Hate's music. The surrealist impact of his ears, and this is not just one of my silly ideas, becomes something of a VORTEX, from which, and through which, and into which, ideas are constantly rushing. Around Kirk's ears images swirl, whirl, flutter, strike, fall, move, clash, leap, with a sublime emphasis on conflict and distortion. Kirk's ears, when sucked, must drive one beyond the reach of reason. When I think of Kirk's ears. . . first of all it is the priestly distinction of Kirk Brandon's ears more than any critical isolation of Kirk as ornamental punk brat that made me appreciate his irregular magnificence. In his ears we see the wonderful vibrations of his ego. I could never tell from a ToH song that Kirk Brandon wants to wrap himself around us like a snake, hold us in captive embrace, but his



The eyes and ears of Kirk Brandon

Pic: Peter Anderson

eyes and ears tell us something of the truth. . . Kirk Brandon is magnificent, he wants to close upon the throat of complacency, and he reminds me that tomorrow I must buy new batteries for my radio and that there is nothing wrong with wanting to cure the madness of the age. Are Kirk Brandon's ears trivial or frigid? I don't think so. It is with such things that we can restore the balance between heaven and hell. 5/Kirk Brandon possesses a deep moral concern to regain a lost purity. This fifth reason directly contradicts something that I said earlier, but somewhere, or so it seems to me, I should introduce a brief pinch of suspense.

Kirk's ears and primitive dandyism — not so much eye-catching arrogance as a necessary ethic of control and exercise of the will, and not just the will to surprise but the will to do a day's work — rid me of my bleating bigoted denial of Theatre spirit. I never noticed Kirk's ears before as I was too busy scoffing at the attention paid to Theatre Of Hate as image smashing warriors. I wish a Hate fan could have leapt out at me and said *this* is how they change my life, *this* is what they made me realise, *this* is what I have given up, *this* is what I am going to do. But, no, Theatre Of Hate became just another sharp edged shape to invest with worthless words such as 'anger', 'rebel', 'cause',

'revolt', 'slap', 'fish-fingers'. . . Hate fans seemed to be those perverse leaflet distributors who adore peacefully savage cults for the undamned sake of it: their lives aren't truly upset, their dreams are not invaded, their routines are not disposed of, their reliance on the sovereignty of time is not plundered. . . ToH as activists, as blasphemers, were never as much an arousing scandal as Kirk Brandon's ears. My distaste for ToH has never been based in the final decision that here is more mediocrity — far from 'it' — but developed because of the company they were forced to keep, the company that kept them exclusive, and this limp gutless expectation that such ultimately murmuring energy could conclusively widen man's sense of liberty and on it's own set fire to the maddening normality of It All. Kirk Brandon's ears can wage a running battle against mediocrity; the renewing, directing and dissecting properties of a boy like Kirk as pop star intensifying and specialising our pleasure and play must not be choked over: but Kirk should not, at his age, at this time, in the old fashioned way, be made into a folk hero. . . Kirk would do better to sabotage such dependencies: work into our lives a sense of adventure not reliant on the reactionary notion of the rock and roll hero;

celebrate the potentiality of the individual without supported self-righteousness; challenge received opinions without diminishing options.

In a number of personal ways I see Theatre Of Hate to be a theatre of the obvious, the ordinary. . . a form of music that doesn't compound or highlight Kirk's delicate combination of strengths but that does much to demolish it, sounds which can smother the special golden chips of sheer style and magnificence. Unfortunately I hear sweaty exertion rather than joyous exaltation.

Kirk's spectacular ears just out from the uninteresting face of what I just know is the enclosed stuffery of riff and r/aw/oar. . . with the music I just see surface: it's through Kirk's ears I dive to those glorious depths, those depths that become highs.

Theatre Of Hate shrink quite dramatically in the context of the riots: Kirk's ears do not. It is Kirk Brandon that separates Theatre Of Hate from the milling, filling-in-time crowd: not for his 'courage' but for something that is elusively outrageous and not easily erasable. Where it can all go, that's up to us. . . but, for this week, I brand Brandon as quite, quite magnificent.

Paul Morley

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FEAR OF MUSIQUE!

THE NAMES MARINE

The Venue

THE BELGIAN BEAT comes to London and everybody stays at home.

I'd like to pretend surprise, but the phlegmatic, non-cosmopolitan nature of the city is too well-known. Compared to their European counterparts, British audiences are singularly unadventurous and they're not encouraged to be otherwise by the safe attitudes of record companies large and small (Mute, Fetish and, very occasionally, Rough Trade, excepted).

Unlike the Brussels independent conglomerate of Crepuscule/Factory Benelux behind tonight's concert, their British equivalents show few signs of recognising life abroad. Crepuscule, on the other hand, has consistently drawn on the best of British independents, while fostering new talent at home. Far be it from me to suggest reciprocal trade agreements, but then maybe the push of British releases would've prevented

The Names and Marine playing to an empty hall. Both deserve better, if only because The Names are no better nor worse than countless British groups. Marine, though, are something else altogether.

Marine remind one of the giddy joys of guitars that are only hinted at by the floppy fringed jangle of Haircut 100's dance pop. Marine are less precious, more fun, almost funk, yet far too fast for all but the most frenetic dancers. They follow a line of descent from the Velvet Underground, through The Buzzcocks, Fire Engines and, finally, the Postcard revisionist view of VU history, to arrive at their fabulous tremelo chatter. As in the best guitar groups, Marine's two players aren't show-offs, but fine, disciplined and gleeful rhythm workers, who churn the slip sure bass/drum hustle into a happy, contagiously clean aural equivalent to a Serge Clerc cartoon.

Their singer, straying just the right side of dimple cutesiness, confirms the comparison with his peculiar update of the pony, alternated with a new, hitherto unseen

dance involving tearing ecstatically at his pomade in time to an ungainly hip wriggle.

He doesn't so much sing as bark good time imperatives with an insistence that nevertheless leaves the prerogative of catching the mood to the listener. Which is where Marine differ from the new British poppers who, for whatever political/commercial/playful reasons, willingly adopt traditional values to elicit predetermined responses — or knowing winks from those in on the game.

If Marine are aware of this educated playtime aesthetic, they haven't so far self-consciously embraced it — and that's not to say their prickly charm is unembraceable.

After Marine, The Names sound redundant; still locked into a cosy dripfeed dream of comfortable distances and slight vagaries, they swaddle tasteful, tame rhythms with suffocating synthesised cotton wool blankets. The Names are neat and unsoiled by life and as such fail to touch all but those similarly cocooned.

Chris Bohn

THE PASSAGE BIRDS WITH EARS THE BEAT ROOTS THE 45s POOKIESNACKENBURGER

London School of Economics

SOCIAL SECRETARIES (they who book the bands at students unions) came from all over London and GB to gather for a two-day conference at the LSE, where they thrashed out the nature of their job and generally compared notes. How appropriate, then, that there should have been an evening showcasing a purposely mixed batch of bands. But what an event: either social secs have no judgement or

Stiff outfit The 45s asserted this with a vengeance by giving R&B a bad name and playing the dreariest version of pub rock pop which they could throw together — as in throw up. Worse was to come in the shape of The Beat Roots, a four-piece reggae band — dreadlocked and saxed in places — who make UB40 sound like they're on a ton of speed. Some good natured souls in the audience even danced: skank of the zombies.

At least you could retire to the bar and hear Pookiesnackenburg.

Dressed in berets and striped tops, they look like they should be support for Den Hegerty's Franglais spot on Tiswas.

If Dick Witts had stayed as percussionist with the Halle Orchestra, he might have been in for some chopping too. But no, tonight he fronts The Passage on keyboards and vocals, accompanied by a guitarist and drummer. Their set should have been a war (between melody and fragmenting time-changes, between pop and de-structuring rhythms) but it was all rather wet — the fault of the sound?

There could be more fundamental reasons. Witts has got some of his dialectics in a twist: for instance, there was no resolution (a political solution?) between rhythms which ran from the militaristic (Fascism, a rotting Britain?) to the sensual and polyrhythmic (Socialism, the revolution of everyday life?) Satisfactory resolution would require musical blood and guts, and the cerebrations of The Passage aren't up to it; neither are Witts' own politics: he's a Hegelian Marxist, more

interested in the abstracts of flesh and spirit, art and oppression, not the nitty dirty gritty of labour against capital. To put it another way, The Passage are better on vinyl than live: there the attempt to ironise pop and subtly destroy (partly by reference to the last episodes of Western serial music) is more believable.

Owing to the collective organisational inability of all those social secs, the obscure Birds With Ears ended up headlining. Men in big earrings with a feeling for Duran and Martian Dance, they sang lines like "I'm the king of the jungle" from the middle of nowhere.

Paul Tickell

THE ALARM ZERRO 1

Rock Garden

ZERRO 1: two intent young souls with crumpled suits and haggard looks; a grubby inverse to the exaggerated grooming of, say, Blancmange. Yes, it's one sweeping synth, one embittered guitar and a

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PLAYGROUND TWIT

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES

Hammersmith

WITH A BIG 'X', just like the one lumberjacks put on trees waiting to be felled, marked on his ribcage in indelible black marker, Julian Cope breathlessly comes to the climax of his performance. Lights flash and spin their beams across the stage, a stroboscopic spectrum highlighting the queer frenzy and tadpole jiggles of The Teardrop's frontman.

He starts to rub the microphone over his well greased torso. "So sensual, ssssooo sensual," he squeals. Old images of Jim Morrison straight from his colouring book of fabled rock fantasies must be burning bright in the tadpole's scrambled cranium but he sounds more like an Earl's Court haberdasher. Much to his fascination and delight the movement of the microphone starts to make odd noises over the PA and with each squelch and creak his face contorts into the pout of a grossly caricatured harlot.

Inevitably the microphone slithers down to those nether regions where angels fear to tread and as he's rubbing it round his navel and getting lower Cope looks up with a face set rigid in the precocious defiance of a playground 'tell tale tit' and bleats, "Julian Cope doesn't do that sort of thing, so there. Goodnight!" And it's all over.

I was surprised by The Teardrop Explodes, they pulled the biggest crowd I've

ever witnessed at The Palais and their show wasn't the scrappy petulant mess I'd expected. In fact, they hold the potential to present a show as forceful and clearly stated as, say, The Projected Passion Revue if only that

was their main concern. But sadly it's not. There are three blinds at each side of the stage and within these barriers lies a little boy fond of throwing tantrums, flexing his ego and examining or stretching out his obsessions

to perplexing lengths. He is the main focus point — the misplaced core of the evening's entertainment. During the '60s Julian probably wouldn't have made it past the pow-wow in The Roundhouse on Saturday

afternoons but nowadays an oddity becomes a cult and cleans up in the eclectic mainstream. He isn't so much enthusiastic more "incontinent with ecstasy". He smiles constantly at the others in the band and,

obviously going for the mystical eroticism of Jim Morrison, he winds himself serpent-like around the mikestand. He thumps thin air like his life depended on it, he relishes the fame, the adulation and the sexuality his role presents. It's all he can do to stop himself from jumping up and down, clapping his hands and wetting his leather trousers.

Enthusiasm of this sort isn't a plentiful commodity and it is rather touching to see it, but instead of being cherished and driven into fresh blasts of pop — as they can do on 'Ha Ha I'm Drowning' or 'Passionate Friend' — the group let him go for some imagined depth or powerful mystery. This comes in the form of those horrendous overdoses from 'Wilder', those mantra like raps and drum based rants which just don't hold the imagination.

The problem is highlighted when Cope starts to haul out the old campus clarion call of Buffalo Springfield: "listen — hey! what's that sound/ everyone knows what's going down." Here is a man not content with a following — he wants 'a movement' — the ultimate accolade for an idiosyncratic or a solipsist. He wants far too much tolerance for his songs and his worldview — the recurring picture is of someone who sees himself as detached from it all — serene, childlike and blameless. He wants to be as uppity as Mark Smith but he's too wet; he wants to be Jim Morrison and Rupert Bear. A would be 'artist' without a vision.

I really think Cope and The Drops have the ability for some sort of monumental power but until he can come to terms with his own excitement and pretensions they're going to continue as a very wearisome proposition.

Gavin Martin

Julian Cope. Pic: Peter Anderson

GINA'S FASHION FIASCO!

FASHION GINA X

Barracuda

THERE WAS a fervent air of hushed anticipation as Mr and Mrs Joe Punter politely filed in for this the first London appearance of Germanic electro-singstress Gina Kikoin. Her Gina X Performance had been responsible (some three years ago) for the two supreme examples of Blitz-dance — No GDM and Nice Mover — and the name was enough to attract dewy eyed, reminiscing, old Romantics in droves, simultaneously executing a neat piece of scene stealing from ascendent progressives, Fashion.

This, however, was not to be the night for celebration in either camp, for when Gina eventually appeared to an echo-laden backing tape prologue the severe limitations of the venue

became painfully obvious. While the Barracuda provided a sumptuously simple forum for the sartorial deliberations of Club For Heroes, as a vehicle for live music it takes on the horrendous guise of a posh Hope 'n' Anchor. There was no stage — so, apart from a dozen or so diehards who got there early with their campbeds and flasks — no-one could see a sausage!

In Gina X's case this may have been no bad thing, though, for any expected notions of an extreme visual tauntress (as derived from her record sleeves), were sharply put to sleep by the apparition of a dowdy Summer-of-love-child sporting Yoko Ono wig (it must have been, surely!) sprouting from a crammed on homburg.

Beaten by a walkover into third place by her contemporary luminaries Grace Jones and Ronny, Gina X has neither the presence nor stage technique to carry off the solo torch vamp role.

The listless demeanour of the Marquee-alike crowd,

promoted by stifling atmosphere and lack of inspirational entertainment effectively lead to Fashion producing *their* first London foray in a participating vacuum. The result was a sprawling, flat excursion into technique without reason. With the vast amount of machinery at their fingertips each song possessed a heart of stone in a pre recorded sequenced bass chatter and the opportunity to celebrate with a pop bounce was sacrificed in the name of 'progression'. Thus drab, electro-workouts, short on snap, heavy on clipperty guitarings completed the audience anaesthetization. Even their sprightly soul single, Move On, dawdled into pedestrian Rock-Funk — a pity, if at this early stage it is to be their finest hour.

Perhaps if Fashion can stumble upon a more sympathetic venue and make use of the videos and dancers which have so far appeared in blueprint, not practicality, their stab at respectable Heart-electronics will not be in vain.

James T. Kirk

weeping siren of a voice again. To a black plastic backdrop, they struggled with the mix, yet still imposed a sense of reverence amidst this venue's grotesque claustrophobia.

Our physical discomfort seemed so apt in this sombre flood from The Last Machine Alive. But there was something *amused*

about Zerro 1, and their synthman/singer suggested a despondent echo of Johnny Lydon, Irish accent too. With all their words well buried, such associations took up the slack. And helped to win me over.

The Alarm will soon get sick of comparisons with The Clash. The Alarm are Political, a fuming four-piece

Protest group in denims, dungarees, and layers of Right-On badges and fists. Their novelty is the acoustic guitars, but it's still all hard faces, marching rock and militant manners. Their raging songs all hinge on participation choruses, timed with slide-rule precision.

Hard pop and hard politics; can they work so

close? The Alarm, as cheer leaders of the left-wing team, inevitably narrow their options for getting across. To enjoy, you must allot yourself a place amongst and of the trampled 'we' of whom they sing. Your reaction is crushed into the narrow question, 'do I agree?' Dilemmas and emotional anomalies do not feature in

this representation of the world, and that's just how the Tories would have it. The Alarm distil themselves into mere agents of recruitment, and demand a leap of faith too *simple* to be much help. Receiving is simply believing.

I don't say they're cheap, dishonest or even wrong. It's just that the goodies and

the baddies aren't this clear cut, and music's potential is to highlight life's political muddles. 'Freedom' is too complex to present in easy terms. The Alarm are emotive, and so could do something useful. But for now they are *Socialist Worker* in musical shorthand.

Dave Hill

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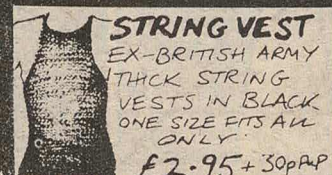
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LIVE!

CREATION REBELS AT THE WHEEL

FREEDOM FIGHTER

Oval Theatre, London

TONIGHT CLIMAXED a festival they called 1982 A.D. — a showcase series of events, all presented by the Artists With Disabilities Group. The Group takes in poets, actors, sculptors and musicians — of all varieties — dedicated to proving that physical handicaps are no reason to ignore a person's creative worth. In that objective, the organisers feel they've made a worthwhile start.

This particular evening is given over to musicians in the jazz and rock areas. On the bill are a jazz act, Buddy Bounds' Explosion, blind jazz pianist Francis Rwamakuba, and the experimental ensemble of Keith Armstrong's High Tech Primitive, who blend a rich mixture of exotic sounds inside a loosely rock framework. And heading tonight's cast is a remarkable band, Freedom Fighter, based in Bournemouth, making their London debut.

Seven strong, six of the members in wheelchairs, Freedom Fighter are as militant as their name indicates: fighting for acceptance as something better than a freak show. Fighting, as they put it, "to achieve something for the disabled, proving that disabled people are not a bunch of thick moronic idiots who can't do anything for themselves". Against that serious purpose, however (which provides the bulk of their lyrical themes, though often in personal/romantic contexts) is their music: melodic, poppish rock with an emphasis on relaxed enjoyment.

The level of ability in Freedom Fighter is, I suppose, effective testament in itself, because the playing is fine by any standards. And while their approach to rock music is fairly orthodox, and not especially original, the depth of writing talent suggests that commercial success needn't be a pipe-dream. There again, what Freedom Fighter have already achieved is no small success anyway.

(You can contact the A.D. Group c/o Housmans Bookshop, 5 Caledonian Road, London N1.)

Paul Du Noyer



Maximum Joy

Pic: David Corio

CRAZEE CAVERN ROCKERS!!! (zzzz)

MOOD SIX THE MARBLE STAIRCASE EARWIGS THE DOCTOR

Porchester Hall

THE SETTING for the latest '60s renaissance is a cavernous hall which is better suited to a Quaker convention than to a live show. But the audience do their best... Carnaby Street shirts that are no longer sold in Carnaby Street, the St. Michael label buttoned close to the neck. Born in the Sixties, children of the Seventies — victims of the Eighties and trying to forget about it.

The Doctor, Master of Ceremonies Extraordinaire is our medium for the evening at this half-backed Seance for Syd (that's Barrett, for anyone mercifully unaware). He sports vamp-cape, Mickey Dolenz's hair and shades that Roger McGuinn trod on some years ago. It's hard to convey

conviction in a voice that sounds as if it's been practising for months in countless telephone boxes wearing a dirty gaberdine. Even his own portable hype fails to save him; it's a joke, not even authentic parody, and therefore the most honest part of the show: Is that a compliment?

The Earwigs, of course, are honest (that's a compliment). Some of their songs are raucous enough to make me want to believe the singer's claim that Earwig are a heavy rock band. I don't know whether that's healthy, but it's preferable to some states of being.

I have my own fight in getting to grips with The Marble Staircase. During their first song, Bunyanesque enough to warm the cockles, I am overjoyed to find myself enjoying this daft evening thus far. The Staircase are game for a laugh; they get their kicks from watching us watching you watching us,

BO DIDDLEY

Norwich

BO DIDDLEY, as we all know, spans a 27 year career permutating a single riff to a sole conclusion: he is Bo Diddley!

This is what Kurtis Blow refers to as the Bo Diddley syndrome. Bo Diddley takes the stage to the accompaniment of his

backing quartet's Bo Diddley chords and launches into a song called 'Bo Diddley'.

Where am I? In the village, the telescreened encampment of East Anglia University, where Bo Diddley attracts a large and varied crowd to hear him state in no uncertain terms that he is Bo Diddley, to which end he enacts a part identifiable as that of Bo Diddley. A stout

A CERTAIN RATIO MAXIMUM JOY

Lyceum

A SILVER slither of smoke weaves through the Lyceum smog, mingles momentarily with a flashing stroboscope beam, then drifts up beyond the stage. A lone whistle rasps indignantly from the wings, and on hop Maximum Joy, aggressively flaunting a school orchestra range of instruments, taking advantage of the audience's insatiable hunger for loud, varied, rhythmic noise.

Maximum Joy's direct appeal to the punter looking for vigour regardless of quality is a simplism of the animal attraction of raw energy, a head(ache)y burst of sound with none of the underlying roots of original punk, or even the Skidoo/ Ratio trance or chunky Pigbag beat. Maximum Joy are brash more than rash, strained like taut elastic, with none of the potential power, and simulated to stimulate in a way that gives them the same non-appeal as the Delta Five.

"Stretch!" orders the singer in a piercing shriek, brandishing a clarinet. My patience does, fast. By the time the tambourines add their predictable cacophony, I'm limping about upstairs looking for a pen, and wondering why supports or the Lyceum have to exist. Some things I'll never ascertain...

... Ratio are one of them. As pioneers of the alternative instruments movement, they move in surges, never occupying the same territory longer than it takes for plagiarist squatters to invade it. I rather thought their better days

were gone for good — I always regretted them dropping the Graveyard and Ballroom tracks from their set — but in between the Heaven gigs and the fatuous experiments of their existence, there have been a couple of eyebrow-raising EPs, intensely danceable and not too far down the dead-ended avenue of wallowing self-exploration.

At the Lyceum, it's obvious they've entered a new stage of development. With the departure of the frail and serene female singer, Tilly, there is now no standard frontperson, an absence exemplified by the previous contrast between Tilly's ethereal fragility and the sturdy manner of the rest. The vocals, when present, are taken by Donald Johnstone or his brother, the group's newest recruit, an occasional monotone being added by Simon Topping. In all cases they are neither strong, formed, or unusual enough to lift the music beyond the beat, but since the instrumentals are weeded sufficiently to prevent too many endless trumpet-spurt interspersed drum solos, the vocals aren't of fundamental importance in keeping the music alive. Ratio have grown out of feigning spontaneity, their most moving pieces are executed with the aid of pre-recorded sounds and proper stage organisation, and are tight and superlatively motional.

So Ratio give a polished, well-behaved performance, surprising only in its length and composure. My body twitches, but my mind can't help wishing, as the antiseptic glare of the house lights finally comes on, that they'd stayed one step behind: unpredictability was always their trademark.

Leyla Sanai



A Certain Ratio

Pic: David Corio

from seeing grown children eat their hearts out over mediocre muddle-headed songs.

Mood Six are a (slightly) different kettle of magic mushrooms. Pepper jackets, blonde pretty-boy singer and an organist who plays by candlelight; psychedelic and proud of it, as far as anyone

genuinely can be. What is happening on the screen looks VILE, and they aim for the grandiose despite it all; they succeed in making a great noisy guffaw with vocal harmony. A film of atom explosions fails to add punch.

The point is that both the Staircase and Mood Six are drawing on archetypes that never actually existed from a

scene that nobody tonight can half remember in any case; exhuming the superficial aspects of a period of social change (that, although naive, was commendable for its optimism) and packaging it to sell to a (hopefully) small minority of young hopefuls.

But what about the music, I hear you ask. Quite. Shut the Doors as you go.

Mark Mitchell

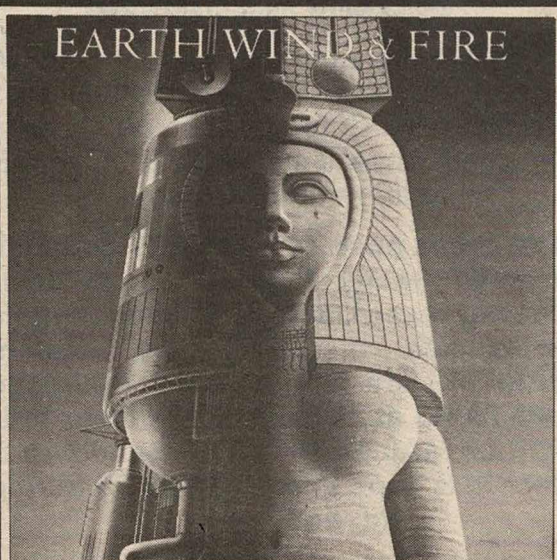
disinclined to sing at all, a slightly better performance with 'Mona', a travesty of 'Road Runner'. He introduces the chords of 'Bo Diddley'. We anticipate 'Bo Diddley'. He sings a chorus of that very dissimilar song 'Hey Bo Diddley', loses interest, meanders into guitar histrionics. The audience appear to lap it all up, yet you can sense the evening's

sadness.

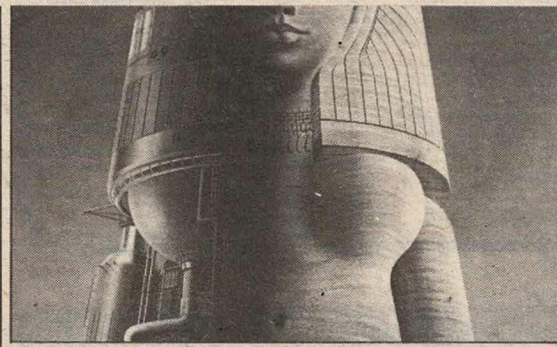
When Bo Diddley sings, he sings still. Somewhere in the middle of 'Mona' the range of his voice is heard to rumble through in all its strength. Mostly he doesn't. Tonight he plays up to the audience, feeds them scraps, flashes infrequently.

Bo Diddley is a number, is a free man.

Penny Reel

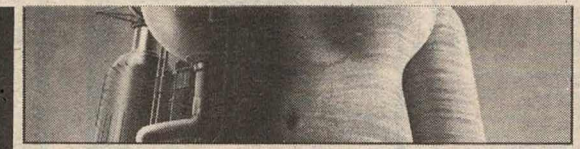


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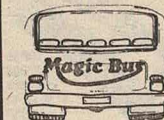
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From page 15

TOYAH

nudity doesn't mean anything when you're mad. Therefore I've limited myself within my own personal fears."

Do you think you'll get over it?

"Yeah I think I will. But I know if I ever had to bare myself in front of any man on the set, I'd have my claws ready, because they do oggle you, especially lighting men. Uuuhh! I'd have them chucked off the set!

"I hope I get over it because some of the good parts mean having love affairs, which is something I'm just not good at. I'd feel self-conscious. I'm not into physical freedom, not at all. I think I'm very old-fashioned, that's something quite fresh in this new age of promiscuity. There are two things I couldn't handle — love scenes and nudity. It's not because

I'm cold or anything, it's just because I'm shy. That's where the real me would be hard to hide."

Listening more carefully to Toyah's purplish, torrid pop, it's like a series of amorphous adolescent urges, a portentous mysticism imperfectly expressed and fatally hampered by its own inarticulacy. Toyah's inchoate creativity needs the restrictions of a script and if she's left to her own devices it results in an embarrassing, well meant amalgam of gauche dreams and desires.

Do you feel you're better at acting than you are at music? In acting you're more disciplined than you seem to me in music.

"I'm disciplined in a time-table way. But I must have mental freedom. I know my own mistakes, I really know. That's why I laugh when people criticise me, because I've said it all before. I really know where I'm going

wrong. I'm my own worst enemy. I don't think I'm better at either, because I'm still learning and I'm trying to perfect both, and I want both to be good.

"I think the singing in certain places is definitely an acquired taste, because I know that some people hate it, but the majority of people like it. I work at the singing harder than I do at the acting; the acting's more natural to me, definitely. But I want both to be remembered one day. I want to be remembered in the 21st century for actually achieving something, not just being popular or making money. I'd like to do something that will change the face of entertainment.

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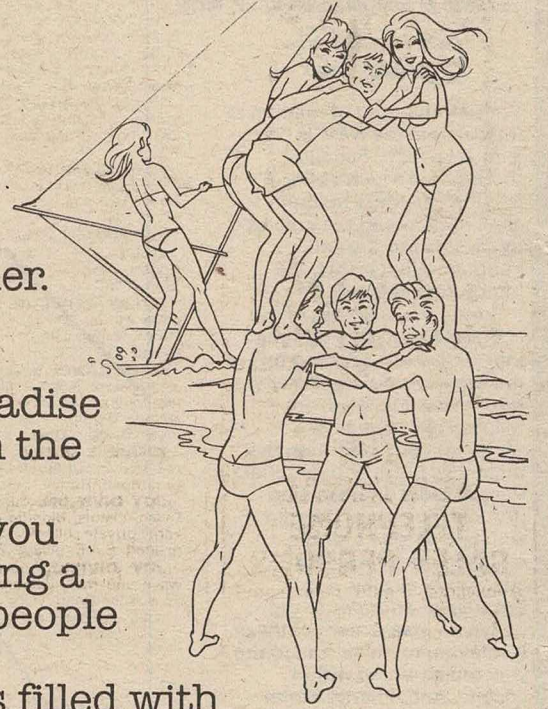
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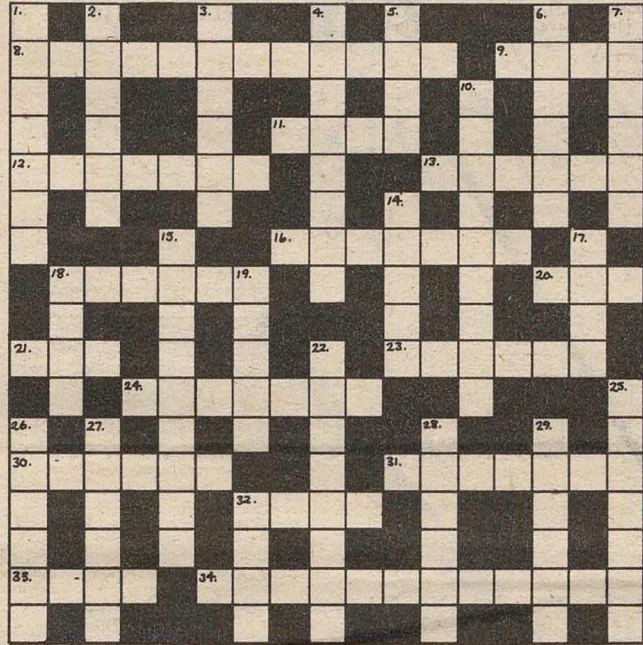
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ACROSS

- 8 Ronco compilation of this, this (4,4,4,4)
- 9 Exist for the boards? (4)
- 11 The demise of Mark E Smith (4)
- 12 Item found in 1, (7)
- 13 Habitude? — did act oddly! (6)
- 16 Band of biblical origin. (7)
- 18 See 20.
- 20 and 18. C. Hynde's kinky companion (6,6)
- 21 Father of commercial music. (3)
- 23 Rapidly consumes illicit substance. (6)
- 24 Colourful rock group finding gold at the end?..... (6)
- 30 and one coming back from Canozamata? (6)
- 31 Digits. Stiff and little maybe. (7)
- 32 Leading members in church know Fleetwood's first. (4)
- 33 Genuine label. (4)
- 24 Doubly reflective Dollar song. (6,6)

DOWN

- 1 Glossy magazine in the front? (3,4)
- 2 Starts to come up with guitars (6)
- 3 Grand, final note. (6)
- 4 Venues for play. (8)
- 5 Allow Kay to rise in this record company (1-3)
- 6 and one with honour intact (6)
- 7 and one noted above the best. (6)
- 10 Soft Cell tried best to put out this single. (9)
- 14 Trousers passed down from generation to generation? (5)
- 15 Supreme survivor — a sort of asian Dors? (5,4)



- 17 Gets stuck when improvising together? (4)
- 18 'Green ----' S. Stevens (4)
- 19 Short-haired hides. (5)
- 22 Message without envelope for a small label. (8)
- 25 Pretentious people are problems we hear. (7)
- 26 Toyah's African expedition? (6)
- 27 Bee-Gee saga concocted for this page of letters (6)
- 28 The Silver Screen came in awkwardly. (6)
- 29 Make note of a disc. (6)
- 32 Man sent to 27? (4)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: — 1 Waterline, 5 Raincoats, 9 Blue Orchids, 12 The Jam, 13 Sol, 14 and 40 Flock Of Seagulls, 15 'Open', 17 'Fear', 18 and 34 Romeo Void, 20 Journey, 20½ Radio On', 22 'Riot', 23 Yes, 24 Front, 26 'Shine', 28 'Cod', 30 D.A.F., 34 See 18, 35 Look, 36 'Send', 39 Jon, 40 See 14 across, 41 'Fire', 42 ELT, 44 'Lola', 45 Motown, 46

'Drunk', 47 Maria, 50 'Crying', 52 'Don't Tell Me', 53 Kraftwerk. DOWN: — 2 'Truth', 3 Rio, 4 EMI, 6 'Cajun', 7 'Arms', 8 Sailor, 9 Bananarama, 10 'Closer', 11 'Drowning In', 12 Two-Tone, 16 Ear, 17 Feargal, 18 Rats, 19 Oates, 20 Joy Division, 25 'Talk, Talk, Talk', 27 'Hands', 29 Piaf, 31 Fog, 32 Gentlemen, 33 Eraser, 36 Solo, 37 Burma, 38 Brad, 39 Jello, 43 'Jungle', 47 Mott, 48 Idol, 49 Die, 51 RCA.

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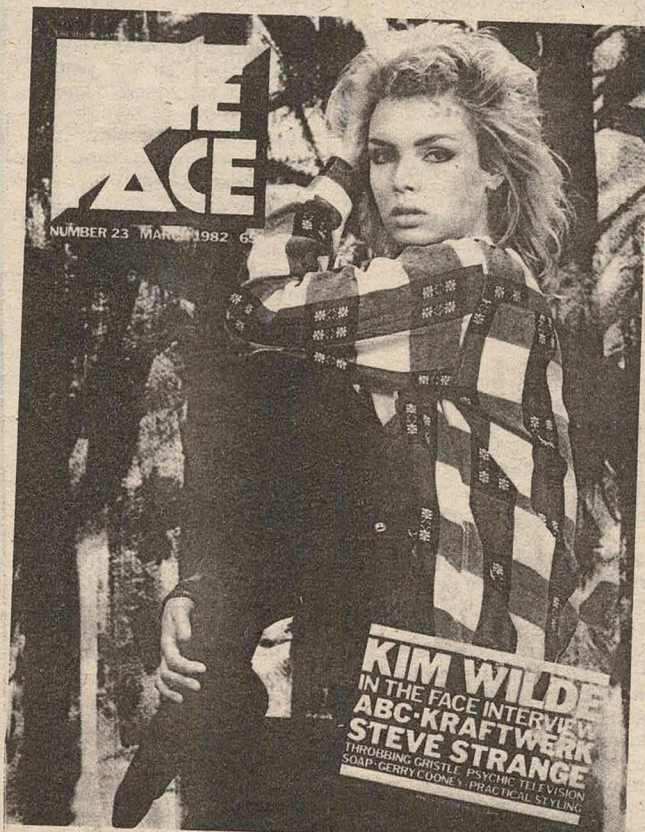
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G₂ A₁ S₁ B₃ A₁ G₂

Editor's note: — Due to circumstances beyond my control, I find myself largely in agreement with this week's Bag correspondents. We apologise to readers who look for scathing criticisms and snide replies; normal service will be resumed as soon as possible — P. McN.

T, Q, P, S

I'm sick and tired of reading in Gasbag that the NME is "not a music paper" because there's "too much politics" and the "average reader" can't understand the articles by Messrs Morley and Penman. What is this, the intellectual backlash?

Surely the business of the critic is to provide a critique (ugh!) of what is "going on" in the world. And if Paul Weller, Dave Wakeling, et al, are worried about nuclear weapons then it is fitting that the music press should reflect the concerns of those who provide the music. If Radio One fails to give a single which refers to rape the customary airplay, it is because of attitudes to rape: hence an assessment of these is relevant to music and to the way music works within society. And if Scritti Politti are worried about linguistic gestures in pop music then it's good to know about it — so 15 out of 10 for Barney Hoskyns' Scritti interview some months back.

You don't have to agree with the opinions expressed in the paper — but it's better to disagree (perhaps even to understand) than to carp that the going is too tough. And I'd venture to say that, intellect aside, the other factors which make up the paper (photographs, fashion, fun) are streets ahead of the competition.

A. J. Marks, Leeds.

Good try, Neil, but you blew it in the home strait. No real reader would use a pseudonym as boring as "A. J. Marks" — P. McN.

J, Q, B, S

Good old Paul Rambali, blithering on about unemployment ('Surfing The Recession', Feb 13). Very NME, very educating the masses. God knows it's depressing when a rag which is (presumably) supposed to be aimed at young people comes out with the same dominant crap idea about youth being "A social time bomb" — "ready to be exploited by radicals of Left and Right". Youth can and do think for themselves — and the "riots" were also about racism and black (and white) reaction to constant police harassment.

The other thing you neatly fail to mention is that large numbers of unemployed youth *do* work. Of course it's unpaid and something "the lads" have always preferred not to notice: housework and childcare. Loads of young women at school work at home, helping their mums with housework. Once they're on the dole, there is even less excuse for getting out of it; unemployed young women are often unpaid baby-sitters or do more housework than ever. Unless they have a child of their own — which is a fulltime (unpaid) job in itself.

Rambali never thinks that unemployed youth might organise themselves rather than have to choose which march to join. But then that would be too threatening for him — they might "at worst simply explode" if they did that.

Laudable effort though — to let the proles know about Tebbitt's little plans... if they can afford to buy the bloody NME. Never mind, we can always get involved in Rambali's "black economy" and nick a copy. Chris.

in his lonely office he scabbled endlessly... constantly haunted by the same words

Illustration: Mark Fairnington



unscrambled by Phil McNeill

Well done Paul Rambali! The 'Surfing The Recession' article was great. Intelligent, bright and worthwhile, it's what you at NME do best. Some of us still haven't forgotten Du Noyer on Liverpool, MacKinnon on Trident, and so on.

All those blind, stupid fools who believe NME should "stick to music" should read this piece. Wayne Garvie, Tamla Melton Radical Dance Faction.

Paul Rambali's 'Surfing The Recession' was the best and most concise article I've yet read on work/unemployment in our time. It was also the most honest. Too many commentators are content to praise work—employment as a cure for all ills. While employment/money is a necessary evil (on our working class level anyway), I'm inclined to agree with one of my school teachers that being out of work is a feeling of freedom that can't be matched, even by an annual two-week holiday. But then, since leaving school I've had about forty jobs so I should know.

Having tried it, I found running away to London to find work a dead end. You may find work, but it's unlikely you'll find the friendship you know in your home town. Chances are you'll end up lonely and pissed off. Kerouac Fan, Torquay.

Is this the total cop-out from Sting and his boys in blue? Fancy giving money to Sir Freddie — surely there are three million people who are in greater need than this

archetypal capitalist. The Police should think more in terms of a 'Concert for the Unemployed'. Yours, 'Fly The Flag'. What, and go against the spirit of the material world? — P. McN.

A, L, E, X

Thank you CSM for a very moving obituary of Alex Harvey, which I have just read three times — the last time through a rather wet mist welling up through little-used tear ducts. As one of the earliest 'Vambo-freaks', Alex's death struck me as much as losing a brother. He can never be replaced.

I would love to relive some of those great days of the Sensational Alex Harvey Band, and would welcome contact from anyone who thought as much of Alex as I did. Mark Carpenter, 121 Station Road, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

Dear Charles Shaar Murray, I am very sorry that Alex Harvey's obituary had to be written, but am grateful that you wrote it. As with your piece on John Lennon last year, your appreciation of Alex made me remember why I loved him and his music. I can think of no greater praise for a rock journalist. Vambo Rool OK. Ges Cleaver, Exeter.

A great piece on a good man — P. McN.

W, A, R

How fortunate is Mr Morley to be able to devote columns of type to publicise the

wondrous rapport he struck up with Alice Cooper within minutes of their meeting. I can't say how relieved I am that he has procured a lifelong fan in Ms Cooper.

However, please don't print this letter as I would be most ashamed to think that it was I who pointed out that poor Ms Cooper had to go to such lengths as stabbing himself in the leg in order to avoid the promised Saturday phone call. Claire Paneth, London SW1.

Having begun my search for explanation, may I present this question — did he, or didn't he? If he did, then why didn't he write about it? If he didn't (as we strongly suspect), why didn't he admit it at the beginning and spare us all that twaddle? "I force myself to be brief. Brief, bold, secret but coherent, joyous and inexpressibly apprehensive"... But did Paul Morley actually see Altered Images or not? Because by reading this "review", one just cannot tell — it says absolutely NOTHING. Dave, The Dig, Colchester.

Dear Barney Hoskyns, it's all very well laughing at Paul Morley's taste in music and old Penman's pseudery (as you do in your Bunneymen feature, Feb 20), but your own writing isn't a lot less pseudish and incomprehensible. When will you NME writers learn that pompous overwriting is a lousy cover-up for not having a thing to say? Bogmorton.

I've just realised why the name Errol Flynn always springs to mind when I see the Errol column: To me they are both synonyms for 'a big prick'. Subtle Vincent, Sheffield.

With reference to your hashed article on the Compact Organization, I protest at being quoted in print as saying "there is nothing new to say anymore". This very unoriginal observation was never made by me as I have not met Mark Cordery, who I assume is supposed to have interviewed me. Do your people always interview subjects without meeting them? Fascinating.

Cordery did do an interview with Clark Mono, I'm informed by Clark, but apparently it was two months ago and your reporter seems to have mangled his facts.

1) I did not start Compact with Clark, he did it and runs it himself.

2) Clark was not in that hoary old power pop band Advertising — though I was.

Clark tells me that Cordery did not use a notebook or cassette recorder during the interview. Dear Mark, this you might find a help in future meetings with people who have a lot to say. Also, it might help you get your facts right. Incidentally, Compact is not "Highgate-based".

I suppose factually, you're pretty close to the Sun. Sitting here powerpopping away like mad. Tot Taylor, Compact House. Dear Tot, You were quoted in The Face as saying "there is nothing new to say anymore"

— a repetition of which seemed mildly ironic to me. As for Clark's tricky memory (aren't they all?), I distinctly remember doddling in a wine-stained notebook. Though what's this obsession with 'the facts' anyway? It's all narrative, and unlike yourself, apparently, I'd sooner mangle 'facts' than the language. Beat the beat, Tot. — M.C.

Dear Mr Martin, We are pleased to inform you that your Hearing Aid is now in full working order and is available for collection. We are sorry for the long delay and we trust that you have not been inconvenienced too much during its absence; although judging by your latest singles column (Feb 20) you obviously have. D. Jay, Bauhaus Medical Supplies, Northampton.

Poison Girls played at the Anarchy Centre in Belfast and you bastards didn't even mention it — the most glorious event in the history of the city. The Anarchy Centre is now closed and Belfast is now really a big brown turd rotting away. In its two-month existence you said fuck-all about it — you'd rather go all the way to Yugoslavia than hop on the Stranraer Ferry. Johnny Newland, Dunmurry, Belfast.

We did in fact review Ten Past Seven and Stalag 17 at the Anarchy Centre — but yes, there has been a gaping great hole in our Belfast coverage since Bauhaus' favourite journalist decamped to London. Hopefully, Adrian Maddox is putting that right — P. McN

R, Q, U, T

Off you go again, jumping on the latest bandwagon, Spurs. Suddenly everyone in your office is gobbling on about how great Spurs are, you turkeys. Your rag wasn't full of them when they slithered into Div.2, so why now? Roll on the Spurs backlash — see you on the Wolves bandwagon in a few years' time. Robbo, Newport, Salop.

As one of only three long-term accredited Spurs fans in the office (along with Messrs Thrills and Reel), I feel it reflects well on the paper's aesthetic sensibilities that Tottenham should be adopted at this time. And don't forget who started the Cyrille Regis bandwagon rolling by putting him on the front cover three years ago! — P. McN

W, O, G, A, N

When Tommy Vance said that Haircut 100 were "the biggest jumper of the week" on Top Of The Pops, was he referring to Nick Heyward's chunky knit sweater? Simon The Ignorant Northerner, East Yorkshire. Do Haircut 100 hail from New Barnet too? — John Connolly.

The first time I ever saw the Old Grey Whistle Test I was a nipper back in '73 when I saw Edgar Winter play his then new single 'Frankenstein'. Last week the same albino appeared nine years on... playing the same song, and following Jethro Tull and Bill Wyman consecutively! Are the Beeb taking the piss? David Lord, Chalfont St Peter.

P, O, E, T, S

Sorry — should've realised your attention span's shorter than a fart of gas in a bag full of holes. Even so, the least you might have done was get the segment of my reply to SWells you did allude to right (Gasbag, Feb 13). What I wrote about that was: It's inspiring to read that "the old gang have proved



PHEW! What an ordeal!

Phew is a Japanese enigma and she's determined to stay that way. Which is to say she doesn't have to do anything other than compose her almond-shaped face into an expressionless mask that is only disturbed by the barest flicker of disdain.

Betraying no interest in talking, she lets her manager Yoshitaka Goto, owner of Japanese independent label Pass Records, fill in the facts — not because she's incapable of speaking on her behalf, but because the process appears too insufferably tedious to her.

Yet, despite her reluctance, her reputation has already spread to Europe by way of a single produced by Yellow Magic Orchestra's Ryuichi Sakamoto, and it's great enough to make her mystery worth the

bother.

Phew's disembodied vocal — somewhere between a doused torch and celestial choir — slithers and shivers across an amorphous mass of amphibian electronics. It was individual enough to stand out from a pile of Japanese new wave singles bought by Jah Wobble, who took it to heart and Germany, where he played it to comrades Holger Czukay and Conny Plank. They were as taken with the record as he, and thus jumped at a chance to record an LP with her.

Plank and Czukay brought in Can drummer Jaki Liebezelt to complete the studio group, yet, to Phew's credit, she exerted enough strength to prevent the session lapsing into a Can jam. On the contrary, the Germans subordinated their seniority and expertise to Phew's unwordly vocal melodies and improvised arrangements around her leads. The resulting LP (on

Pass Records, Japanese import) is defiantly her own, but it undoubtedly benefits from the Germans' prescience and wit.

Though Phew professes to be untouched by the Can/Conny experience, she claims to have left her mark on them. Her mild boast is partly corroborated by the eternally astonished Holger Czukay — a self-styled Japanologist — who was moved to praise Phew thus to photographer Peter Anderson: "She has the mind of an 80-year-old woman in the body of a 20-year-old girl!"

Surprisingly, her body asserted its will over her octogenarian mind when invited to an Anderson picture session, during which she dropped her guard/guise long enough to behave skittishly and even smile.

Phew, what progress!

Words: Chris Bohn / Pic: Peter Anderson

themselves redundant" on the same day as I've endorsed the inclusion of SWells's Young Vic performance of *Tetley Bittermen* on the first Poetry Olympics LP about to be released by All Round Records. Unlike Seething, my aim has never been to do something, however, "way, way back in the mists of time, that was controversial" or to "live off my reputation". Unlike Seething, I've never tried to forge any reputation: the only true reputation is a consensus between one's writing, performance, and the acknowledgement volunteered by one's ultimate peers. Unlike Seething, I've no interest in hurling or kicking down anyone who might seem to loom above or below me on any meaningless careerist ladder. But (unlike Seething?) I have tried, always in the present, to do something.

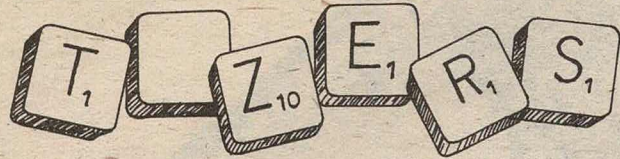
Not such a long way back — 18 months ago — I invented the Poetry Olympics, as an idea and an umbrella. It's drawn SWells amongst many more achieved writers and performance artists to the attention of many auditors who might otherwise never have encountered them; and many more again should be opened up via the records, and future events.

So don't knock yer allies, pal — OK. Seething Mike Horovitz, *New Departures*, Bisley, Stroud, Glos.

Having looked at the pictures of Adam Ant in the January 16 issue, I feel compelled to write: Adam with his lips did pout, he looked just like a brussel sprout. Mrs Bartbracket, Bournemouth.

Beat that, Horovitz!

— P.McN.



HELLO. Look at the bloody space we've got this week. So cramped, when I put the key in the door I smashed two windows on the other side of the room. And what a room! Five-Star. I can see them all through the holes in the ceiling. The landlord said there were no towels, so to dry my hands I'd best stick them out the window for five minutes. I'm glad I never had a bath. I went to the doctor's yesterday — I'm not ill but I needed some cotton wool for the Christmas tree — and the quack said "Now go over to the window and stick out your tongue". I said "Why? What good will that do?" He said "None — but I hate the bloke across the road". Later he asked me to strip and get on all fours in front of the fireplace. When I asked why he said he was thinking of buying a coffee table but wasn't sure where to put it. I told the doc I suffered from chronic and unstoppable flatulence. He said nothing but nodded and walked across to a cupboard. From this he produced a fifteen foot pole with a hook on the end. "My God", I cried, "What are you going to do with that?" "Open a bloody window," he said. Next he said to me "Do you feel faint, get hot flushes, nervous and a throbbing at the base of your spine?" I said I did. "So do I," he said "I wonder what it is".

Give up? Good. Then listen. Pete Murphy of Bauhaus is currently starring in a Maxell tape ad. We had the sound down so don't know whether

he's listening to one of his own 'sounds' but suspect he was. Pete, 33, told us "I like chips in brown gravy so the Maxell ad is something of a first for me".

Marvin Gaye has left Motown. (Cue the ravens leaving the Tower, monkeys leaving Gibraltar, Roy Carr leaving NME). 'Mad' Marvin is now with Columbia Records. "The guy said if I joined 'em he could get me a shot at the Maxell tape ad next time around. I love running gags you know".

And speaking of Roy 'Baby You Can Drive My' Carr, his old '60s band *The Executives* have been listed as one of Virgin's Great British Losers. Roy, 28, used to be the group's rhythm-skulls polisher.

WOOOOOH, Mi-aowwww! When *Ultravox* arrived in Australia they were puzzled to find that *Simple Minds* were Very Big Down Under. NME's film superno is Very Small Down Under, but let's leave huge red-faced men of Kent out of this. *Midge Ure* whacked off a few snaffy snide comments about this curious state of adulation, possibly saying something like "Cor, them Simple Minds! What a rum lot. I did nae reckon much mesel', mate. You know Ken?". Anyrate, word gets back to *Simple Minds* leader *Derek Forbes* who publicly states he wants a 'meeting' with Midge 'lan' Ure commenting "He'll no look so dapper wi' his moustache wrapped around his hooter"

(TRUE). The fight is believed to be planned for a section of open ground near Epping Forest on the day of Summer Solstice, bare knuckle, with no biting in the groin area. Mr Ure was last seen in false beard and wig reading a newspaper upside down in Tasmania Airport's arrival lounge.

And now to *Haircut One Hundred* — a band who will be remembered long after *The Beatles* are forgotten. (But certainly not before.) A copy of their contract to play Leeds University has fallen our way and, though mild by Wild Men Of Rock standards, it may titillate you to know they insist on: "... (a dressing room with) mirror, ten chairs and one couch in good condition. One 3-pin square plug is essential for Les' hairdryer." Also, one hour before taking the stage, management is obliged to supply: "... Two crates (48 bottles) of lager, one case (12) of Coca Cola (no substitutes or bar-gun cola), four litres of orange, two bottles Perrier, two bottles of Vodka. A cold buffet for eight people comprising cold cuts of meat, cheeses, salad, fresh fruit. ... a supply of hot coffee (prior to and after performance). All these refreshments to be presented in a proper fashion with a minimum of thirty (30) glasses, bottle openers, cutlery, napkins and an adequate supply of ice." God, how racy. One 3-pin square plug for Les' hairdryer being the capper! La-Di-Da. ...

DAVE Stewart and Ann Lennox of *Eurythmics* are a real pair of old loonies! (Pause as readers reach for their Advanced Cynic Sick Bags). On a recent photo session to get a shot of their

new single sleeve the pair got locked all night in an underground car park! God, how tremendous! (You notice we didn't fall for the clever press office foil of getting in a plug for a client's new title while presenting it as an example of just how warm and fallible the said clients are. Said a clearly ruffled Ann: "I like chips in brown gravy. Why did you ask me to say that silly line? Can't I plug my awful new record called —" No thanks Big A! ...

Nice to see the *Mirror* hounds are ahead of us all in dubbing *Shakatak* — Smakatak in last Saturday's edition. Then again maybe there IS a Smakatak group, in which case we will all look like willies. A most unusual thing ...

World rocked on its axis by revelations that *Adam Ant's* dad is on the dole while his son regularly eats the lotus. His dad, *Les Ant*, said "Good luck to the boy. I don't want a penny off him." Later he went on "I refuse to say this pathetic quote about food preferences." Chips are currently 17p a portion in some parts ...

Lieber & Stoller on *The South Bank Show* seemed to enjoy suckering in the gullible, easy-going old Europeans. All that stuff from Jerry Lieber about depth and sociology had us eating the carpet. (Side order la pomme frits and el Gravski marron). Good luck t'ya boys, we say! Nobody enjoys a wide-boy more than us ...

Toni Basil tells the *Mirror* — our research goes deep you see — "Britain is more into video than the US. It's really taking off here." If anyone saw a particular Briton 'taking off' with *Neil Spencer's* video they are asked to contact our harassed chief ...

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4th march **glasgow** ultratech
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5th march **newcastle** university
6th march **lancaster** university
8th march **hull** tower ballroom
9th march **sheffield** university
10th march **bradford** university
(recorded by radio 1 manchester)
11th march **nottingham** rock city
12th march **salford** university
13th march **leeds** university

16th march **birmingham** locarno
17th march **norwich** university of east anglia
18th march **dunstable** queensway
19th march **bracknell** sports centre
21st march **poole** arts centre
22nd march **plymouth** top rank
23rd march **bristol** locarno
24th march **swansea** top rank
25th march **aberystwyth** university
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